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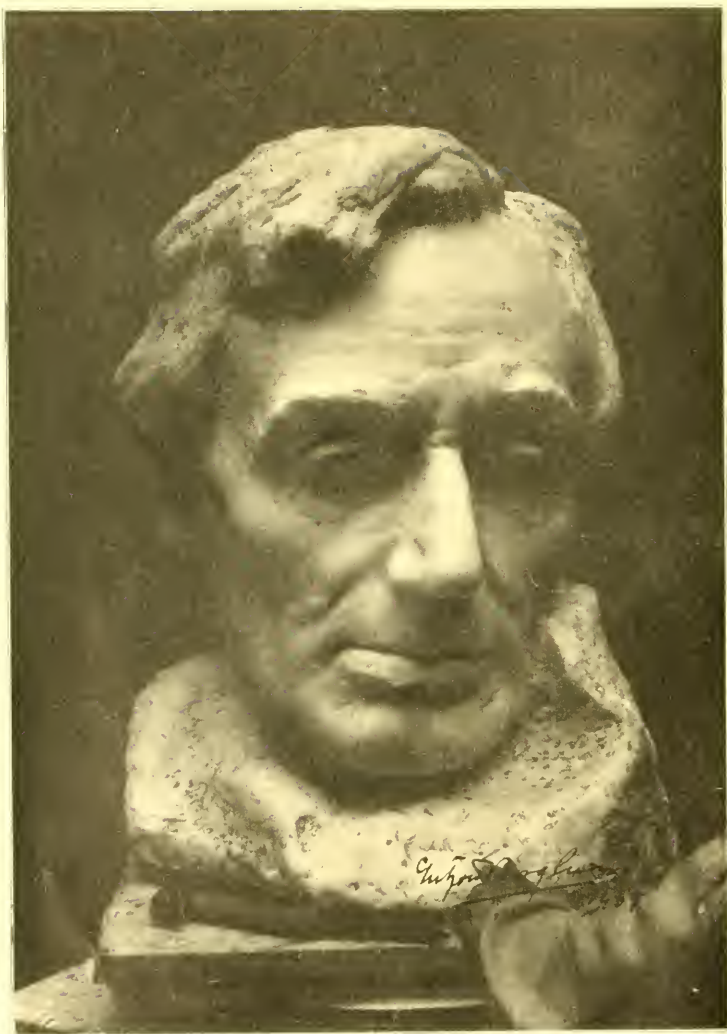
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Tribute of a Century



Colossal Head of Lincoln, by Gutzon Borglum

(The original was placed by Congress in the Capitol at Washington. A bronze replica may be seen at the Chicago Historical Society)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Tribute of a Century

1809=1909

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LINCOLN CENTENARY AND CONTAINING
THE PRINCIPAL SPEECHES MADE IN CONNECTION THEREWITH

EDITED BY

NATHAN WILLIAM MACCHESNEY



CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1910

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Published May 14, 1910

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Dedicated

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE CIVIL WAR

COMRADES OF MY FATHER

WHOSE VALOR AND SACRIFICES MADE POSSIBLE

THE FRUITION OF THE PURPOSES OF LINCOLN

FOREWORD

THIS book has grown out of a desire which the editor had while Secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Memorial Committee of One Hundred, appointed by the Mayor of Chicago, for a memorial volume which should give permanent form to the many masterly tributes to Lincoln by noted men which marked this unique Centenary, and should preserve to history the remarkable spirit of the occasion.

The editor undertook the work, anticipating that it would be a considerable task, but with no real conception of its magnitude. There are in his library hundreds of unused speeches and over sixty thousand clippings with reference to the celebration. It has been literally impossible to examine the entire material at hand in the few months which have elapsed since the Centenary, but the principal addresses have been gone through, and while the limits of this volume have excluded many of great value which it was hoped to bring within the collection, it is believed that those published are thoroughly representative of the celebration.

The editor wishes to give credit to the Lincoln Centennial Memorial Committee of Chicago, which, under the guidance of Hon. William J. Calhoun as chairman, did such magnificent work in the Centenary celebration and whose existence and initiative have made the publication of this book possible.

To the committees, throughout the country and abroad, municipal or the result of private enthusiasm and patriotism, which have been of notable aid in the work of securing the desired material for this volume, grateful acknowledgment is due.

The editor is indebted to the Trustees of the Crerar Fund for permission to use the photograph of the yet unveiled Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln; to President Henry G. Foreman of the South Park Commissioners for the photograph used; to Adolph Alexander Weinman, sculptor of the Hod-

genville statue of Lincoln, for a photograph of the statue for use as an illustration; to his brother sculptor, John Gutzon Borglum, for an autograph photograph of the famous "Borglum bust" unveiled in the Senate February 11, 1909; to the Rt. Hon. Jean Adrien Jusserand, the French Ambassador, for the loan from his private collection of the photographic reproductions of the letters of Mrs. Lincoln and Victor Hugo; to Hon. Robert T. Lincoln for the photograph of the French medal; to Mr. N. Y. Dallman, Managing Editor of *The Illinois State Register* of Springfield, for the picture of distinguished guests at the Lincoln Tomb; to Mr. Brainard Platt, Acting Managing Editor of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* for his courteous assistance in securing photographs of the presidential party at the Hodgenville celebration; to The Uptown Kodakery of Denver, for their prompt courtesy in securing for us some exceptionally fine photographs of the Denver celebration; to *Collier's Weekly*, for permission to use President Roosevelt's Lincoln speech at Hodgenville; to *The Chicago Tribune* for permission to use the McCutcheon cartoons, and to reprint Booker T. Washington's "An Ex-Slave's Tribute to Lincoln," and for other courtesies; to the other Chicago newspapers, and the newspapers throughout the country, and to *The Literary Digest*, *Review of Reviews*, and other magazines, for copies of special issues containing information important to the purpose of this work.

The editor here expresses his sense of obligation to his wife for her help and suggestions, and to his friend and associate, Herbert E. Bradley.

The editor will be glad to receive from readers of this book, copies of any speeches delivered during the Centenary, or interesting facts connected with its Commemoration; and would be especially interested in personal recollections of Lincoln, or of Lincoln's associates and time.

NATHAN WILLIAM MACCHESNEY.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB, CHICAGO,

February, 12, 1910.

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“ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE TRIBUTE
OF A CENTURY”

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE TRIBUTE OF A CENTURY”

NATHAN WILLIAM MAC CHESNEY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is essentially the product of America. For that very reason he makes a peculiar appeal to the American people, and, so far as American ideas and American ideals represent the aspirations and hopes of democracy everywhere, he inspires those who believe in these things, wherever they may be found.

He is the concrete embodiment of the visions of our forefathers expressed in the Declaration of Independence. A product of this country which made that document possible, and which was made possible by it, he saved the nation from permanent hypocrisy, and democratic institutions from disaster. He made the performance of the nation square with its promises, in the eyes of the world.

Lincoln, as the product of the typical American environment of his period, self-made as most of his fellows were, imbued with the ideals of the forefathers and willing to fight for them, was the personification of the spirit of the nation. Everywhere he attracted men who were filled with a kindred spirit; and he is loved and revered to-day wherever that spirit is found. He is Americanism as interpreted by Americans.

His very heredity fitted him for this position. Of Southern ancestry originally from the North, he was born in the South, and brought up among people of Southern birth; yet he lived his youth, grew to manhood, and reached his maturity in a Northern community. He knew and sympathized with the South as a Northern man, born and bred, could not have done; he grasped the earnestness and the temper of the North as it was impossible for a Southern man then to do.

And, as both North and South came to see, when he had been taken away, in his hopes and plans he represented the nation. He was and is the great national figure of the century. The recognition of this fact has been growing year by year since the tragic ending of his great life. It is less than half a century since his career was ended; yet to-day he stands forth as one of the great historical figures of the world. Time makes many changes, but none have been more striking than the growth of appreciation of Lincoln on the part of the South. His mighty passion was for the Union and its preservation as the fathers had given it to us, and in this love for the Union he included the South as well as the North. Differing radically from the South in his view of the slavery question, and of the other vital political questions of that day, he recognized that he, and the people whose convictions he represented, if placed in similar circumstances, would in all probability have championed the views held by his opponents. He had, therefore, only the kindest feeling for the South and for the problems it had to face.

President Roosevelt has recently said that one of the most wonderful of the characteristics of Lincoln was "the extraordinary way in which he could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong, and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed." To-day, as never before, this is recognized by the South, and we find its press and people saying that he cared for the South not less than for the North; we find the Southern people at one with the rest of the nation in paying tribute to his memory; all joining as one people in his eulogy. Nothing shows so much as this fact how completely sectional feeling has been obliterated since his time.

"Not less than the North has the South reason to canonize him," recently said Colonel Watterson in his *Louisville Courier-Journal*, "for he was the one friend we had at court—aside from Grant and Sherman—when friends were most in need."

We are told, too, in the South, that his death was a calamity

to it—"the direst misfortune that ever darkened the calendar of her woes"—and it seems now to be generally recognized that much of the bitterness and humiliation of the reconstruction period would have been avoided, had he lived to guide the nation through those stormy days.

This attitude of the South, as expressed by the Southern press, is typically illustrated by a recent editorial in *The Post of Houston, Texas*:

"All men stand ready to concede that in a great crisis he was loyal to his convictions of duty, that he bore his great responsibilities with infinite patience, and that in all things he was free from sectional hatred and personal malice.

"The people of the South have always felt that his untimely and tragic end was one of the severest catastrophes of the war period. They believed after the capitulation at Appomattox, that Mr. Lincoln would, in his second administration, bend all his energies toward reconciliation and binding up the wounds of war. All his utterances respecting the South were broadly patriotic, sympathetic, and expressive of a desire to restore peace, prosperity, and self-government. He sounded no note of exultation or vindictiveness over a prostrate country. He seemed to comprehend the woe and hardship which rested so heavily on every portion of our devastated domain, and he evinced a determination to resist the efforts of those who were anxious to put the people under the heel of the conqueror. It was no fault of his that the South, crushed and bleeding, was subjected to the brutalities and vandalism of reconstruction. We know now that when he fell, the barrier that protected us from that reign of terror was swept away; we know that if he had lived we should have been spared the multiplied sorrows which were visited upon us. . . . In the Republic's oneness, the Americans of all sections shared in the heritage he bequeathed to the nation, and Americans of all sections honor and revere his memory."

The South does not forget that Lincoln was a Southerner by birth, transplanted to the soil of the West. She takes pride in him as the son of the South. There is not throughout the South that deep affection for Lincoln which is everywhere evidenced in the North; but there is a very real appreciation and a profound respect. Here and there discordant notes and utterances are sounded in the Southern press, but their very rarity marks them as anachronisms of

a bygone day, which have long since ceased to represent the true sentiments of this great section of our common country. Not only, then, has Lincoln come to be a truly national figure and to represent, in his hopes and ideals for America and American institutions, the North and South, the East and West, alike, but wherever thoughtful men or hopeful men turn to American institutions as the hope of democracy, he stands forth as the heroic figure on the horizon of time.

Abraham Lincoln holds this place to-day in the minds and hearts of all his countrymen and men of similar aspirations everywhere, not alone because of his public utterances, his keen insight into the problems of a democratic State, his emancipation of millions of slaves, his even-handed justice to friend and foe alike, or any one or all of the things that go to make up his public career, but also because of his personality and life history. In his own day there were those who sneered because his training and manner were not conventional. These very facts, and the opposition which they caused, endeared him to the people as a whole, for they represented their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and hopes, their ideals and beliefs, their struggles for self-expression in all the varied activities of life.

It is sometimes commented upon as remarkable that a man like Lincoln should have risen from conditions such as marked his youth and early career. Americans then, and Americans now, have been among those who raise the question. It may be excusable for men brought up in other civilizations, to wonder at the possibility, but for an American to do so is to doubt his own institutions, and to question the power of democracy. It is out of such conditions, modified from decade to decade in accordance with the development of the country, away from the deadening level of the schools and the crushing conventionality of a settled society in our great cities, that we are most apt to draw our truly great men.

Lincoln had a fine mind and a splendid physique, both developed to great perfection. He was a natural student, trained largely by his contact with men, but not neglecting every opportunity to master the books that he had at hand.



Albums containing the Newspaper Clippings Concerning the Lincoln Centenary,
in the Library of the Editor



The Lincoln Stamp and Penny



The Lincoln Medal Struck for the Grand Army
of the Republic

(See page xiv)

He struggled for what he attained, but the result was a mastership of English style—two or three of his utterances rank with the finest in the world—a statesmanship as wide as the problem of the nation itself, a humanity as broad as the needs of men.

The feeling about Lincoln being what it is, it is not surprising that, with the approach of the Centenary of his birth, the suitable celebration of it began to be agitated throughout the country—not alone by the people who knew him, or the thousands still living who had come in contact with him, hazarded property or life or loved ones to sustain him, or come to recognize him as their far-seeing friend in the time of stress and trouble—but even more by the millions who had been brought up under the inspiration of his memory and with reverence for his name.

Centenary celebrations are not altogether unusual, but are generally of great national events. Never before did a whole people approach the centenary of the birth of a man with such interest and unanimity, or carry out its celebration with such enthusiasm. It was the spontaneous tribute of the nation to him who had justified its existence, given vitality to its utterances, preserved it for its destinies, and given promise of its future.

It is hard to trace the origin of the Centenary celebration. Plans for it seemed to spring into existence simultaneously in various parts of the country: in the action of the Congress of the United States; in the appointment of State commissions, by the Governors of all the States in the Union, to represent their States in the preparation for the national celebration at the Lincoln Farm; and—to stimulate celebrations within their own States—in the organization of municipal celebrations; and the activities of various associations and patriotic societies.

The American Federation of Labor paid tribute to the day by the adoption, by its Executive Council, as part of its Report for the Denver Convention, the following recommendation, written by Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation:

"On Friday, the twelfth of February, 1909, will occur the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. In all the history of our Republic, no man lived who, in himself and in his work, more completely embodied and typified the ennobling aspirations and ideals of human justice and human freedom. No man ever loved his fellow men more than he. None had a better knowledge of, or a deeper sympathy with, the struggles and hopes of the toilers.

"We were asked, and gladly gave, our support to a movement to make of his birthplace a perpetual Mecca of all who loved liberty and humanity. It is expected that a country-wide, fitting celebration be had upon the centennial anniversary of Lincoln's birth. The celebration is yet in indefinite form.

"We recommend that Friday, February 12, 1909, the centennial of the birth of the revered and martyred Lincoln, wherever possible, be made a holiday by all labor.

"That we urge upon Congress and the several States that that day be declared a legal holiday.

"That the officers of the American Federation of Labor be authorized to be duly represented in any national celebration which may be inaugurated, or which they may initiate, so that the day, and the memory of the advent and services of this great and good man, may be fittingly observed and impressed upon the hearts and consciences of our people."

The Grand Army of the Republic issued, through its national Commander, a formal Proclamation to all its Posts, requesting "that every Post recognize the day in some fitting manner, either in special meeting, or in attendance, as a body, where a public celebration was held." The Proclamation also urged united observances of the day, where there was more than one Post in a city, and the invitation of other patriotic societies to participate in all functions arranged for this occasion. The organization, naturally, had a large part in the national commemoration of the Centenary, and its every Post, throughout the country, actively participated, often initiating the local celebrations, always taking part in them, and always the honored guests of the general committees where organized. In this celebration, they were joined many times by their brethren of the South, who wore the grey, and whose valor and sacrifices, although rendered to the Lost Cause, contribute so much to the glory of the Union to which Lincoln was martyr.

Throughout the Centennial, the Mason and Dixon line—long obliterated—was forgotten, and the singing of “Dixie” was received with enthusiasm in Northern church, and school, and meeting, while Lincoln was lauded in the South. A joint memorial service of this kind, typical of the spirit of the occasion, was arranged by the Union and Confederate veterans in Atlanta, Georgia.

A movement which found its origin and inspiration in New York City, under the direction of the Lincoln Centennial Endowment Committee, was for the purpose of raising five hundred thousand dollars endowment for Lincoln Memorial University. This committee had, as President, Frederick T. Martin, and as Secretary, Major-General Oliver Otis Howard, who gave much of his time to the promotion of this great enterprise, and made an effective campaign for subscriptions. It is desired to have a living memorial to Lincoln in this University for the people of the Blue Ridge and Cumberland Mountains. It is located on the slopes of the mountain at Cumberland Gap, with magnificent grounds, including fertile lowland fields and sloping pastures offering a field for work to the students and producing supplies for their use.

The country at large was much interested in the general plans of Congress for a permanent memorial, and, although none of them have yet taken tangible form, it is hoped that before long some of these will be realized. Among the memorials discussed, was a Lincoln road, or highway, from Washington to Gettysburg, and a memorial building to be erected between the Capitol and the new Union Railway Station in Washington. The latter plan was strongly supported in Congress. The general plan of a memorial which is recommended by the American Institute of Architects, is in accordance with designs prepared under the direction of a commission consisting of Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Frederick Law Olmstead, Jr., which provide for a treatment of the Mall, from the base of the Capitol, past the Washington monument, to a memorial bridge, commemorating American valor, which shall lead directly across the Potomac to Arlington. Near

the end of this bridge, the commission proposed that a Lincoln memorial be erected, which should have a character distinctively its own—one suggestion being that of a great portico of Doric columns. This plan had the support of President Roosevelt.

The question of a permanent Lincoln museum was also discussed, and in order that the priceless collections of Lincoln relics now in private hands may some time be brought together as the property of the government, it is hoped that such a plan may be realized. When that time comes, it is to be hoped that the great Gunther Lincoln collection, now stored in Chicago, may become thus once more available to the public, unless Chicago itself shall have sooner provided a suitable building for its preservation and display.

In the meantime, while these plans for a great national memorial were being canvassed and discussed in and out of Congress, and through the press of the country—cities, towns, and villages all over the United States, colleges, universities, schools, churches, fraternal organizations, and private citizens were dedicating permanent memorials of their own, not so pretentious as the vast projects proposed in Congress, but equally commemorative of the Man they had thought so to honor, and perhaps even more vital in influence by reason of being set in the busy ways of town and market place, where the people go about their daily tasks.

Hundreds of memorial tablets were placed on walls and buildings; monuments were dedicated; busts of Lincoln placed in public halls, schools, libraries, and other places of congregation; new municipal parks named for Lincoln and thrown open to the public; while many of the sites where Lincoln once made history, were permanently marked, for the information of future generations, by tablets commemorating his connection with the events which had there taken place.

The Grand Army of the Republic had struck off, at the United States Mint at Philadelphia, a Lincoln Centenary medal in bronze, as “an everlasting token of respect to the Commander in Chief of the Union Army and Navy of the

Civil War, and an heirloom to be handed down from generation to generation as a tribute to the loyalty of those who served under his command."

The government, in commemoration of the Centenary, issued a Memorial stamp and a Memorial penny. The postage stamp was a two-cent one, of the size and color of the regular two-cent stamp, and bore a profile of Lincoln, facing to the right, with the inscriptions: "U. S. Postage," and "1809—Feb. 12—1909," "Two Cents." The penny, on its obverse side, bears a profile relief of Lincoln facing the right, with the inscriptions: "In God we Trust," "Liberty," "1909," while on the reverse side are the words, "*E Pluribus Unum*," "One Cent," "United States of America." When the distribution of these coins was made at the sub-treasuries, hundreds of people stood for hours in line for the opportunity of buying them, and soon they were sold at a premium on the street.

The universal interest in the celebration of the Centenary is perhaps most clearly evidenced by the newspaper comment upon the life and services of Lincoln, and the celebrations of the week. The collection of clippings gathered for Chicago's Committee of One Hundred during the celebration, numbers over sixty thousand separate items, and fills more than thirty volumes the size of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." These clippings are an inexhaustible mine of anecdotes and reminiscences of Lincoln which could never again be duplicated. Many of them have been included, of course, in works already published, but others are new and of vital interest. Some day it is hoped that this new material may be made available for the lovers of Lincoln, through the historical societies or otherwise. The newspapers of the country printed Centennial editions, reviewing Lincoln's life, character, and the times which gave him birth; bringing into the least-lettered homes of the land intimate knowledge, not only of the sad, patient, kindly, wonderful man who held the nation intact, against all pressure from within and without, but of the conditions which confronted him—of the inner history of the Civil War, and what preceded and came after.

It has been my plan here to give a brief indication of the

marvellous interest expressed in the Centenary by the people of our country, and to preserve in permanent form some, at least, of the best addresses delivered on that occasion. It is hoped that the perusal of these addresses may kindle anew the already wide interest in the life and works of Abraham Lincoln, and, by showing the uniqueness of his place in the life of the nation, cause many who have never been so before, to become students of the life, words, character, and achievements of the most typical of all Americans. The tribute of a century, paid to him within the lifetime of his contemporaries, shows that Lincoln lives in the hearts of his countrymen, immortal.

THE CHICAGO COMMEMORATION

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE TRIBUTE OF A CENTURY

THE CHICAGO COMMEMORATION

OF the hundreds of celebrations held throughout the land in commemoration of Lincoln's Centenary, the Chicago commemoration was one of the largest, most enthusiastic, and the broadest in conception of any in the country. The intimate relation of Chicago to the career of Lincoln made this commemoration one of national interest.

The Chicago Commemoration was initiated by a Resolution introduced by Alderman Albert J. Fisher in the City Council, which provided for an official committee to be appointed by the Mayor. Acting upon this resolution, Honorable Fred A. Busse, Mayor of Chicago, appointed the Lincoln Centennial Memorial Committee of One Hundred, which organized with Honorable William J. Calhoun as Chairman, and Nathan William MacChesney as Secretary. The Committee was a thoroughly representative one, and great enthusiasm was shown for the work it was to undertake. It was divided into various sub-committees—a Committee on Speakers, Halls, and Schools, under the direction of Edgar A. Bancroft, Esq.; a Committee on Military Participation, with Colonel Joseph Rosenbaum as Chairman; a Committee on Music, Art, and Decorations, Alexander H. Revell, Chairman; a Publicity Committee, with T. Edward Wilder and Joseph Basch as Chairmen, and Shailer Mathews as Vice-Chairman; a Committee on Church and Institutional Observance, Hon. C. C. Kohlsaat, Chairman; a Finance Committee, Arthur Meeker, Chairman; and a Committee on Conference and Unification of Celebration, with Frank Hamlin, Esq., as Chairman.

These, together with the other committees, mapped out a comprehensive plan for the celebration. Resolutions were passed by the Board of Cook County Commissioners, and a Proclamation was issued by the Mayor and posted throughout the city, calling attention to the Lincoln celebration, and urging upon the people a study of the life and words of Lincoln.

The plans of the Committee of One Hundred provided for an entire Lincoln week to be given to the commemoration of the Centenary, starting with exercises in the churches of the city on Sunday evening, February 7, and continuing throughout the week; with readings from the life and speeches of Lincoln in the schools of the city for three or four days preceding Friday, February 12, and with public exercises in the class-rooms of all the public and parochial schools on Thursday, February 11. The celebration was planned to be educational in its scope, and included meetings not only in all of the public, parochial, and private schools of the city, but in other educational institutions, and in public and private libraries. Speakers were furnished for these meetings under the direction of the general Committee; and the fraternal organizations, and various societies and clubs of the city, were stimulated to hold meetings of their own, with the result that there were held during the week considerably over a thousand meetings with which the Committee came in touch. A more remarkable example of the interest taken could not have been given.

The five largest meetings of the day—at the Auditorium, on the morning of the Centenary; at the Seventh Regiment Armory, on the afternoon and evening; at the Second Regiment Armory and at Battery B Armory, in the afternoon—were held directly under the auspices of the Committee of One Hundred, and were presided over by the Committee through its designated representatives.

Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, spoke at the Auditorium meeting, in the forenoon of February 12—a meeting which was remarkable in many respects, and presided over by Hon. William J. Calhoun, Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, who made, of course, the speech of

introduction. The hall itself has been the scene of many great addresses, and many interesting civic events, in Chicago, starting with the nomination of President Harrison in 1888. It seats about forty-five hundred people, but the application for seats exceeded the capacity some two or three times. Sections were reserved for the City Council, the County Commissioners, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Women's Relief Corps, the various patriotic societies, the Consular Corps of Chicago, and the Committee of One Hundred, which attended in a body. The boxes were occupied by the various officers of the Army and Navy, and of the Illinois National Guard; and by representatives of the Legislature, the Supreme Court, and the Executive branch of the Government. The setting was perfect for a great meeting, and the speaker rose to the occasion, carrying his audience with him in waves of enthusiasm. When Chairman Calhoun requested that the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic be allowed to march out prior to the dismissal of the meeting—which they did, carrying their banners and flags, and dipping their colors as they passed in review before General Grant, the son of their old commander—there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

At the meeting in the Seventh Regiment Armory, on the afternoon of February 12, over three thousand people listened to the inspiring speech of Hon. J. A. Macdonald, editor of *The Toronto Globe*, receiving its masterly periods with rounds of applause. The meeting was appropriately presided over, and the speech of introduction made, by Hon. Frank Hamlin, a son of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President under Lincoln.

No less enthusiastic was the appreciation accorded Edwin Erle Sparks, President of the Pennsylvania State College, who spoke on the afternoon of the twelfth, in Battery B Armory, under the auspices of the First Cavalry and Battery B, Illinois National Guard. Hon. Charles H. Wacker was Chairman of the meeting, and introduced the speaker. President Sparks was formerly Professor of American History in the University of Chicago, and has edited an edition

of "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates" for the Illinois Historical Society.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Minister of Sinai Congregation, Chicago, and Professor of Rabbinical Literature and Philosophy at the University of Chicago, gave an eloquent address to an overflowing and appreciative audience at the Second Regiment Armory, under the auspices of the Second Infantry, Illinois National Guard. He was introduced by Hon. Stephen S. Gregory, who acted as Chairman.

Perhaps the most remarkable meeting of the week was that held for the colored people on the evening of the twelfth, in the Seventh Regiment Armory under the auspices of the Eighth Infantry (colored), Illinois National Guard, and the Colored Citizens' Committee. Ten or twelve thousand colored people gathered there to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of their emancipator. Although the meeting was set for eight o'clock, the people began to arrive in the afternoon, and, long before the hour set, the crowds were massed in the street. Colonel John R. Marshall, of the Eighth Infantry, made a short speech as Chairman *pro tem.*, followed by Rev. A. J. Carey, who made the speech of introduction. The three other speakers at this meeting were the Rev. J. W. E. Bowen, President of Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia; the Hon. William J. Calhoun, President of the Lincoln Memorial Committee of One Hundred, and now Ambassador to China; and Nathan William MacChesney, Secretary of the Lincoln Memorial Committee, present to extend the greetings of the City of Chicago to its colored citizens. The meeting was a most unusual one, and perhaps nowhere in the limits of the city was the Lincoln Centenary observed with such feeling, such enthusiasm, such exaltation and homage.

In addition to this meeting, there were hundreds of others throughout the city, of vivid interest and far-reaching influence.

Dr. Charles J. Little, President of Garrett Biblical Institute, spoke at the Northwestern University Building, which stands upon the site of the old Tremont House. From the



Mayor's Office

Fred. A. Busse
Mayor

IN THE NAME OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, February 12, 1909, is the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of ABRAHAM LINCOLN; and

WHEREAS, There is a universal desire that on that day his memory should be honored by the nation which he helped preserve, and especially by that State in which he lived,

NOW THEREFORE, I, Fred A. Busse, Mayor of the City of Chicago, by virtue of a resolution passed by the Honorable, the City Council of Chicago, do hereby proclaim the week February 7-14, 1909, the LINCOLN CENTENNIAL WEEK,

In order that this anniversary shall be appropriately observed, I do most earnestly urge the citizens of Chicago to dedicate that week to the study of the life and words of President Lincoln.

In particular do I call upon the citizens of Chicago to assemble on February 12th in such places as shall be designated, to celebrate Lincoln's character, sacrifice and service to the Republic, to the end that a deepened sense of his loyalty to the Constitution, of his faith in the principles of democracy, and of his devotion to moral ideals shall inspire anew our own civic life.

Fred A. Busse
MAYOR.

Facsimile of Mayor Busse's Proclamation

balcony of this old hotel, Lincoln delivered his first reply to Douglas; and it was here that the Lincoln delegation had its headquarters, and did the tireless planning which resulted in his nomination. It was here, too, that Vice-President Hamlin first met Lincoln, on November twenty-third, 1860, in response to a letter from him, after their election. In the Northwestern University Law School, located in this building, the General Committee held most of its meetings.

The President of the Chicago Public Library Board, Bernard J. Cigrand, spoke at a meeting held at Memorial Hall, Chicago Public Library Building. It was through his untiring efforts as a member of the general Committee, that meetings were held in practically every public and private library of Chicago.

In addition to these meetings, the Illinois Naval Reserves marched through the streets to Lincoln Park, where the statue of Lincoln by Saint-Gaudens is located; and, at twelve o'clock, noon, a presidential salute of twenty-one guns was fired, in the presence of a great throng of school children, who sang patriotic songs.

No banquet was included in the programme of the general Committee, but many dinners were given in honor of the Centenary. The leading one, on the Centennial day itself, was that under the auspices of the Industrial Club in the "gold room" of the Congress Hotel. Mason B. Starring, President of the Club, acted as toastmaster. Among those who responded to toasts with brief speeches in honor of Lincoln, were Maj.-Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., son of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, who carried out, in the field, the policies Lincoln planned in the White House, proving the strongest bulwark of the administration; and Gen. Smith D. Atkins, the editor of *The Freeport Daily Journal*, and a contemporary and personal acquaintance of Lincoln.

The Chicago Bar Association gave a banquet in honor of the Centenary, on the preceding evening, at which there were a number of speakers who gave personal reminiscences of Lincoln. Three of the important speeches of the evening were delivered by Hon. John C. Richberg, John T. Richards, Esq., and Hon. William G. Ewing, fellow-members of the Illinois

bar. The speeches given are included in this volume because it is believed they give interesting material on a side of Lincoln which has only recently come to be appreciated. It should not be forgotten, either, that if the ideals of Lincoln are to be preserved for our children, they will only be continued through the thought and vision of the American bar of to-day.

At a luncheon of The Irish Fellowship Club during Lincoln week, an impressive speech was delivered by Judge Peter Stenger Grosseup, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The statue of Lincoln by Saint-Gaudens, to which Judge Grosseup refers, is a sitting figure, and has been procured by the Crerar Fund Trustees, of whom Judge Grosseup is one, to be placed in Grant Park, Chicago.

The Abraham Lincoln Center, a community house, held a celebration, lasting throughout the week, under the direction of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Here was exhibited the famous Fay collection of pictures of Lincoln, numbering more than one thousand portraits.

One of the most unique meetings of the week was that held on the evening of the Centenary at Dexter Park Pavilion, with Arthur Meeker as Chairman, to whose unstinted efforts and able generalship is due the unusual interest it created. It was a great patriotic song meeting, with a chorus of a thousand voices, and orchestra, leading the great audience in the singing of the patriotic songs of the country. One of the features of the evening was an illustrated lecture by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. More than fifteen thousand people crowded into the building to hear and join in the exercises, and as many more were turned away from the doors, the building being packed to suffocation.

At the Chicago Historical Society, on Friday evening, February 12, Col. Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, Illinois, delegate to the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, in 1863, delivered an address on "Lincoln at Gettysburg"; while during the entire Centenary week, the Society exhibited a special collection of Lincolniana, consisting of original manuscripts, portraits, and relics, which the public was cordially invited to view.

Countless other meetings were held during Centenary week, under the auspices of similar societies, of fraternal organizations, and through private initiative; and of the many meetings thus held in the city during Lincoln week, more than one thousand were the outgrowth of the work of the Committee of One Hundred.

Ceremonies in the Jewish churches of the city were held on Saturday morning, February 13, and at the various residential clubs in the evening. The week's celebration closed on Sunday, February 14, with the churches of the city, of all denominations, devoting the morning services to ceremonies and sermons commemorative of the life of Lincoln.

The Committee secured a very general interest in the decoration of the city; the streets, every public building, and all of the important private buildings were appropriately and beautifully decorated. Of the nearly forty thousand business houses in Chicago having show windows for display, it is safe to say that few, if any, were without some tokens of the significance of the week. The Proclamation issued by the Mayor was posted everywhere, on the streets, in the show windows, and in the street cars; and for three weeks previous, the programmes of all the playhouses of the city had cuts of Lincoln, with announcements of the impending celebration. Posters, too, were used in all of the surface, elevated, and suburban trains of the city. These had a picture of the Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln, and carried announcements of the celebration, with the location of the various meetings.

Beautiful bronze tablets were prepared by the Committee, containing the Gettysburg Address, which were placed on the walls of the two hundred and sixty-seven public schools, and one hundred and eighty-four parochial schools of the city, that the four hundred thousand school children of Chicago, and their successors through the coming years, might have ever before them the words of the greatest of American utterances. These tablets were presented, also, to numerous other private and public educational institutions, on the Centennial Day; while memorial tablets were placed on the site of the Wigwam where Lincoln was nominated, and on the Tremont House,

where Lincoln gave his first speech in reply to Douglas—a speech which led to the famous Lincoln-Douglas Debates—and where Judge Douglas afterward died.

Thousands of copies of a very interesting and instructive pamphlet on the “One Hundredth Anniversary of Lincoln,” were distributed throughout the city and the State, by the Hon. Francis G. Blair, the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois; the book stores and libraries had on special exhibit books and pictures relating to Lincoln and his time; the Chicago Public Library, upon the suggestion of the Lincoln Committee, prepared, and issued to the public a “Lincoln Bibliography,” with a very complete classification of all published works relating to the different periods of Lincoln’s life. This was widely distributed, and proved of great interest and value in connection with the plans of the general Committee. The compilation of the Bibliography was the work of Mr. Charles A. Larson.

The editors of all the foreign papers of the city took an active interest in the celebration. The Gettysburg Speech, and the Mayor’s Proclamation were translated into the various foreign languages, printed in foreign papers published in the city, and posted in the foreign quarters, in order that the life and work of Lincoln might be brought home to every man, woman, and child in the community, whether they read the English language or not.

Chicago remembered with pride that it was within her boundaries that Lincoln received his nomination for the Presidency; and her celebration, starting on Sunday with exercises in the churches of every denomination, lasted throughout the week with a sustained interest that the most experienced observer of public celebrations would have in advance declared utterly impossible. The city in which Lincoln was nominated and in which he spent much of his time, showed by every evidence, that it thoroughly appreciated the honor which had been conferred upon it by that association.

THE UNITY OF THE NATION

(A Speech of Introduction)

HON. WILLIAM J. CALHOUN

THE progress of nations towards a more perfect civilization is often attended with great social convulsions, with revolutions, and wars. It is in such times, when the need of the people is the sorest, when their cry for leadership is the loudest, that the great man appears. From obscurity he sometimes comes, and to the wondering eyes of men seems divinely commissioned for the needs of the hour and for the work he has to do.

Such a time in the history of this country was the Civil War, and such a man was Abraham Lincoln. The time was one of great excitement and of intense passion. The air resounded with the clamor of angry voices, with the tramp of armed men, and with the thunder of the great guns of war.

Lincoln, when called to the head of the Nation, was comparatively unknown and inexperienced. Many doubted his capacity for the emergency, and questioned the wisdom of his policies, but he continued to be the central figure of that great struggle. Around him men, strong men, fought and died, while women and children wept. Through it all, he was masterful in control, resolute and inflexible in purpose. But his resolution was always tempered with patience, with moderation, and with pity.

I lived in that time; I was but a boy, and vaguely understood the things I saw and heard, but I remember well the angry passion of the hour, the abuse and the epithets that were heaped upon him. But just as the bugles were blowing the sweet notes of victory, just as the sunshine of peace was breaking through the clouds of war, he too fell dead—the War's last and most precious victim. It was then the American people, North and South, seemed to awake to the realiza-

tion that a great and good man had fallen. A wave of sympathy and love swept over the land, and removed every trace of bitterness. Friends and former foes alike crowded around his grave and covered it with laurels of fame and with flowers of praise.

The War bore heavily upon him. Its responsibilities were great. His rugged cheeks were furrowed with care. His heart was wrenched with the misery, the suffering, and the pity of it. But all through that dark and desperate night, his greatest hope, his greatest aspiration was to save the Union; for it he prayed and labored and suffered. Regardless of every cost and every sacrifice, his hope, his trust, his faith, was in and for the Union.

I do not know whether the immortals look down upon the earth and remember us as we remember them. I do not know whether Abraham Lincoln takes note of what is said and done here to-day. If he does, the fact that the Union which he loved is safe; that the warring sections which threatened its perpetuity are now closer together in personal relations, in common sympathies, and in purpose, than ever before, must gratify him.

The War is long since over. Its battle flags, blood-stained and tear-stained, have been furled and laid away, never again to wave in the battle front. Its forts are dismantled and levelled. Its guns and swords have turned to rust. Its dead quietly sleep in grass-covered graves. But the blessing of a profound peace rests upon the Republic. The prayer of Abraham Lincoln has been answered; the Union is saved. If I may be allowed the figure of speech, the North and the South now stand, as it were, side by side, with clasped hands, the heart of each full of sacred memories of the past, of courageous endeavor and heroic sacrifice. But their backs are turned upon the past; their uplifted faces are turned to the future, illuminated with a love of country that knows no North and no South, no East and no West. Their aspirations for the future are the same. Their common purpose is, that the American people shall meet the emergencies of the future with the same high resolve that distinguished

their past. And their common hope is, that this Union shall be maintained as a demonstration of the permanency of democracy; that its influence shall be for the betterment of the life of the world, for the uplift of humanity, and for the advancement of civilization.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

MY earliest recollection is of standing at my father's gateway in Augusta, Georgia, when I was four years old, and hearing some one pass and say that Mr. Lincoln was elected and there was to be war. Catching the intense tones of his excited voice, I remember running in to ask my father what it meant. What it meant, you need not be told. What it meant, we shall not here to-day dwell upon. We shall rather turn away from those scenes of struggle and of unhappy fraternal strife, and recall what has happened since to restore our balance, to remind us of the permanent issues of history, to make us single-hearted in our love of America, and united in our purpose for her advancement. We are met here to-day to recall the character and achievements of a man who did not stand for strife, but for peace, and whose glory it was to win the affection alike of those whom he led and of those whom he opposed, as indeed a man and a king among those who mean the right.

It is not necessary that I should rehearse for you the life of Abraham Lincoln. It has been written in every school book. It has been rehearsed in every family. It were to impeach your intelligence if I were to tell you the story of his life. I would rather attempt to expound for you the meaning of his life, the significance of his singular and unique career.

It is a very long century that separates us from the year of his birth. The nineteenth century was crowded with many significant events,—it seems to us in America as if it were more crowded with significant events for us than for any other nation of the world,—and that far year 1809 stands very near its opening, when men were only beginning to understand what was in store for them. It was a significant

century, not only in the field of politics but in the field of thought. Do you realize that modern science is not older than the middle of the last century? Modern science came into the world to revolutionize our thinking and our material enterprises just about the time that Mr. Lincoln was uttering those remarkable debates with Mr. Douglas. The struggle which determined the life of the Union came just at the time when a new issue was joined in the field of thought, and men began to reconstruct their conceptions of the universe and of their relation to nature, and even of their relation to God. There is, I believe, no more significant century in the history of man than the nineteenth century, and its whole sweep is behind us.

That year 1809 produced, as you know, a whole group of men who were to give distinction to its annals in many fields of thought and of endeavor. To mention only some of the great men who were born in 1809: the poet Tennyson was born in that year, our own poet Edgar Allan Poe, the great Sherman, the great Mendelssohn, Chopin, Charles Darwin, William E. Gladstone, and Abraham Lincoln. Merely read that list and you are aware of the singular variety of gifts and purposes represented. Tennyson was, to my thinking, something more than a poet. We are apt to be so beguiled by the music of his verse as to suppose that its charm and power lie in its music; but there is something about the poet which makes him the best interpreter, not only of life, but of national purpose, and there is to be found in Tennyson a great body of interpretation which utters the very voice of Anglo-Saxon liberty. That fine line in which he speaks of how English liberty has "broadened down from precedent to precedent" embodies the noble slowness, the very process and the very certainty, of the forces which made men politically free in the great century in which he wrote. He was a master who saw into the heart of affairs, as well as a great musician who seemed to give them the symphony of sound.

And then there was our own Poe, that exquisite workman in the human language, that exquisite artisan in all the nice

effects of speech, the man who dreamed all the odd dreams of the human imagination, and who quickened us with all the singular stories that the mind can invent, and did it all with the nicety and certainty of touch of the consummate artist.

And then there were Chopin and Mendelssohn, whose music constantly rings in our ears and lifts our spirits to new sources of delight. And there was Charles Darwin, with an insight into nature next to Newton's own; and Gladstone, who knew how to rule men by those subtle forces of oratory which shape the history of the world and determine the relations of nations to each other.

And then our Lincoln. When you read that name you are at once aware of something that distinguishes it from all the rest. There was in each of those other men some special gift, but not in Lincoln. You cannot pick Lincoln out for any special characteristic. He did not have any one of those peculiar gifts that the other men on this list possessed. He does not seem to belong in a list at all; he seems to stand unique and singular and complete in himself. The name makes the same impression upon the ear that the name of Shakespeare makes, because it is as if he contained a world within himself. And that is the thing which marks the singular stature and nature of this great—and, we would fain believe, typical—American. Because when you try to describe the character of Lincoln you seem to be trying to describe a great process of nature. Lincoln seems to have been of general human use and not of particular and limited human use. There was no point at which life touched him that he did not speak back to it instantly its meaning. There was no affair that touched him to which he did not give back life, as if he had communicated a spark of fire to kindle it. The man seemed to have, slumbering in him, powers which he did not exert of his own choice, but which woke the moment they were challenged, and for which no challenge was too great or comprehensive.

You know how slow, how almost sluggish the development of the man was. You know how those who consorted with him

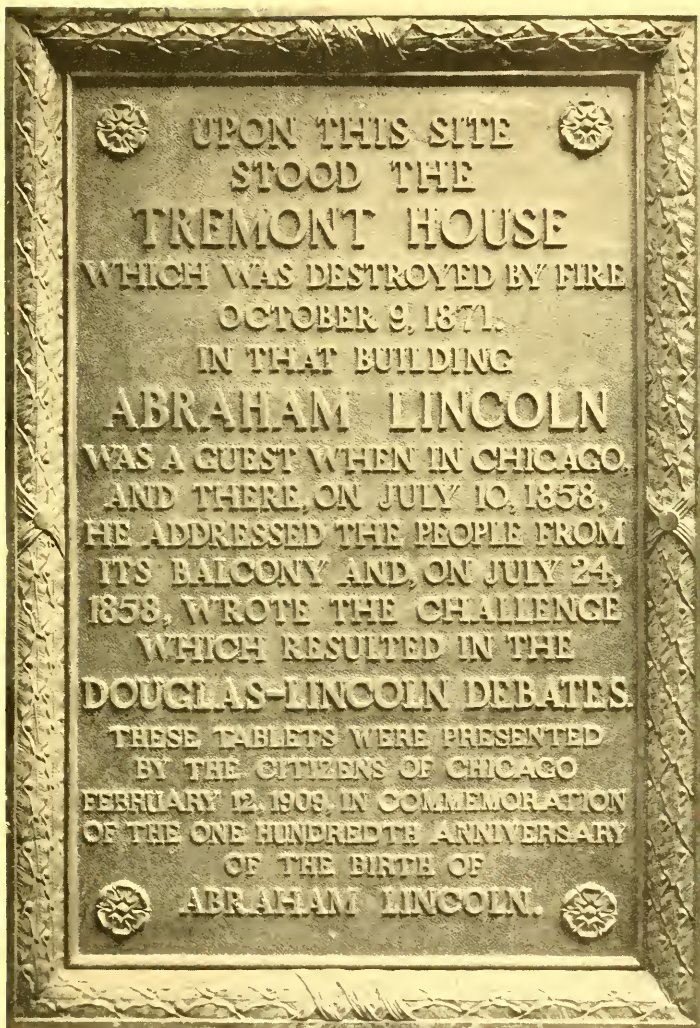
in his youth noted the very thing of which I speak. They would have told you that Abraham Lincoln was good for nothing in particular; and the singular fact is he *was* good for nothing in particular—he was good for everything in general. He did not narrow and concentrate his power, because it was meant to be diffused as the sun itself. And so he went through his youth like a man who has nothing to do, like a man whose mind is never halted at any point where it becomes serious, to seize upon the particular endeavor or occupation for which it is intended. He went from one sort of partial success to another sort of partial success, or, as his contemporaries would have said, from failure to failure, until—not until he found himself, but until, so to say, affairs found him, and the crisis of a country seemed suddenly to match the universal gift of his nature; until a great nature was summed up, not in any particular business or activity, but in the affairs of a whole country. It was characteristic of the man.

Have you ever looked at some of those singular statues of the great French sculptor Rodin—those pieces of marble in which only some part of a figure is revealed and the rest is left in the hidden lines of the marble itself; where there emerges the arm and the bust and the eager face, it may be, of a man, but his body disappears in the general bulk of the stone, and the lines fall off vaguely? I have often been made to think, in looking at those statues, of Abraham Lincoln. There was a little disclosed in him, but not all. You feel that he was so far from being exhausted by the demands of his life that more remained unrevealed than was disclosed to our view. The lines run off into infinity and lead the imagination into every great conjecture. We wonder what the man might have done, what he might have been, and we feel that there was more promise in him when he died than when he was born; that the force was so far from being exhausted that it had only begun to display itself in its splendor and perfection. No man can think of the life of Lincoln without feeling that the man was cut off almost at his beginning.

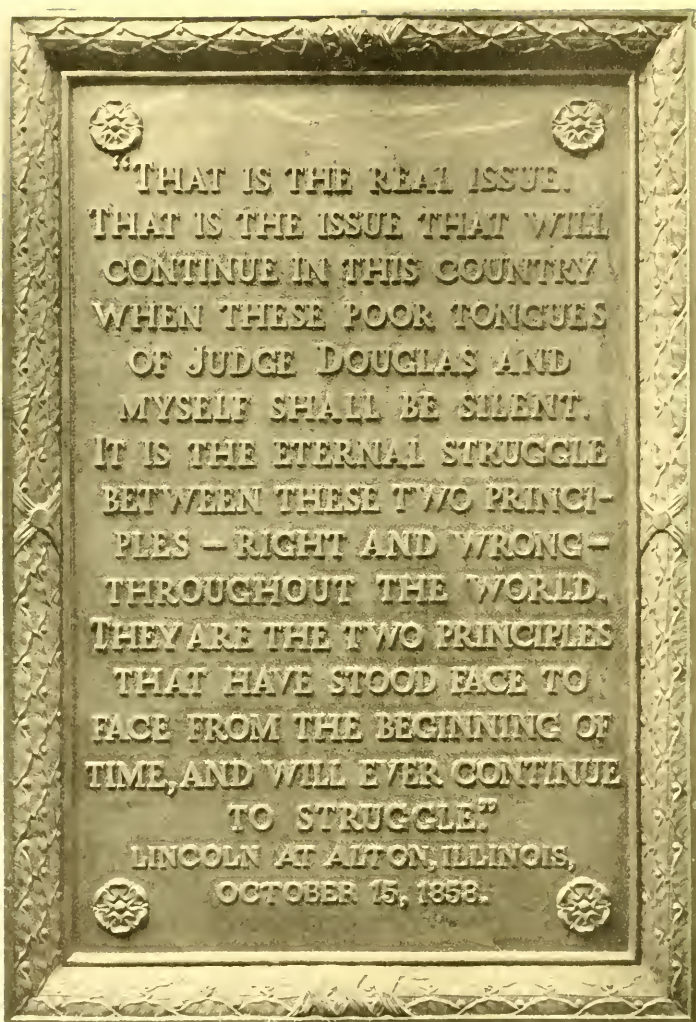
And so it is with every genius of this kind, not singular but universal, because there were uses to which it was not challenged. You feel that there is no telling what it might have done in days to come, when there would have been new demands made upon its strength and upon its versatility. He is like some great reservoir of living water which you can freely quaff but can never exhaust. There is something absolutely endless about the lines of such a life.

And you will see that that very fact renders it difficult indeed to point out the characteristics of a man like Lincoln. How shall you describe general human nature brought to its finest development?—for such was this man. We say that he was honest; men used to call him “Honest Abe.” But honesty is not a quality. Honesty is the manifestation of character. Lincoln was honest because there was nothing small or petty about him, and only smallness and pettiness in a nature can produce dishonesty. Such honesty is a quality of largeness. It is that openness of nature which will not condescend to subterfuge, which is too big to conceal itself. Little men run to cover and deceive you. Big men cannot and will not run to cover, and do not deceive you. Of course, Lincoln was honest. But that was not a peculiar characteristic of him; that is a general description of him. He was not small or mean, and his honesty was not produced by any calculation, but was the genial expression of the great nature that was behind it.

Then we also say of Lincoln that he saw things with his own eyes. And it is very interesting that we can pick out individual men to say that of them. The opposite of the proposition is, that most men see things with other men's eyes. And that is the pity of the whole business of the world. Most men do not see things with their own eyes. If they did they would not be so inconspicuous as they consent to be. What most persons do is to live up to formulas and opinions and believe them, and never give themselves the trouble to ask whether they are true or not; so that there is a great deal of truth in saying that the trouble is, that men believe so many things that are not so, because they have taken them



One of Two Bronze Tablets Erected During the Centenary upon
the Site of the Old Tremont House



One of Two Bronze Tablets Erected During the Centenary upon
the Site of the Old Tremont House

at second hand; they have accepted them in the form they were given to them. They have not reëxamined them. They have not seen the world with their own eyes. But Lincoln saw it with his own eyes. And he not only saw the surface of it, but saw beneath the surface of it; for the characteristic of the seeing eye is that it is a discerning eye, seeing also that which is not caught by the surface; it penetrates to the heart of the subjects it looks upon. Not only did this man look upon life with a discerning eye. If you read of his youth and of his early manhood, it would seem that these were his only and sufficient pleasures. Lincoln seemed to covet nothing from his business except that it would give him leisure enough to do this very thing—to look at other people; to talk about them; to sit by the stove in the evening and discuss politics with them; to talk about all the things that were going on, to make shrewd, penetrating comments upon them, to speak his penetrating jests.

I had a friend once who said he seriously thought that the business of life was conversation. There is a good deal of Mr. Lincoln's early life which would indicate that he was of the same opinion. He believed that, at any rate, the most attractive business of life was conversation; and conversation, with Lincoln, was an important part of the business of life, because it was conversation which uncovered the meanings of things and illuminated the hidden places where nobody but Lincoln had ever thought of looking.

You remember the very interesting story told about Mr. Lincoln in his early practice as a lawyer. Some business firm at a distance wrote to him and asked him to look into the credit of a certain man who had asked to have credit extended to him by the firm. Mr. Lincoln went around to see the man at his place of business, and reported to this effect: that he had found the man in an office which contained one table and two chairs, "But," he added, "there is a hole in the corner that would bear looking into." That anecdote, slight as it is, is typical of Mr. Lincoln. He sometimes found the character of the man lurking in a hole; and when his speech touched that character it was illuminated; you could

not frame otherwise a better characterization. That seemed to be the business of the man's life; to look at things and to comment upon them; and his comment upon them was just as fearless and just as direct as it was shrewd and penetrating.

I know some men can see anything they choose to see, but they won't say anything; who are dried up at the source by that enemy of mankind which we call Caution. God save a free country from cautious men,—men, I mean, cautious for themselves,—for cautious men are men who will not speak the truth if the speaking of it threatens to damage them. Caution is the confidential agent of selfishness.

This man had no caution. He was absolutely direct and fearless. You will say that he had very little worldly goods to lose. He did not allow himself to be encumbered by riches, therefore he could say what he pleased. You know that men who are encumbered by riches are apt to be more silent than others. They have given hostages to fortune, and for them it is very necessary to maintain the *status quo*. Now, Mr. Lincoln was not embarrassed in this way. A change of circumstances would suit him just as well as the permanency of existing circumstances. But I am confident that if Mr. Lincoln had had the gift of making money, he nevertheless would not have restrained his gift for saying things; that he nevertheless would have ignored the trammels and despised caution and said what he thought. But one interesting thing about Mr. Lincoln is that no matter how shrewd or penetrating his comment, he never seemed to allow a matter to grip him. He seemed so directly in contact with it that he could define things other men could not define; and yet he was detached. He did not look upon it as if he were part of it. And he was constantly salting all the delightful things that he said, with the salt of wit and humor.

I would not trust a saturnine man, but I would trust a wit; because a wit is a man who can detach himself, and not get so buried in the matter he is dealing with as to lose that sure and free movement which a man can have only when he is detached. If a man can comment upon his own misfortunes

with a touch of humor, you know that his misfortunes are not going to subdue or kill him. You should try to instill into every distressed friend the inclination to hold himself off at arm's length, and should assure him that, after all, there have been worse cases on record. Mr. Lincoln was not under the impression that his own misfortunes were unique, and he was not under the impression that the misfortunes of his fellow-men were unique or unalterable. Therefore he was detached; therefore he was a wit; therefore he told you a story to show that he was not so intense upon a matter that he could not recognize the funny side of it.

Not only that, but Lincoln was a singularly studious man—not studious in the ordinary conventional sense. To be studious in the ordinary, conventional sense, if I may judge by my observation at a university, is to do the things you have to do and not understand them particularly. But to be studious, in the sense in which Mr. Lincoln was studious, is to follow eagerly and fearlessly the curiosity of a mind which will not be satisfied unless it understands. That is a deep studiousness; that is the thing which lays bare the map of life and enables men to understand the circumstances in which they live, as nothing else can do.

And what commends Mr. Lincoln's studiousness to me is that the result of it was he did not have any theories at all. Life is a very complex thing. No theory that I ever heard propounded will match its varied pattern; and the men who are dangerous are the men who are not content with understanding, but go on to propound theories, things which will make a new pattern for society and a new model for the universe. Those are the men who are not to be trusted. Because, although you steer by the North Star, when you have lost the bearings of your compass, you nevertheless must steer in a pathway on the sea,—you are not bound for the North Star. The man who insists upon his theory insists that there is a way to the North Star, and I know, and every one knows, that there is not—at least none yet discovered. Lincoln was one of those delightful students who do not seek to tie you up in the meshes of any theory.

Such was Mr. Lincoln,—not a singular man; a very normal man, but normal in gigantic proportions,—the whole character of him is on as great a scale—and yet so delightfully informal in the way it was put together—as was the great frame in which he lived. That great, loose-jointed, angular frame that Mr. Lincoln inhabited was a very fine symbol of the big, loose-jointed, genial, angular nature that was inside; angular, not in the sense of having sharp corners upon which men might wound themselves, but angular as nature is angular. Nature is not symmetrical like the Renaissance architecture. Nature is an architect who does not, in the least, mind putting a very different thing on one side from what it has put on the other. Your average architect wants to balance his windows; to have consistency and balance in the parts. But nature is not interested in that. Nature does what it pleases, and so did the nature of Lincoln. It did what it pleased, and was no more conventionalized and symmetrical than the body of the man himself.

Mr. Lincoln belonged to a type which is fast disappearing, the type of the frontiersman. And he belonged to a process which has almost disappeared from this country. Mr. Lincoln seemed slow in his development, but when you think of the really short span of his life and the distance he traversed in the process of maturing, you will see that it can not be said to have been a slow process. Mr. Lincoln was bred in that part of the country—*this* part, though we can hardly conceive it now—where States were made as fast as men. Lincoln was made along with the States that were growing as fast as men were. States were born and came to their maturity, in that day, within the legal limit of twenty-one years, and the very pressure of that rapid change, the very imperious necessity of that quick process of maturing, was what made and moulded men with a speed and in a sort which have never since been matched. Here were the processes of civilization and of the building up of politics crowded into a single generation; and where such processes are crowded, men grow. Men could be picked out in the crude, and, if put in that crucible, could be refined out in a single genera-

tion into pure metal. That was the process which made Mr. Lincoln. We could not do it that way again, because that period has passed forever with us.

Mr. Lincoln could not have been born at any other time and he could not have been made in any other way. I took the liberty of saying in New York the other day that it was inconceivable that Mr. Lincoln could have been born in New York. I did not intend thereby any disparagement of New York, but simply to point the moral that he could not have been born in a finished community. He had to be produced in a community that was on the make, in the making. New York is on the make, but it is not in the making.

Mr. Lincoln, in other words, was produced by processes which no longer exist anywhere in America, and therefore we are solemnized by this question: Can we have other Lincolns? We cannot do without them. This country is going to have crisis after crisis. God send they may not be bloody crises, but they will be intense and acute. No body politic so abounding in life and so puzzled by problems as ours is can avoid moving from crisis to crisis. We must have the leadership of sane, genial men of universal use like Lincoln, to save us from mistakes and give us the necessary leadership in such days of struggle and of difficulty. And yet, such men will hereafter have to be produced among us by processes which are not characteristically American, but which belong to the whole world.

There was something essentially native, American, about Lincoln; and there will, no doubt, be something American about every man produced by the processes of America; but no such distinguished process as the process, unique and separate, of that early age can be repeated for us.

It seems to me serviceable, therefore, to ask ourselves what it is that we must reproduce in order not to lose the breed, the splendid breed, of men of this calibre. Mr. Lincoln we describe as "a man of the people," and he was a man of the people, essentially. But what do we mean by a "man of the people"? We mean a man, of course, who has his root-age deep in the experiences and the consciousness of the

ordinary mass of his fellow-men; but we do not mean a man whose rootage is holding him at their level. We mean a man who, drawing his sap from such sources, has, nevertheless, risen above the level of the rest of mankind and has got an outlook over their heads, seeing horizons which they are too submerged to see; a man who finds and draws his inspiration from the common plane, but nevertheless has lifted himself to a new place of outlook and of insight; who has come out from the people and is their leader, not because he speaks from their ranks, but because he speaks for them and for their interests.

Browning has said:

"A nation is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And they who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all."

Lincoln was of the mass, but he was so lifted and big that all men could look upon him, until he became the "model for the mass" and was "singly of more value than they all."

It was in that sense that Lincoln was "a man of the people." His sources were where all the pure springs are, but his streams flowed down into other country and fertilized other plains, where men had become sophisticated with the life of an older age.

A great nation is not led by a man who simply repeats the talk of the street-corners or the opinions of the newspapers. A nation is led by a man who hears more than those things; or who, rather, hearing those things, understands them better, unites them, puts them into a common meaning; speaks, not the rumors of the street, but a new principle for a new age; a man in whose ears the voices of the nation do not sound like the accidental and discordant notes that come from the voice of a mob, but concurrent and concordant like the united voices of a chorus, whose many meanings, spoken by melodious tongues, unite in his understanding in a single meaning and reveal to him a

single vision, so that he can speak what no man else knows, the common meaning of the common voice. Such is the man who leads a great, free, democratic nation.

We must always be led by "men of the people," and therefore it behooves us to know them when we see them. How shall we distinguish them? Judged by this man, interpreted by this life, what is a "man of the people"? How shall we know him when he emerges to our view?

Well, in the first place, it seems to me that a man of the people is a man who sees affairs as the people see them, and not as a man of particular classes or the professions sees them. You cannot afford to take the advice of a man who has been too long submerged in a particular profession,—not because you cannot trust him to be honest and candid, but because he has been too long immersed and submerged, and through the inevitable pressure and circumstances of his life has come to look upon the nation from a particular point of view. The man of the people is a man who looks far and wide upon the nation, and is not limited by a professional point of view. That may be a hard doctrine; it may exclude some gentlemen ambitious to lead; but I am not trying to exclude them by any arbitrary dictum of my own; I am trying to interpret so much as I understand of human history, and if human history has excluded them, you cannot blame me. Human history has excluded them, as far as I understand it, and that is the end of the matter. I am not excluding them. In communities like ours, governed by general opinion and not led by classes, not dictated to by special interests, they are of necessity excluded. You will see that it follows that a man of the people is not subdued by any stuff of life that he has happened to work in; that he is free to move in any direction his spirit prompts. Are you not glad that Mr. Lincoln did not succeed too deeply in any particular calling; that he was sufficiently detached to be lifted to a place of leadership and to be used by the whole country? Are you not glad that he had not narrowed his view and understanding to any particular interest,—did not think in the terms of interest but in the terms of life? Are you not

glad that he had a myriad of contacts with the growing and vehement life of this country, and that, because of that multiple contact, he was, more than any one else of his generation, the spokesman of the general opinion of this country?

Why was it that Mr. Lincoln was wiser than the professional politicians? Because the professional politicians had burrowed into particular burrows and Mr. Lincoln walked on the surface and saw his fellow-men.

Why could Mr. Lincoln smile at lawyers and turn away from ministers? Because he had not had his contact with life as a lawyer has, and he had not lectured his fellow-men as a minister has. He was detached from every point of view and therefore superior,—at any rate in a position to becoming superior,—to every point of view. You must have a man of this detachable sort.

Moreover, you must not have a man, if he is to be a man of the people, who is standardized and conventionalized. Look to it that your communities, your great cities, do not impose too arbitrary standards upon the men whom you wish to use. Do not reduce men to standards. Let them be free. Do not compel them by conventions. Let them wear any clothes they please and look like anything they choose; let them do anything that a decent and an honest man may do without criticism; do not laugh at them because they do not look like you, or talk like you, or think like you. They are freer for that circumstance, because, as an English writer has said: "You may talk of the tyranny of Nero and Tiberius, but the real tyranny is the tyranny of your next-door neighbor. There is no tyranny like the tyranny of being obliged to be like him,"—of being considered a very singular person if you are not; of having men shrug their shoulders and say, "Singular young man, sir, singular young man; very gifted, but not to be trusted." Not to be trusted because unlike your own trustworthy self! You must take your leaders in every time of difficulty from among absolutely free men who are not standardized and conventionalized, who are at liberty to do what they think right and

say what they think true; that is the only kind of leadership you can afford to have.

And then, last and greatest characteristic of all, a man of the people is a man who has felt that unspoken, that intense, that almost terrifying struggle of humanity, that struggle whose object is, not to get forms of government, not to realize particular formulas or make for any definite goal, but simply to live and be free. He has participated in that struggle; he has felt the blood stream against the tissue; he has known anxiety; he has felt that life contained for him nothing but effort, effort from the rising of the sun to the going down of it. He has, therefore, felt beat in him, if he had any heart, a universal sympathy for those who struggle, a universal understanding of the unutterable things that were in their hearts and the unbearable burdens that were upon their backs. A man who has that vision, of how—

“Now touching good, now backward hurled,
Toils the indomitable world”—

a man like Lincoln—understands. His was part of the toil; he had part and lot in the struggle; he knew the uncertainty of the goal mankind had but just touched and from which they had been hurled back; knew that the price of life is blood, and that no man who goes jauntily and complacently through the world will ever touch the springs of human action. Such a man with such a consciousness, such a universal human sympathy, such a universal comprehension of what life means, is your man of the people, and no one else can be.

What shall we do? It always seems to me a poor tribute to a great man who has been great in action, to spend the hours of his praise by merely remembering what he was; and there is no more futile eulogy than attempted imitation. It is impossible to imitate Lincoln, without being Lincoln; and then it would not be an imitation. It is impossible to reproduce the characters, as it is impossible to reproduce the

circumstances, of a past age. That ought to be a truism; that ought to be evident. We live, and we have no other choice, in this age, and the tasks of this age are the only tasks to which we are asked to address ourselves. We are not asked to apply our belated wisdom to the problems and perplexities of an age that is gone. We must have timely remedies, suitable for the existing moment. If that be true, the only way in which we can worthily celebrate a great man is by showing to-day that we have not lost the tradition of force which made former ages great, that we can reproduce them continuously in a kind of our own. You elevate the character of a man like Lincoln for his fellow-men to gaze upon, not as if it were an unattainable height, but as one of those conspicuous objects which men erect to mark the long lines of a survey, so that when they top the next hill they shall see that mark standing there where they have passed, not as something to daunt them, but as a high point by which they can lengthen and complete their measurements and make sure of their ultimate goal and achievement. That is the reason we erect the figures of men like this to be admired and looked upon, not as if we were men who walk backward and deplore the loss of such figures and of such ages, but as men who keep such heights in mind and walk forward, knowing that the goal of the age is to scale new heights and to do things of which their work was a mere foundation, so that we shall live, like every other living thing, by renewal. We shall not live by recollection, we shall not live by trying to recall the strength of the old tissue, but by producing new tissue. The process of life is a process of growth, and the process of growth is a process of renewal; and it is only in this wise that we shall face the tasks of the future.

The tasks of the future call for men like Lincoln more audibly, more imperatively, than did the tasks of the time when civil war was brewing and the very existence of the Nation was in the scale of destiny. For the things that perplex us at this moment are the things which mark, I will not say a warfare, but a division among classes; and when

a nation begins to be divided into rival and contestant interests by the score, the time is much more dangerous than when it is divided into only two perfectly distinguishable interests which you can discriminate and deal with. If there are only two sides I can easily make up my mind which side to take, but if there are a score of sides then I must say to some man who is not immersed, not submerged, not caught in this struggle, "Where shall I go? What do you see? What is the movement of the mass? Where are we going? Where do you propose you should go?" It is then I need a man of the people, detached from this struggle yet cognizant of it all, sympathetic with it all, saturated with it all, to whom I can say, "How do you sum it up, what are the signs of the day, what does the morning say, what are the tasks that we must set our hands to?" We should pray, not only that we should be led by such men, but also that they should be men of the particular sweetness that Lincoln possessed.

The most dangerous thing you can have in an age like this is a man who is intense and hot. We have heat enough; what we want is light. Anybody can stir up emotions, but who is master of men enough to take the saddle and guide those awakened emotions? Anybody can cry a nation awake to the necessities of reform, but who shall frame the reform but a man who is cool, who takes his time, who will draw you aside for a jest, who will say: "Yes, but not to-day, to-morrow; let us see the other man and see what he has to say; let us hear everybody, let us know what we are to do. In the meantime I have a capital story for your private ear. Let me take the strain off, let me unbend the steel. Don't let us settle this thing by fire but let us settle it by those cool, incandescent lights which show its real nature and color."

The most valuable thing about Mr. Lincoln was that in the midst of the strain of war, in the midst of the crash of arms, he could sit quietly in his room and enjoy a book that led his thoughts off from everything American, could wander in fields of dreams, while every other man was hot with the immediate contest. Always set your faith in a man who can

withdraw himself, because only the man who can withdraw himself can see the stage; only the man who can withdraw himself can see affairs as they are.

And so the lesson of this day is faith in the common product of the nation; the lesson of this day is the future as well as the past leadership of men, wise men, who have come from the people. We should not be Americans deserving to call ourselves the fellow-countrymen of Lincoln if we did not feel the compulsion that his example lays upon us—the compulsion, not to heed him merely but to look to our own duty, to live every day as if that were the day upon which America was to be reborn and remade; to attack every task as if we had something here that was new and virginal and original, out of which we could make the very stuff of life, by integrity, faith in our fellow-men, wherever it is deserved, absolute ignorance of any obstacle that is insuperable, patience, indomitable courage, insight, universal sympathy,—with that programme opening our hearts to every candid suggestion, listening to all the voices of the nation, trying to bring in a new day of vision and of achievement.

A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN COUNTRY

(A Speech of Introduction)

HON. FRANK HAMLIN

THE ancient knew no prouder boast than to be a Roman citizen, and Saul of Tarsus obtained permission to speak to the captain of the guard when he said, "I am a citizen of Silesia, which is a Roman province, a citizen of no mean country."

We are met to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Commoner of Illinois. As citizens of no mean country, we rejoice in this opportunity to pay our measure of respect to the memory of one of the greatest of our leaders. It is eminently appropriate and fitting that we should do this. But in the proper sense, following the words of President Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech, it is rather for us to be dedicated to those great purposes for which the martyred President gave his life, for liberty, for righteousness, for the preservation of the American Republic. We cannot honor him more than by following his example in the material essentials of life. The striking characteristic of Abraham Lincoln was his simplicity, his rugged honesty. It has been well said by an eloquent orator of the present day, it has been aptly said, that a college is the place where pebbles are brightened and where diamonds are dimmed. While I cannot say that I thoroughly agree with this, it is probably true that Abraham Lincoln's development was broader and stronger than it ever could have been under the mere conventional trainings of life, and I am sure, at least, that to be eminently great, to be sublime in the sense in which Abraham Lincoln was sublime, it is essential that one should be absolutely simple, as he was simple in mind and character alike.

Abraham Lincoln was an optimist; he was a believer in

men, because his character was a touchstone which drew the best from every one with whom he came in contact. But, perhaps, after all, the most inspiring thought which is associated with this commemoration, is the fact that we see one great united nation, forgetful of any sectional prejudice, joining in affectionate regard to offer its tribute to the memory of our martyred President. Is it not, in fact, as if the great American Commonwealth here highly resolved that those ideals which Abraham Lincoln advocated all his life, that government "by the people, of the people, and for the people," should not perish from the earth?

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LINCOLN

HON. J. A. MACDONALD

AMONG the men born of American women, there has not arisen a greater than Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting that throughout this Republic, from the capital to the remotest pioneer hamlet, his name should this day be lifted high in loving memory. The honor of that name is the priceless heritage of every State in this great Union, whose integrity he maintained and whose flag he saved from shame.

But if the people of other States raise their voices in this centennial celebration with pride and grateful praise, how much more you—you people of Illinois, whose State gave him the nation; you citizens of Chicago, whose city witnessed his first nomination to the Presidency—how much more should you cherish the name of Lincoln as the honorable birthright of yourselves and your children; and—

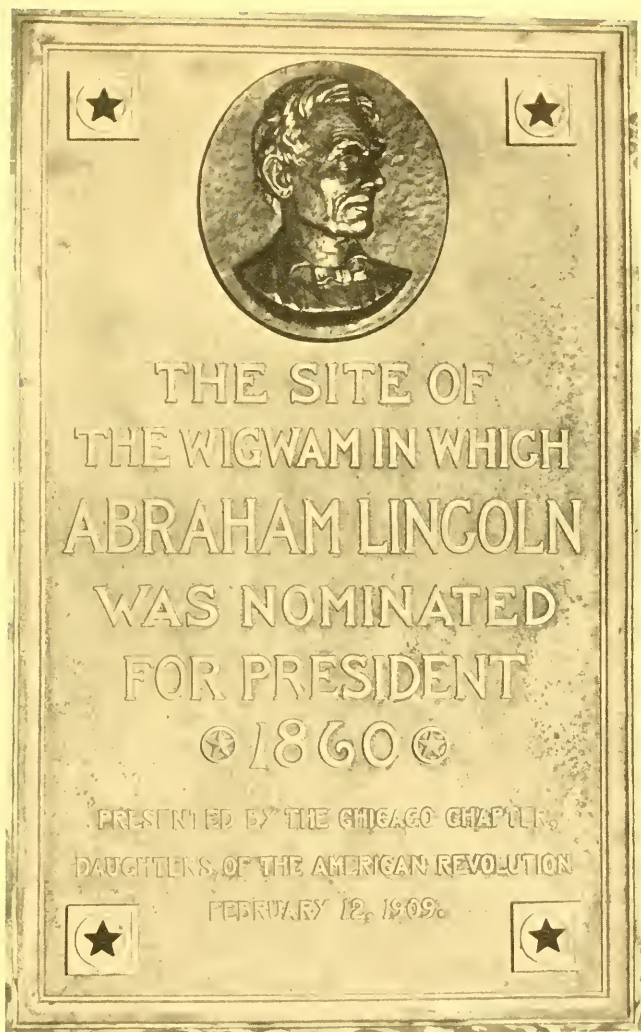
“For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
With honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name!”

The smoke of war has long since cleared away. Even the darker clouds of ignorance and selfishness and suspicion that blinded the eyes and hardened the hearts of men on both sides, and made not only the Revolution, but the Civil War inevitable, have been shot through with the straight white light of reason and charity and truth. The men of the South to-day appreciate the work and venerate the memory of Abraham Lincoln, even as the men of the North are coming to honor the heroism and courage and personal worth of those genuine patriots and noble leaders, Robert E. Lee and “Stonewall” Jackson. We meet as the reconciled members of one great family, all enriched by the memories of each,

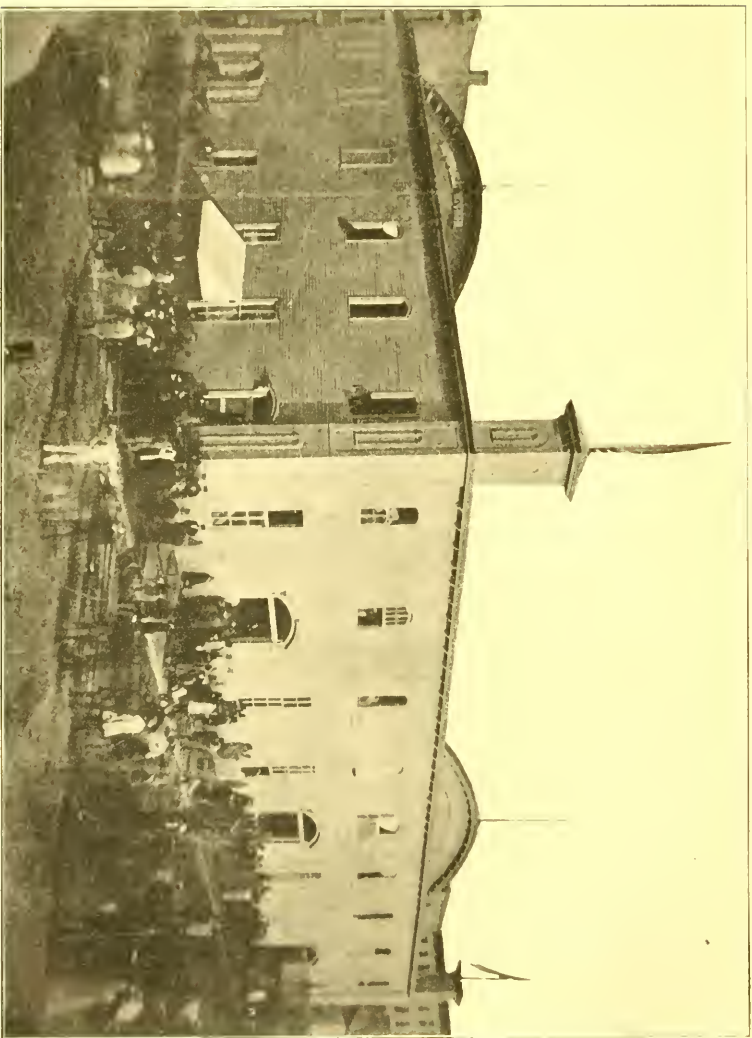
the heirlooms of one being the treasures of all. We come, all you of the blue, and you, too, of the gray, and we of the red-coat and kilted tartan, heritors of the same history, sharers in the same freedom, sons of the same blood; and in the speech that sways from the Gulf to the Arctic Sea we pay our tribute of honor, and reverence, and love to the memory of that greatest world-citizen this continent has known. For among the men born of American women, there has not arisen a greater than Abraham Lincoln.

It is not for me to tell the story of Lincoln's life, the incidents of his great career, or the traditions that gather around his name. All of that has been done again and again in every Lincoln renaissance that has marked each decade since his day. It is being done to-day by those who knew him face to face. It is not for me to come from Canada to Illinois to recite Lincoln anecdotes, or to pronounce a Lincoln eulogy. Not as a neighbor, not as an acquaintance, not as a citizen of the same State or of the same nation, may I speak of him as many might speak. To me he stands out, not in the softened light of personal friendship, not even with the glorifying halo of patriotic devotion on his brow. From the long range of another land, from under the shadow of another flag, I see him stand in the great perspective of world-history, not merely the citizen of your State, or the saviour of your Republic, but Lincoln, the world-citizen; Lincoln, the man whose name spells freedom in every land. And for that Lincoln, one of the few immortals of his age and land, I profess the reverence which the nobleness of his character and the heroism of his life must ever command from you of this Republic and from us, too, of the Canadian Dominion. Into our Canadian lives he came as a mighty inspiration, and our childhood's lips were taught to speak his name with that respect we paid our own good and gracious Queen.

I recall as vividly as if it were yesterday the night in that fateful week of April, 1865, when into my childhood's home, on a pioneer farm cut out of the primeval forest of Middlesex County, in Upper Canada, *The Toronto Globe* came,



Bronze Tablet Placed on the Site of the "Wigwam," Chicago,
by the Chicago Chapter, Daughters of the
American Revolution



Photograph by Foster - original owned by the Chicago Historical Society

Republican "Wigham," in which Lincoln Was Nominated, 1860
(The Building stood on Market Street between Randolph and Lake)

bordered in black. Its story read aloud in the family circle brought pain and grief to Canadian hearts. So it came that my very earliest knowledge of your country and its history was in that tragic martyrdom at Washington, and the very first name outside that backwoods settlement in Canada to be inscribed indelibly on my boyhood's honor roll was the name of your own illustrious Lincoln.

The theme which I choose is this: The Significance of Lincoln. I would have you stand with me for a little, not so close to that life as to lose the sense of its great proportions, but not so far away as to miss the meaning and the majesty of its radiating power. If I express some things with which some may not agree—and that must be so—it is because I am free to voice honest convictions with unreserve in the presence of free and honest men.

I would have you consider the significance of Lincoln, the meaning of his life, and the reach of his influence, in the century to which he belonged, and in this larger century that reaps the harvests which he sowed.

First, consider the significance of Lincoln to democracy in North America. I mean Canada as well as the United States. And by democracy I mean, not any party form or political organization, but, in the words made immortal by Lincoln at Gettysburg, "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

On this continent, democracy is being worked out through republican forms in the United States, and through forms adapted to monarchical institutions in Canada. In both countries it is democracy. The democratic spirit takes little account of mere names and forms.

Take the situation presented in your own United States. What is the significance of Lincoln in relation to the maintenance and the extension of "government of the people, by the people, for the people" in this Republic? What contribution did he make? What did he save that might have been lost?

For one thing, he served democracy by the very fact of his life, by the potency of his teaching, by the force of his ex-

ample. He was by Nature's law a man of the people. He gloried in his kinship with the "plain people." Not because he was born in a rude Kentucky cabin; not because his early life in Indiana and Illinois was spent in sordid poverty—democracy on the one hand, like aristocracy on the other, is not a thing of external conditions, but of the very spirit and purpose and essence of a man's life. By birth and instinct and personal equation George Washington was an aristocrat to his finger-tips. Abraham Lincoln, in the marrow of his bones and through all the texture of his thinking, was a man of the people.

Lincoln knew the people's problem from within. By intuition he understood their case and took their side. In those early Sangamon County days he knew nothing of the teaching of the schools on political economy, or the social problem, or the ethical standard, but by unerring instinct he made his choice. It was the spirit of inborn, true democracy that spoke through him, when, a raw youth in his teens, thirty years before he saw the White House, he looked for the first time on the hard and ugly fact of slavery, and in the slave-market of New Orleans swore: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard, by the Eternal God!" It was his incurable sense of the rights of man that impelled him in early manhood to declare himself the champion of the unprivileged and the voiceless, "until," as he foretold, "everywhere in this broad land the sun shall shine, and the rain shall fall, and the wind shall blow upon no man that goes forth to unrequited toil." As the sinewy arrow goes straight to its aim, so his mind struck home to the heart of the age-long problem of capital and labor in all lands when he protested that "no man shall eat bread by the sweat of another man's brow." He had not studied constitutional history, or traced the rise and fall of world kingdoms and commonwealths, but he put the essential wisdom of all the centuries of government into that memorable saying in his senatorial campaign in Chicago in 1858: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. This government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free." By such teaching,

by the example that enforced it, by the life that inspired it, Lincoln gave proof of his ingrained democracy while he was, as yet, unknown outside the State of Illinois, and before the dream of the White House shaped his way.

Lincoln was significant and his life told for good to democracy in the United States by reason of his steadfastness in the cause of union against the fallacies of Secessionists in the South and the impatience of Abolitionists in the North.

No man ever faced a task more tremendous at a time more critical than did Abraham Lincoln when he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States in Chicago in 1860. No man ever put his hand to an undertaking fraught with peril to interests so vast as did Lincoln on the day of his inauguration at Washington in 1861. No man ever found the way of duty more beset with disappointment and seeming defeat than did Lincoln during those four awful years of power, with their cabal and conflict and unspeakable carnage. With the ruler of a nation it is not a question of monarchy or of democracy. Coronation by the crowd secures no immunity from the sorrows of the king. Lincoln, as surely and as sadly as any throned monarch, had to pay the price and drink the cup.

He was called to be the chief executive of the nation, only to find the nation divided; to be President of the United States, only to find those States no longer united. Secession had already sown the seeds of disunion. State after State had broken away. Long before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter, Lincoln saw the foreshadow of coming events. Other men might deceive themselves and might deceive the people with cries of "Peace, Peace!" when there could be no peace. Other men in the North as well as in the South, among the Abolitionists as well as among the planters, might be ready and even eager to let secession have its way and to give to the slave States confederate autonomy as a new Republic. But with Lincoln it could not be so. He saw too deeply into the current of events to dream of peace for a nation half slave and half

free. He took too seriously his own responsibilities as the constitutional President of the American Republic to stand idly by while disunion and disintegration were destroying that Republic and frustrating every pledge of freedom that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton had given to the world. In the midst of all those cross-currents of opinion and that confusion of tongues and that panic of public feeling Lincoln alone stood erect, master of the situation, his nerve steady, his head clear, his heart unmoved.

Lincoln did for democracy in the United States what needed to be done, what had not been done at the beginning, and what sooner or later had to be done, when he stood for that ideal of the Republic which involved federal sovereignty over the uniting States and made secession mean treason and civil war. The limitation of State sovereignty was not settled by the Constitution. The question was obscured: it was evaded. Had it been pressed to the forefront, some of the States might not have come in,—had they known they could not go out. There was, at least, an arguable case for secession in the equivocal language of the Constitution, as well as in the fact and the fortunes of the Revolution. Time might have solved the problem had the aggressions of slavery not raised the issue. But once raised, it had to be faced. Lincoln faced it. And in facing it and settling it, he established the fabric of democracy in the United States on constitutional foundations that cannot be moved.

And the statesmanship of Lincoln saved democracy when he stood first of all for the Union, for its honor, for its integrity, for its supreme claim upon the loyalty of every citizen in every State. He refused, as surely as the Secessionists refused, to make slavery the issue of the War. Lincoln and his Cabinet and the leaders of the North said they fought to save the Union. Jefferson Davis and the leaders of the South said they fought for State rights. They all said it was not slavery. Both sides gave assurances to England that it was not slavery. Lincoln knew too well that, notwithstanding the fiery propagandism of the apostles of

abolition, the time had not yet come when even the North would pay the awful and inescapable price that the slaves might be free. The shame and sin of the slave traffic had indeed entered as an iron into many a soul. The cup of its iniquity was indeed full. But there was a pause before the blow fell. There had to come a crisis and a challenge. Before the war-cloud had spent itself, the ultimatum of the South, making the rights of slavery the supreme and irreversible issue, flashed a revealing light in the faces of the North. In that light the slave power showed its true visage, stripped, unmistakable, the relentless enemy not of the negro alone but of the nation as well.

To save the Union, not to destroy slavery, was the burden of Lincoln's first inauguration message. When the first guns of rebellion were fired on Fort Sumter, to save the Union, not to free the slaves, was the burden of Lincoln's call to arms. That call was answered by the men of Massachusetts, who marched through Maryland to the Potomac, blazing the way for that mighty host that never returned. After long months of humiliation and havoc and slaughter, Lincoln's call for men, for four hundred thousand men, to save the Union had a new note of urgency. But his trust in the plain people was abundantly rewarded. Their answer echoed from every hilltop and through every valley of your Northern States, from Maine to California,—

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand strong."

But Lincoln did more for democracy in the United States than to save the Union. Union was not enough. There must be freedom as well. And to be born free must mean more than the Declaration of Independence had as yet made it mean. It must mean freedom, not for some of the people, not even for a majority of the people, but for all the people. Democracy and slavery cannot join hands. Between them there must be an "irrepressible conflict."

It was the old story. That conflict belongs to all the ages of human progress. The struggle between South and North

in this Republic was not an accident. Lincoln was not responsible for it. Southern slavery was the occasion of it, not the cause. Its roots ran far back into that old-world civilization from which North and South alike drew their ideals and their life. It was the struggle of the seventeenth century in England over again. It was the Cavalier against the Roundhead, as of old. The high-born royalists of King Charles left behind them the forms of monarchy, but they brought with them to Virginia the aristocratic spirit and the social ideal that made negro servitude in the South not only a privilege, but a right. The men of the *Mayflower* brought to New England the Puritan impulse, and it was that inextinguishable spark of democracy that disturbed the soul of the North. Between these two, sooner or later, conflict had to come in America, as it came two centuries before in England. Slavery was the occasion, human rights against class-privilege was the issue.

When the time was ripe, Lincoln struck the blow. The men who signed the Declaration and who framed the Constitution blinked the slave question. Had it been possible to save the Union and to retain slavery, Lincoln might have blinked it, too. But it could not be. The nature of things was against it. The democracy that declared all men to be "born free and equal" gave the lie to the defiant fallacy of the slave-holding aristocracy that man can hold property in man. The Puritan conscience of New England saved the ideals of the Republic until the rail-splitter from Illinois drove the wedge of truth into the heart of the problem and split off the planter oligarchy from the life-trunk of American democracy.

The time had surely come when democracy in the United States must needs justify itself alike to its own children and to the world. It was not enough to point to an academic and speculative declaration that "all men are born free and equal," when, under the Stars and Stripes, three millions of human beings went out to "unrequited toil." It was not enough to talk loftily of "the land of the free," and to echo Jefferson's tirades against monarchy, when, nearly a

century after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the only land on all this continent of North America in which in very truth all men were born free was under monarchical government; and the only flag that gave protection to all classes, without respect of race or color, was the Union Jack. It cost treasure and it cost blood to wipe out that stain, but in wiping it out Lincoln justified American democracy before the nations of the world.

But Lincoln was more than a leader of his people. He was their diplomat. One of his greatest services to democracy in the United States was in the strength and steadiness with which he withstood the clamant pressure of the crowd, even of the crowd that made him President. In matters of diplomacy he gave democracy worthy grounds for enduring self-respect at home and he added permanently to its prestige abroad. In his relations with other nations he so conducted himself that the Crowd, almost in spite of itself, was given dignity in the presence of the Crown.

This meant much for the credit of democracy, for it was in matters of diplomacy that its enemies said democracy would be disproved. It would not have been strange had Lincoln failed. He was himself a man of the crowd. The crowd is notoriously the victim of impulse and emotion; the crowd-spirit knows no law and brooks no check. Again and again the tumult of the people surged about Lincoln on the slavery question, on the management of the War, on problems of policies, and on the delicate and critical affairs of foreign relations. It would not have been strange had he been stampeded; others have been, before his day and since. That he, a man of the people, the incarnation of the powers and instinct and genius of the plain people—that he stood erect, worthy of his nation's honor, commanding respect from foreign nations and recognition from their monarchs, was a service to government by the people which the people themselves at first resented in anger and even yet are slow to appreciate and understand.

Conspicuously true was this early in the War when relations with the British Government were uncertain, if not strained.

Had Secretary of State Seward's despatch been sent unrevised by Lincoln, those relations might have been not only strained, but broken. Had Lincoln not withstood the lawless indignation of the whole North, and released the two Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, taken prisoners from aboard the British mail-packet *Trent*, war would have been inevitable. On the other hand, had the offensive message of Lord Palmerston been sent unrevised by Queen Victoria, war,—war that, in Sherman's phrase, would indeed have been "hell" for the world,—could not have been averted. By the strength, and wisdom, and humanity of the President on the one side, and of the Queen on the other, peace was maintained. Republicanism and Royalty at their summits joined hands. In that dread hour of crisis, Lincoln, the people's man from Illinois, took his place in world diplomacy, not beside the Prime Minister of Britain, but beside Her Imperial Majesty, the Queen. Then was democracy justified of her children.

Turn now to the Canadian situation. What is the significance of Lincoln for democracy in the Dominion? Was government of the people, by the people, for the people, in Canada served in any significant way by the life he lived and the service he rendered to democracy in the United States?

It is quite true Lincoln knew almost nothing at all about Canada. He never set foot on Canadian soil. He had no direct interest in Canadian problems. But a life so vital as his could not be lived to itself or to the people of his own country alone. Sovereignty stops at the Great Lakes and the international boundary line, but the masterful life overleaps all such limitations. The man is greater than the ruler. In Abraham Lincoln, Canada has had an inheritance that through a half-century has made for the enrichment of public life and the redemption of public service.

The Canadian situation cannot be understood, and the significance of Lincoln for Canadian democracy cannot be appreciated, unless there is kept in mind the Canadian struggle for government of the people, by the people, for the people. That struggle was not an isolated case in history.

It was only one of a long series of conflicts characteristic of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It bore the unmistakable marks of the Revolution in England under Cromwell, and the Revolution in America under Washington. The conflict in your Civil War between the oligarchy of the South and the democratic ideals of the North had its counterpart in Canada. We, too, had the seed of the Cavalier of King Charles, and from your own South, as well as from England, Canada received her share of the high-bred aristocracy. That seed grew into class-privilege, and ripened into an autocracy as exclusive and insolent as anything Southern aristocracy or old-world Toryism could show. And over against it, with us as with you, there was set the restless, new-born democracy of the Puritan, and the Non-conformist, and the rugged Cameronian. Conflict was inevitable.

In Canada, the conflict came a generation earlier than in the United States. It was in 1837, the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, that the seething discontent of the people against injustice and tyranny found expression in the rebellion of Louis Papineau in Lower Canada, and of William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada. That rebellion was suppressed with little bloodshed, but the power of the oligarchy was broken. The rights for which the people fought were abundantly granted in 1840, when Canada was given, not merely representative government, but, what we prize far more, government directly and immediately responsible to Parliament. What was won for democracy in the United States on the battlefields of the Revolution, and more truly in the Civil War, was secured for democracy in Canada in the Parliament of the nation. But at bottom the struggle was the same.

Now, the fact of that Canadian struggle, the elements represented in it, and the issues of it, must be kept in mind by those who would understand the attitude of Canadians to Lincoln and the Civil War. Of course, Canada was not a unit on that question, even as England was not a unit, and the North itself not a unit. In all these countries there was, and still is, the contending of opposite types and tendencies.

There were in Canada and among Canadians those who sympathized with the South, whose affinities were with the South, and who wished the South to win. There were those, too, who believed then, and still believe, that the logic of Constitution was with the Secessionists of the South, but who, for humanity's sake, desired, unreservedly, passionately, that the logic of the War should make good the cause of the North. For the people of Canada, from the very beginning of the century, longed and prayed, and when the time came not a few of them fought and died, that the accursed mountain of human slavery might be dug away forever from the face of this American continent.

Canada once had a taste of negro slavery. When the Loyalists of the Revolution chose the old flag rather than the new, they were permitted to bring their property with them to Canada. That was before the days of parliamentary institutions in the Canadian colonies. By a special Act of the British Parliament slaves as slaves were brought to Canada from the slave States. But the "peculiar institution" of the South was shortlived in Canada. The first Parliament of Upper Canada was established in 1792, and in 1793, in the Navy Hall, Niagara, the first act of that first Parliament made for the total abolition of slavery. That act was drawn by the newly appointed Chief Justice Osgoode, and was signed by Governor Simcoe, with a grateful heart. It forbade the importation of slaves, and their sale under process of law. The relation between master and slave, a mild, patriarchal relationship, was allowed to continue, to the slave's very great advantage; but the children of the slave were free.

From the passing of that Act in 1793 until Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, Canada was the sanctuary for the hunted runaways from the slave States. It is a story full of pathos, of infinite tragedy, and of heroism forever honoring to human nature.

At first Canada was far away, and there was safety in the free States of the North. But in 1851, the slave power was enthroned at Washington, and enforced the Fugitive Slave

Act. From that time on there was no safe place, not in Chicago, not even in Boston itself, for the fugitive from slavery. It was on to Canada, or back with Legree and the lash. Between the Ohio River and the shores of Lake Erie there stretched a vast and trackless forest, but the thought of freedom was sweet even to the ignorant negro slave, and many hunted refugees took the blazed trail that led to liberty. It is one of your own American writers of the slave history who says: "Early in the century the rumor gradually spread among the negroes of the Southern States that there was, far away, under the North Star, a land where the flag of the Union did not float; where the law declared all men free and equal; where the people respected the law, and the government, if need be, enforced it."

It is estimated that more than sixty thousand negro slaves found freedom when they touched Canadian soil. The celebrated "Underground Railroad" traversed the Northern States with its network of secret trails, its southern terminals far-flung from Kansas to the Atlantic along the Missouri, the Ohio, and the Chesapeake, its couriers in the cottonfields and the plantations of the South, and its northern terminals at Collingwood and Sarnia and Windsor and Amherstburg and Pelee and Port Stanley and Port Burwell and Niagara and Hamilton and Toronto and Kingston and Montreal and Halifax. None of your modern railroad kings has so grid-ironed the land or shown greater enterprise or downright courage. John Brown, of immortal memory, constructed his own branch line of that "Underground Railroad," from Missouri through Iowa and Illinois and Michigan, and made many a trip to Canada before "he died at Harper's Ferry on the fourteenth day of June"; and, though his body was left "mouldering in the grave," over those mysterious lines by which the slave might be free, "his soul went marching on."

To the slaves Canada was Goshen, not Canaan. Many of them grew to comfort and prospered. But Emancipation Day was the day of their deliverance. From that time they began to set their faces again to the warm southland. Canada never would have had the negro or a negro problem had

it not been for slavery. It is not a matter of law, but of latitude. In the northern zone the thermometer is on the side of the white man.

Until Lincoln broke the slave power in the United States, slavery was a disturbing factor in Canadian life. The solid body of Canadian opinion was opposed to slavery. With the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1851, abolitionist feeling in Canada became intensely strong. This was due to one man and his work more than all other influences—excluding, perhaps, “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” That man was the Hon. George Brown. No man knows anything of Canadian life and history who does not know of George Brown, the founder and first editor of the *Globe*. A giant Scot of the sturdiest type, from the day he arrived in Toronto in 1843 until the day in 1880 when in the *Globe* office he fell by the bullet of a frenzied assassin, George Brown, like Abraham Lincoln, was the great tribune of the people. He was the strong voice and the right arm of the common people. More than any other man, he left his impress on Canadian democracy, and made immovable the foundations of responsible government.

George Brown was a Liberal of the genuine Scottish type. He could not but abhor slavery. He saw it at close range in the slave States. He spoke against it, and he made the *Globe* ring out against it, long before Lincoln’s voice was heard. He felt American slavery to be a personal wrong, a Canadian burden. Here are some words of his from a speech against the Fugitive Slave Act, delivered in Toronto in March, 1852:

“The question is asked: What have we in Canada to do with American slavery? We have everything to do with it. It is a question of humanity. It is a question of Christianity. We have to do with it on the score of self-protection. The leprosy of the atrocious system affects all around it; it leavens the thoughts, the feelings, the institutions of the people who touch it. It is a barrier to liberal principles. We are alongside this great evil; our people mingle with it; we are affected by it now. In self-protection we are bound to use every effort for its abolition. And there is another reason. We are in the habit of calling the people of the United States ‘the Americans’;

but we, too, are Americans. On us, as well as on them, lies the duty of preserving the honor of the continent. On us, as on them, rests the noble trust of shielding free institutions from the reproach of modern tyrants. Who that looks at Europe given over to the despots, and with but one little island yet left to uphold the flag of freedom, can reflect without emotion that the great Republic of this continent nurtures a despotism more debasing than them all? How crushingly the upholders of tyranny in other lands must turn on the friends of liberty! 'Behold your free institutions,' they must say. 'Look at the American Republic,' they must sneer, 'proclaiming all men to be born free and equal, and keeping nearly four millions of slaves in the most cruel bondage!'"

The man who spoke those words in 1852 was the dominant force in Canadian public opinion, the potent voice in the Canadian Parliament. His sentiments on slavery became the strong convictions of the Canadian people. With what eagerness, therefore, was the rise of Lincoln, the new star on your western horizon, watched by the people of Canada. From the day of his nomination in 1860 until his tragic death, the name of Abraham Lincoln was as highly honored, and his course was as intelligently and as anxiously followed, by the people of the Dominion as by you of the Republic. His success was not only yours; it was ours as well.

When the War broke out, feeling in Canada became acute. The original elements of strife were augmented by the inrush of Southerners. Many of the best families in Virginia and Kentucky came for safety to Toronto, while their men went with Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The planter and the preacher came. Their runaway slaves had been there already. Then came the "skedaddler" from the South and the "bounty jumper" from the North. The agent of the Confederate Government at Richmond had his headquarters in Toronto, and many an escapade is told of how despatches and orders were carried to and fro through the Northern lines. We had also the recruiting sergeants of the North and the conspirators from the South. John Wilkes Booth and his allies developed their schemes in Montreal. Bennett Burleigh, now the famous London war correspondent, was then a daredevil young filibuster operating between Montreal and

Detroit in the Southern service, and was ringleader in an attempt to release twenty-five thousand prisoners from under the Northern guns on an island in Lake Erie. His trial for extradition in Toronto was equalled in public interest only by the great trial of William Anderson, the negro runaway, in 1860.

At the close of the War many of the Southern leaders found in Toronto and about Niagara their temporary homes, and their dignity, courtesy, and fine culture made them welcome citizens. Mr. Jefferson Davis himself visited Toronto immediately after his release from prison, and his wife made her home on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, and there she died not long ago.

All these conflicting forces, social as well as commercial, were at work in Canadian public opinion during the four years of the War. A small group remained stout supporters of the Southern cause, but the great body of Canadian sentiment was with the North. While the Southern sympathizers were welcoming with cheers the poor old President of the overthrown Confederacy, at the wharf in Toronto in 1867, the children of the schools throughout the country, as I very well remember, were singing on their playgrounds,—

“We’ll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.”

In a book by a professor of Harvard University, published only a few months ago, I read the statement that, “feeling in the United States was greatly incensed because of the sympathy of Canada with the South in the Civil War.” My comment on that statement is that more than forty-eight thousand Canadians fought in the armies of the North, and eighteen thousand of them died for the Union cause. They were in the Army of the Potomac, in the Army of the James, in the Army of the Cumberland, in the Army of the Tennessee, and in the Army of the Rio Grande. They were with Grant at Vicksburg. They were with Thomas at Chickamauga. They were with Custer in the West. They were with Meade at Gettysburg. They went through the Shenandoah

with Sheridan. They marched with Sherman to the sea. On every great battlefield between the Mississippi and Potomac the sons of Canada stood shoulders together with the men of the Union. They languished in Libbey Prison. They died in the Andersonville Camp. They answered your Lincoln's call; they followed your Stars and Stripes; they died for your country's honor; but, in death and in life, the flag of their hearts was the Union Jack.

But Lincoln's life was significant for Canada in directions other than those suggested by slavery and the Civil War. His stand for Federal authority as against State sovereignty had its effect on political opinion in Canada. During the years of Lincoln's regime the question of the union of the Provinces of British North America was under discussion, and the Act of Confederation was passed in 1867. The experience in the United States was influential in Canada. The uncertainty in the Constitution of the Republic, of which the Secessionists took advantage, was avowedly and deliberately guarded against by the Fathers of the Canadian Confederation. They left not a shadow of a doubt as to Federal sovereignty.

And Lincoln's work in preserving the Union and determining that there would be but one Republic, even though he may have strained the terms of the Constitution, was approved by the best Canadian opinion. I quote again from the Hon. George Brown. In a speech of unreserved congratulations on Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, in Toronto in February, 1863, Mr. Brown said:

"No man who loves human freedom and desires the elevation of mankind could contemplate without the deepest regret a failure of that great experiment of self-government in the United States. Had Mr. Lincoln consented to the secession of the Southern States, had he admitted that each State could at any moment, and on any plea, take its departure from the Union, he would simply have given his consent to the complete rupture of the federation. The Southern States and the border States would have gone. The Western States might soon have followed. The States on the Pacific would not have been long behind. Where the practice of secession, once commenced, would have ended, would be difficult to say. Petty Republics would have covered

the continent; each would have had its standing army and its standing feuds; and we, too, in Canada, were it only in self-defence, must have been compelled to arm. I for one cannot look back on the history of the American Republic without feeling that all this would have been a world-wide misfortune. How can we ever forget that the United States territory has, for nearly a century, been an ever-open asylum for the poor and persecuted from every land? Millions have fled from suffering and destitution in every corner of Europe to find happy homes and overflowing prosperity in the Republic. Is there a human being could rejoice that all this should be ended?"

That was the view of the soundest and best-informed Canadian public opinion in Lincoln's own day. The years that have intervened have confirmed that opinion. Canadians of to-day rise up and bless the name of Abraham Lincoln, because by him it was determined that the Canadian Dominion, now stretching from ocean to ocean, would have to do on this continent not with two Republics, as seemed inevitable, not with four as seemed possible, but with one great Nation, along the four thousand miles of international boundary, and holding sovereign sway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

For that great fact in our international relationships we in Canada give thanks with you on this Lincoln Centennial day. All that Lincoln did in the cause of human freedom and guarding the sacredness of human rights, he did for us as for you. And his own great life is our inheritance as well as yours. Under his strong hand democracy in the United States survived the utmost strain, and because of that, we in Canada are being heartened in our great task of laying the foundations and erecting the structure of another democracy on the north half of this continent, in which all men shall be born free and equal, and where government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall have another chance.

The struggle of democracy in the United States could not but be significant for Britain. Democracy was the organizing struggle of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Its progress was marked by the great monuments of civil and religious liberty, from the Magna Charta of King John to the Reform Bill of Queen Victoria. When your Civil War broke out, the

friends and the enemies of democracy in Britain took sides. The aristocracy of England and the distinctive institutions of aristocracy in State and in Church were on the side of the South. The great masses of the people were for the cause of the North. The Government of the day was Liberal, and, notwithstanding what Justin McCarthy calls "Lord Palmerston's heedless, unthinking way," was really in sympathy with the Northern side.

This division of opinion in England was not generally understood in the United States at the time, and is sometimes misrepresented even yet. It was a perfectly natural situation. Nothing could be more natural than that the territorial aristocracy of England should take sides with its own offspring, the aristocracy of Virginia, that had transplanted to America the same social and ecclesiastical institutions—the great family estate and the established Church—and had adopted the same cavalier ideals of life that distinguished the aristocratic classes in England for centuries. That natural affinity was made to yield pronounced sympathy by the representatives of the Confederacy, who cultivated the friendship of English aristocrats for the "gentlemen" of the South as against the "merchants and mechanics and manufacturers" of the North.

The commercial aristocracy of England was also favorable to the Confederacy; not that it cared for the men of the South or for secession, or for slavery, but because of its dependence on "King Cotton." When the North blockaded the ports of the Southern States, the entire supply of raw cotton for the mills was cut off, and that greatest of all of England's industries was utterly paralyzed. Thousands of mills were closed. The cotton from India could not be worked in the English mills. Men saw their entire fortunes swept away because of the interference of the North with the export trade of the South. What wonder if the commercial aristocrats, like the aristocrats of blood, were out of sympathy with the Northern cause?

But the people of England, the great common people, were not with the aristocracy. Their leaders and spokesmen,

were not the bishops of the Church, or the lords of the manors, or newspapers like the *Times*. Once the people knew that the real issue was slavery, their old-time and undying love of liberty asserted itself, and to a man they stood for the Union. The true leaders of the people were statesmen like Cobden and Bright—Gladstone had not yet shaken himself free from the entanglements of class-privilege in which he was born—and scholars like John Stuart Mill and Goldwin Smith and the most eminent preachers in the Free Churches of both England and Scotland. George Brown went over from Canada in 1862 and spent more than six months in a campaign in all sections of the United Kingdom. His influence was powerful, not only with the masses of the people, but also with the great Liberal leaders then in control in Parliament.

Let the people of the United States who rejoice to-day in Lincoln's victory never forget how much they owe to the common people of England for the final and complete triumph of Lincoln's cause. It was by no turn of eye, or wave of hand, that your kith beyond the sea joined in your issue in the conflict. Within thirty miles round about Manchester, two and a half millions suffered for your cause. The spindles and looms of Lancashire and the other cotton-mill counties were silent, and the operatives day after day were within sight of starvation. They had no work because the cotton was unshipped in the ports of the South. They and their families were without bread. But not one of them made complaint. One cry, and there might have been a riot. One riot, and public opinion might have been swung irresistibly to the side of the aristocracy, and either have stampeded the Government or driven it from office. A change of Government would have meant Britain's interference to raise the cotton blockade. And, with France eager for Britain to lead the way, the appearance of the British navy before the blockaded ports of the South at that crisis-time in the fortunes of the North would have meant—what?

And why did the people of England care so much for the success of the Union? It was because they understood the issue of the struggle to be life or death for human rights.

The democracy of Britain, that had won its own place against the heavy odds of entrenched power and privilege, was eagerly, vitally interested in the struggle of government by the people in America. They knew what was involved not for America alone, but for Britain as well. It was the life-struggle of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The common people of England had long heard the scoffs of the aristocracy against popular self-government. In those days, before the great Reform Bill of 1866, they heard the enemies of the people's rights sneer at your free Republic. They knew how much would be lost not for you alone, but for them and for the Anglo-Saxon world, were this great experiment of democracy in America to fail. That it should not fail they gladly endured suffering and loss and hunger rather than give occasion for their own Government and the European powers to interfere against the Union. In ways he knew not of, Lincoln's triumph heartened Anglo-Saxon democracy and brought one stage nearer the enfranchisement of the common people.

Think for a moment of the world-significance of Lincoln. Think what his life meant for the long, dark struggle of the people of Europe against tyranny and oppression. All down the century they had been coming by thousands from under the despotic systems of the Old World to find freedom and opportunity on this new continent. From France, from Austria, from Prussia, from Italy, from Russia, from Turkey, they came. Some of them were refugees from political tyrants. Some of them sought freedom to worship God. Here they found an open door. They learned the new language of liberty. They sent back to their suffering brethren in Europe great words of cheer from the land of the free. Brave ones among them went back, and, in secret, sowed the seeds of democracy even in the valleys of despotism. Had Lincoln failed, had the Union been destroyed, had the Republic proved unequal to the strain and burden of maintaining free rights for a free people, how the tyrant-monarchs of Europe would have laughed! How the forerunners of European liberty would have been staggered! On the

success or the frustration of Lincoln's task the fate of democracy in Europe was trembling in the balance. But Lincoln did not fail. His venture for Union and Liberty triumphed—triumphed gloriously. The reflex of that triumph meant new hope for government of the people, by the people, for the people, in Germany, in Russia, even in Turkey itself. A handful of seed on the tops of the mountains, and lo! the fruit thereof shakes like Lebanon.

And not Europe alone, but Asia as well. In our day the Orient, mysterious, vast, potential, heaves into sight above the skyline. It means something for this Republic this very day that Lincoln stood for the Union, and for supremacy of national integrity over local interests. It means something for world-peace that this Republic presents a united front to the Pacific, behind it a united nation, the Stars and Stripes over every State, and to the North the Union Jack. It means much for the world-brotherhood that this Republic has not only discovered its own power, but is learning its own duty, taking its large share of the great human burden, and playing its part for peace and good-will to the world.

And this—this service to democracy in America, to Anglo-Saxon civilization, to the peace and progress of the world—is what I mean by the Significance of Lincoln.

What was it in this man that gave his life so great significance? What was his secret? How came he to speak with such authority? Questions such as these have been asked by every serious student of Lincoln's career. But no answer, no final answer, has been given.

Lincoln's life does not lend itself to the ordinary processes of analysis and appreciation. A catalogue of his qualities does not explain his life. Other men even among his associates were gifted beyond him in cultured intellect and eloquence of speech. Other men touched life at a score of points where he touched it at one. The horizons of life and of history for other men were wide where for him they were near. The study of heredity does not explain Lincoln, and his environment offers no clue. Blood may tell, and

types may persist, but not with him. No one went before. No one followed after. He flourished alone, as a root out of a dry ground. In the mysterious laboratory of Nature he was touched with the magic wand. That touch gave him of the fire of fires. In the murky night of his early years there glowed that invisible flame within. In the quiet of the night-time, through the silence that is in the starry sky, there came to him that long, far call. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He went out not knowing whither he went.

"A Hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work that he must do for God."

And he went through life as one impelled, haunted by a sense of Destiny, shadowed by a Presence that would not be put by. Men did not know him who heard only his ready story and his ringing laugh. All that was but the phosphorescence playing on the surface; the depths beneath were dark and touched with gloom. He was called to go by the sorrowful way, bearing the awful burden of his people's woe, the cry of the uncomforted in his ears, the bitterness of their passion on his heart. Misunderstood, misjudged, he was the most solitary man of his time. He had to tread the winepress alone, and of the people none went with him. And he turned not back. He never faltered. As one upheld, sustained by the unseen Hand, he set his face steadfastly, undaunted, unafraid, until in Death's black minute he paid glad Life's arrears: the slaves free! the Union saved! himself immortal!

Who that reads the Lincoln story can miss the sublime significance of his life? Born in obscurity, nurtured in ignorance, he grew to the stature of national heroism. He wrote the decree of Emancipation for his own Republic, changed from war to peace the royal message of the mightiest Empire of the world, and shines to-day a peerless name the world will not let die. Lincoln rather than any other might have

stood as the original of Tennyson's master-statesman, for almost as with prophetic vision the great Laureate foresaw the rise of Abraham Lincoln,—

“As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

“Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

“Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

“And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.”

This centennial celebration will have failed of its high purpose if it ends in eulogy of the dead. Our words of praise will vanish into thin air and be forgotten. We ourselves shall turn again to the common ways of men. The tumult and the shouting shall die. And all this acclaim of the mighty dead shall be but a foolish boast unless there comes to us from out the Unseen where they abide the enduring strength and the victorious faith by which they went up to die.

It is but vanity for us to profess honor for the name of Lincoln if we refuse to give ourselves to carry on the work for which he gave his life. That work is not yet done. It cries aloud for strong hands and brave hearts. Slavery, as he knew it, is no more, but the struggle of human rights and social wrongs is not yet ended. The planter autocracy is overthrown, with none to mourn for its defeat, but the sordid and selfish autocracy of wealth and privilege and power is insolent as ever. In the darkness of your terrible streets, they still languish and die, by the sweat of whose faces the privileged and the proud still eat bread. In high place and

in low, in this nation and in all nations, there is still the bondage to ignorance and selfishness and sin. Out of the silence there comes back to us this day the voice of him who being dead yet speaketh: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." If indeed we would do honor to the memory of Lincoln, let us hear his great appeal, learn his great language of truth, catch his clear accents of love; and here and now let us, the living, consecrate ourselves to the unfinished work of the dead,—

"It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A MEMORY OF LINCOLN

(A Speech of Introduction)

HON. CHARLES H. WACKER

THE call to preside at this meeting I consider a great honor; and I was particularly gratified to be assigned to this part of the city in which I was born and reared. I remember well when this district was barren of houses, and I remember well the gallant soldiers returning from the battlefields of the Civil War, footsore, weary, and careworn, with uniforms tattered and torn, marching north in Clark Street to Camp Fry, between Fullerton and Diversey Avenues, west of Clark Street—a locality to-day solidly built up. Well do I remember, also, the old Court House in which the remains of Abraham Lincoln lay in state, in order to give the people, dumb with sorrow, an opportunity of paying his mortal remains a last tribute of love, gratitude, and respect.

No one, able to recall vividly to his mind the stirring events of those days, can feel otherwise than I do; happy and proud to be permitted to assist in rendering tribute to the man who so firmly held the rudder of the Ship of State in those troublous times.

I was deeply impressed by a cartoon which recently appeared in a morning paper, entitled: "The Lincoln Forty Years from Now," showing a boy deeply absorbed in reading the story of Lincoln; with an inscription: "There is somewhere in this country to-day an unknown boy who will be the country's greatest man forty years from now." May not that boy be in this audience; may he not be inspired by the knowledge that ours is a patriotic people, and that we, as a people, honor and revere those who serve us well?

Therefore I believe it to be the duty of every good American man and woman to do honor to those who have set lofty examples of high patriotism, sterling citizenship, and conscientious discharge of every public and private duty—examples which will serve as guiding stars for the aspirations of generations to come.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN OF ILLINOIS

PRESIDENT EDWIN ERLE SPARKS

"Born to thine own and every coming age,
Original American, emancipator, sage,
Thy country's saviour, posterity's joy,
We hail thy birthday, noble son of Illinois."

IN all the annals of American history, perhaps I might say in the full page of time itself, there is written no stranger case than that of the man whose birthday is celebrated to-day throughout the length and breadth of these United States; indeed, throughout all the world, wherever American citizens may gather together under the Stars and Stripes. Flung into life in the midst of the most abject poverty, he closed life's fitful fever the peer of kings and the heir of all the ages. Hearing in youth the most common errors in English speech, he yet trained himself by his own efforts to write English which in his Second Inaugural Address and his Gettysburg Address may well be compared for purity to any composition in the English language.

He was a Western President, coming from the State of Illinois, then the westernmost point reached in the choice of a President for the United States. Born in Kentucky, reared in southern Indiana and Illinois, among Southern people, he loved the South; yet, in the Providence of God, he was destined to deal the South a blow, economically and commercially, from which she has not fully recovered to the present time. Such is the strange case of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

You and I believe that Abraham Lincoln was destined by God to perform a definite action. If there ever was an agent created for a given purpose, we believe that was Abraham Lincoln. How shall we account for him?

Some say that Lincoln was a miracle. I am not willing to

let it rest at that. What is a miracle? A miracle is God moving in such a way as to confuse human understanding. Lincoln was not a miracle. I believe it is your duty and my duty, in order to ascertain why he was the man for the occasion, to try to examine Lincoln by some of the great laws of creation which have been formulated for us.

We know that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"; and there is a tide in the affairs of the individual man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Yet we often say that the man and the occasion rarely meet. Sometimes opportunity seems never to come to a man, and sometimes when the opportunity comes the man is not prepared for it. You and I will agree that in the case of Abraham Lincoln the opportunity came, and the man was ready, and success followed.

In the brief time I have at my disposal, I can take only one or two of those "great laws of creation" and apply them to Abraham Lincoln. First, consider the law of environment. We are all familiar with the workings of that law,—the law of surroundings. We have utilized it constantly in many ways; both in our families and in our schools. We ornament our houses and we decorate the walls of our school buildings. Why? Because we believe in the influence of environment, of surroundings. What was the environment of Abraham Lincoln in his formative days? It was the environment of the American frontier.

As the mass of people have moved across this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, there has always been a front line of hardy spirits—the pioneers; those who felled the forests; those who built the log cabins; those who cultivated the fields. We call them the frontier of the American people, the vanguard of the onward march. Abraham Lincoln lived during all his formative days on what was then the frontier, in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. Many characteristics marked this front line of people. For one thing, it contributed largely to American democracy. It did not make much difference out on the frontier who your grandfather was, but it did make a great deal of difference what

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

The Colonial American was a transplanted specimen, an exotic brought from the Old World; the modern American is generic, a product of Old World inheritance and New World environment. Midway between these two types is the transition stage represented by the pioneer, the frontiersman, the trans-Alleghenian; his wits sharpened in the struggle for existence, his shrewdness brought out by combats with natural forces, his sympathy quickened by frequent sight of suffering, his originality manifested by contrast with preceding and succeeding normal types, and his crudity pitifully emphasized by remoteness from contact with what we call culture. Countless thousands of these people passed into obscurity; Abraham Lincoln through political preternatural survived - and will long survive.

State College, Pa. Edwin E. Sparks
Second June

Facsimile of Manuscript Tribute from Edwin E. Sparks, President
of the Pennsylvania State College

1858--1908

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Fiftieth Anniversary

Lincoln and Douglas Debate

Thursday, August 27th, 1908.

Freeport, Illinois June 5, 1909

I knew Abraham Lincoln before he went to Washington as President; he studied every question thoroughly, and was absolutely honest, not only with others, but with himself; he had fully the courage of his individual opinion, and once his opinion was fully made up, he could not be swayed from it. He depended upon himself. He met the great National Crisis better than any other could have done, because he was infinitely patient, always kindly, yielding to others in non-essentials, but never yielding one iota of principle.

Smith D. Atkins.

you could do. It was an aristocracy of worth, not of birth. They had to do things out on the frontier, and Abraham Lincoln was trained in that compelling environment.

What did this frontier do for the man? In the first place, it taught him to investigate. We do little investigating now. Why? Because we have so many books. "What is the use," we say, "of spending time investigating, when we can read it in the books?" Abraham Lincoln had very few books. In all his youthful life he had to look into things himself. The lawyers who travelled with him around the circuit told that frequently when he would see a tree of unusual dimensions or some peculiarity of growth, he would dismount from his horse and examine the tree. When his little son received a mechanical toy, the father was not satisfied until he took it to pieces. He wanted to see how it worked—investigating always. When he came back from serving his second session in Congress, a number of members came with him. They came over the Great Lakes, around by Niagara Falls. Most of the party stayed on deck, talking politics, smoking, and telling stories; but Lincoln was always down in the engine-room, even amongst the stokers, examining everything, finding out how it worked. He showed a natural talent for investigating.

Soon after this Lincoln took out his patent. How many of our Presidents have taken out a patent? I must sometime try to ascertain the answer to that question by looking over the records in the Patent Office, which is a task of no small dimensions. Lincoln took out a patent. What was that patent? Was it applicable to Europe? Was it applicable to the Atlantic coast, or the plains? No, it was something needed over here, in the valley, on the frontier. It was a scheme for navigating the Western waters at times when the rivers were low. During the Summer season, the rivers divided and sandbars appeared. Lincoln's plan was to put buoys under the keels of vessels, and when the vessels came to obstructions, like sandbars in the river, they would inflate these buoys with air, which would lift the vessel over the bar and take it on. That was Lincoln's patent. He never sold

one, so far as I know, but it serves to illustrate my point, that he was an investigator. And, all during the Civil War, diplomats, financiers, ambassadors and others testified to the wonderful way in which Lincoln investigated every matter brought before him. He investigated it in advance. That was what the frontier environment had taught him.

This frontier environment also taught the man extreme caution. One man never went alone to plough in the field; two men always went together, and while one man ploughed, the other man watched against the Indians. And it was said in later times, after the country was settled, if two of these frontiersmen met in town, that, remembering the old habit, when they talked together they stood with their backs to each other, on the lookout for danger. I am not sure, in these automobile days, whether we will not return to that habit.

The frontiersman, when ploughing, had to plough so carefully that he would not break his plough, because he could not probably buy another plough within twenty miles, or find a blacksmith within a ten miles' journey. The thing which characterized Abraham Lincoln as President, if there was one characteristic above another, was his extreme caution. He moved so slowly in the Civil War that he never had occasion to wish to retrace his steps.

I see, scattered in the audience, some people who perchance remember the days of the Civil War, and they will bear me witness that Horace Greeley and other hot-headed men constantly urged Lincoln to more haste. Mr. Greeley called him, "Mr. Ready-to-Wait"; "Mr. Faint-Heart"; "Mr. Man-Afraid-of-His-Shadow." They said, "Why don't you do something? Free the slaves! Close the War! Do something! Do something!" No, Lincoln, from his frontiersman training, was moving so slowly that he never had occasion to retrace his steps. He even gave a hundred days' warning in advance before he issued his Emancipation Proclamation. His slow motion saved the Union from breaking its plough!

All this frontier training taught a man to be an all-round man. Think what an all-round man Lincoln was. There

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was no piece-work on the frontier. You had to make the whole machine out there. A shoemaker made a whole shoe; he did not punch a hole in a partly made shoe and then pass it on to another man to punch the next hole. The blacksmith made a whole plough. That was frontier work; they had to be all-round men—and of such was Lincoln. He was a rail-splitter; he was a farmer; in a small way, he was a soldier; he was a miller; he was a flat-boat man; he was a lawyer—he was an all-round man. And in that crucial time, when he became President of the United States, it needed a man who was an all-round man. It needed a general; it needed a financier; it needed a diplomat. The environment of the frontier made Lincoln equal to the demands of the position—for he was an all-round man.

The frontier taught him self-help. The education of the frontier was something different from our education now-a-days, when we frequently seek first aid to the injured in our schools; where we can have pre-digested food, and a crutch under each arm to try to help us along. What facilities for education did Lincoln have on the frontier? He had to teach himself for the most part. He was in the school of Nature. Nature was the teacher, and Lincoln was the only student in the room—

“Then Nature, the dear old nurse, took the child upon her knee,
Saying: ‘Here is a story book Thy father has written for thee.’”

The frontier life also taught him self-reliance. When he floated his flat-boat down the Sangamon River, taking his flour to market, he had no chart of that river. The Sangamon was so small and insignificant that it had never been surveyed by the United States Government. The navigator had to meet each sand-bar, snag, and stump as he came to it. Likewise, when he took hold of the helm of the great Ship of State, whatever charts preceding pilots had used were useless to him, because the vessel was in danger of wreck. He had to meet each obstacle as he came to it. He was self-reliant and confident always, because he had been taught self-reliance. One time when some general said to him, “Now,

Mr. President, if we do thus and so now, what is going to happen next year?" what did Lincoln answer? Lincoln said, "You know, my friend, out in Illinois we never cross the Sangamon River until we come to it." And that was true. Self-reliant always—"We never cross the Sangamon until we come to it."

His environment taught the man also to speak very simple language. They had no time out on the frontier for sesquipedalian words. You must say what you had to say in short words, of one syllable mostly. I wonder what Mark Antony would have done with an audience of frontiersmen? He could not have held them for hours by his subterfuge. They would have said, "Here, Mark, show us the body or shut up; one of the two."

But the frontiersmen spoke simple language, and that was the most marked trait of this great American. His language was simple. Many times the language he used was so plain, so original, so American, that it distressed those learned gentlemen with whom he surrounded himself in his Cabinet. After his second election, the election which occurred in the midst of the War, what should he have said? A man drawn from ordinary life would have said: "The people have decided by an appeal to the ballot box that it would be extremely hazardous to chance a change of executive in a time of great national peril." Did Lincoln say that? No. What did he say? He said, "The people have decided not to swap horses in the middle of the stream." Everybody could understand that; they all knew what that meant.

I see here, lying upon the table, a tablet bearing Lincoln's Gettysburg Address; and that reminds me of another evidence of his simplicity of composition. What were the circumstances of its delivery? The Government had purchased some of the ground on which was fought, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the high-tide battle of that great four years' contest. A committee was appointed to make preparations for its dedication. Of course they must have an orator, and they asked the Honorable Edward Everett of Massachusetts,

a Harvard graduate, a master of the English language, a great orator, to give the oration. But there was one member of that committee from Illinois, Colonel Clark E. Carr, and he said, "Gentlemen, I am from Illinois; Illinois must have a speech there. You must have President Lincoln." The rest of the committee said, "He is not an orator; he cannot shine with Edward Everett." "But," said the persistent Colonel, "Illinois has got to be heard." And they finally decided to ask Lincoln to give the dedication address—although nobody knew just what that was; but it was something important. You know the story. They postponed the celebration for three months to allow the great orator, Edward Everett, to write his oration. Lincoln had three months' notice also; but think what tasks he had to do during those three months in the midst of the War! He had ten thousand things to distract his attention; a thousand griefs gnawing at his heart. Even when he started to Gettysburg he had written only a dozen lines; and on the road there, or after he reached there (the testimony varies), he added a few more lines. When the great day came, what a crowd was there! Colonel Carr sat on the platform, and testifies that Edward Everett held those people spellbound for three hours by his oratory. Beginning with a description of how the Greeks buried their dead, he proceeded to discuss secession, and the rights of the North, ending with a magnificent peroration. When Lincoln arose to give the dedication address, there was a great movement in the crowd. Every one wanted to see the President. There were cries of "Order, order, order!" "Down in front!" and before order was restored, Lincoln had finished reading his address and sat down, amidst universal disappointment, as Colonel Clark testifies. There was no applause at that time—the "tremendous applause" was inserted by the reporters, so Colonel Carr insists. Then Edward Everett walked across the stage to Mr. Lincoln, reached out his hand, and said: "Mr. Lincoln, if I could have come as near striking the keynote of this occasion in three hours as you did in three minutes, I should be better

satisfied with my performance.” That was true. What had the way the Greeks buried their dead to do with the dedicating of that field? What had the rights of the secession to do with the consecration of the battleground? Nothing. Lincoln struck this keynote when he said: “We cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. . . . It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;”—that was the point. The War was not half over—“that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; . . . and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.” That was the very essence of the occasion. And yet, if I take this tablet containing that immortal address and look it over, I shall find only two hundred and seventy-two words in the whole address. Who reads Edward Everett’s oration now? Nobody. But Lincoln’s little speech of two hundred and seventy-two words has become a classic, recited in all the schools, and will probably endure as long as the English language endures. Why? Because Edward Everett’s speech is lofty, high, full of classical allusions; and Abraham Lincoln’s address is in the plain language of the people—the plain language of the frontier. Of those two hundred and seventy-two words, only twenty-two are longer than two syllables, and the rest of the words are two syllables or under. To get simpler language than Lincoln used on that occasion, I am informed that you must go to the King James version of the Bible.

Simple language! The frontier taught him to use it. The result was that all through the Civil War the people trusted him, because they understood him. They knew just what he was trying to tell them; and no ruler, ancient or modern, was ever intrusted with the power that Abraham Lincoln used during those four years.

Do you realize what he did? Do you realize he had at one time five thousand editors imprisoned in the United States? The Constitution says that free speech and a free

press shall never be violated. Yet Lincoln did that. Why? In order to suppress insurrection in certain States of the Union.

Do you realize that when the Chief Justice of the United States, the highest judicial power in the land, issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to get Merryman out of jail at Baltimore, Lincoln refused to allow the writ? Why? In order to suppress the rebellion in the Southern States.

Do you realize that he confiscated hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of Southern slave property, when he had no right under the Constitution to free the cheapest, meanest slave that ever breathed? Why did he do this? In order to suppress insurrection, and save the Union that our fathers had given to us. The people allowed him to do this—the people allowed him to use these extraneous powers, because they knew that at the end of the War, when it was all over, he would hand back the government to them. He would not usurp their power. They understood him; they knew him; they trusted him; and all because he used simple language within the public comprehension.

Lincoln was reared in the Mississippi Valley; he knew little about the Old World; he never visited Europe; he was purely an American. By contrast with him, George Washington was nothing more than an English gentleman living over here in America. I do not do injustice to the shade of George Washington if I say that by contrast with Lincoln, he simply reflected England. For instance, George Washington sent to England to get his coat of arms. He had the Washington arms in silver on the harness of his horses; he also had it on the coach which he used as President. You are sure to see that coach because it is preserved in three different places in the United States at the present time! Did Abraham Lincoln have any coat of arms? I never saw it. If he did, the device must have been two rails, a maul, and a wedge. George Washington sent to England to get his family tree. He traced the beginning of his family back to the Conquerors; it is just as good a family tree as you can buy now-a-days. Did Abraham Lincoln have any family tree traced out? No.

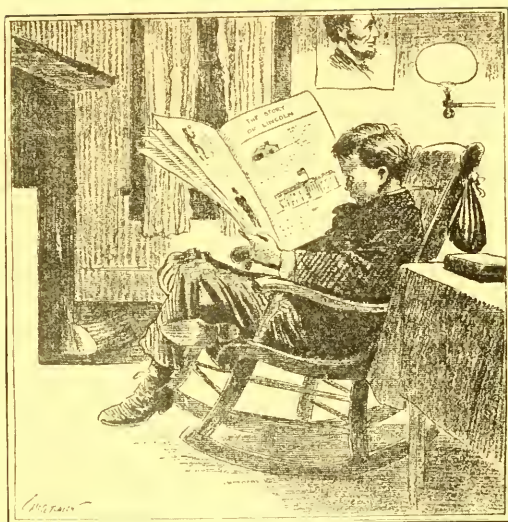
Over here on the frontier the settlers were too busy with the other kind of trees to pay much attention to family trees. Even when Lincoln went to Congress he wrote to a man named Lineoln, living in Virginia, trying to find out something more about his own grandfather.

George Washington had his clothes made in England up to the time of the Revolutionary War. Were Abraham Lincoln's clothes made in England? It makes you smile to think of it. As a young boy the wool for his clothes was grown in Kentucky and spun there, and was there dyed with the juice of the butternut tree.

The result was that Abraham Lincoln reflected the American environment, and George Washington reflected the Old World environment. They were nearly one hundred years apart. George Washington was President eight years and had one task, and that was a foreign problem—how to keep from going to war with England on the one side, or with France on the other. He set the pattern for neutrality for America, which, thank God, we have not departed from in all the years that have followed. He set the pattern that we should be free at Washington from entangling alliances with other nations. Abraham Lincoln was President a little over four years, and what was his task? To save the American Union; a task peculiarly American. And his American environment, in the Providence of God, had fitted him to meet that problem.

Lincoln was the most original American who ever reached the presidency, and was also the most misunderstood. We have never had a man in all American history who, in his life, was as much vituperated and blamed, and, in his death, as praised and deified as was Abraham Lincoln.

I wish I could show to you a collection of cartoons I possess showing how Lincoln was caricatured, how he was vilified during the Civil War; misunderstood always, both before and after he was elected President. Lincoln suffered such disadvantage as few men have suffered when coming into that high office. He lacked nearly half a million votes of having a majority for President—nearly half a million popular votes. Then how could he be elected? Only by means of our elect-

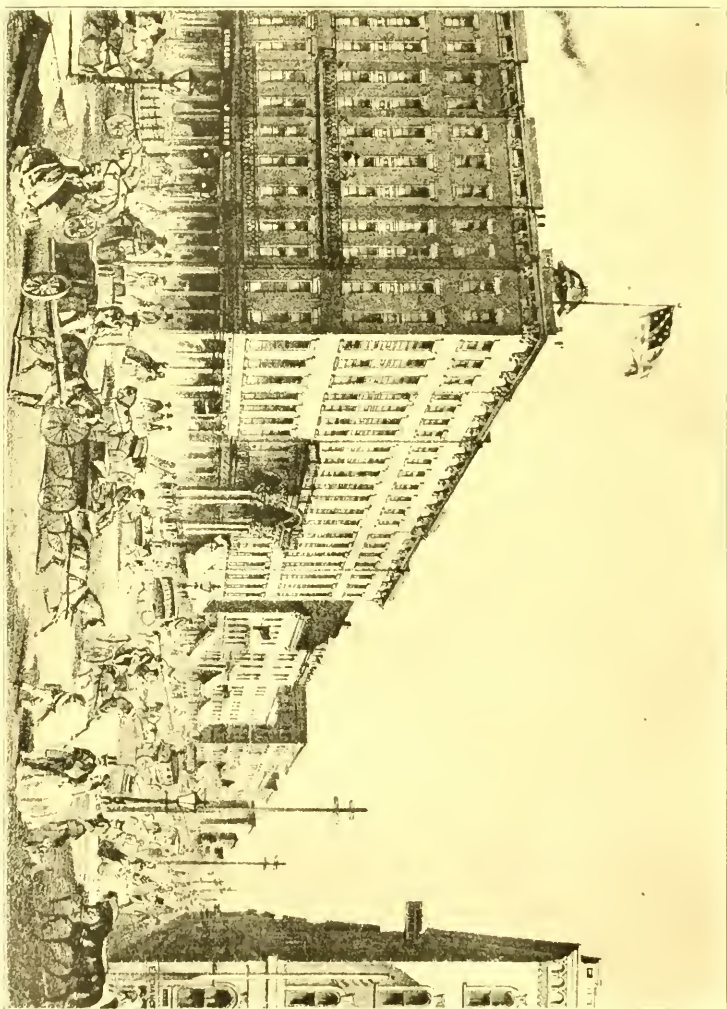


The Lincoln of Forty Years from Now



By courtesy of The Chicago Tribune

Two Lincoln Centenary Cartoons by John T.
McCutcheon



In Possession of the Chicago Historical Society

The Old Tremont House, Chicago
Headquarters of Lincoln Delegation, 1860

oral system, voting by States. If the choice had demanded a majority of the popular vote, Lincoln would not have been elected. Furthermore, he never could have been elected if there had not been a split in the Democratic party. And, still further, he never could have got the nomination away from William H. Seward, of New York, if the convention had not been held in Chicago.

The corner of Lake and Market Streets was occupied in 1860 by a great wooden structure which they called the "Wigwam." Horace Greeley came on from New York to report the convention, and he wrote back to his paper, "The Republicans have built a great structure which they call the Wigwam. God help the Indians if they ever lived in as ugly a building as this!" The second day he wrote, "The Seward people have made a mistake in allowing the convention to come to Chicago, because they are all Lincoln men out here." Greeley also wrote in his correspondence to the *Tribune*, "Yesterday the Seward men began the shouting, but to-day the Lincoln men had the best of it." Thereby hangs a tale as told by David Davis, one of the Lincoln managers. Seward had chartered a whole railroad train and sent it on to Chicago full of New York supporters to shout for Seward in the convention. They were headed by Tom Hyers, a celebrated prize fighter, and the first day they filled the galleries of the "Wigwam," and the Lincoln men could not get in. That night the Lincoln men went out to Evanston and secured a man who said he was the mate, or the captain, of a vessel. Whatever he was, all agreed that he had a voice that could drown any fog horn on the Great Lakes. They brought that man in that night, and when the Seward men went out to serenade the Seward headquarters at two o'clock in the morning, the Lincoln men stuffed the galleries full of their own followers, under the leadership of this captain. When the Seward men came back the following morning, they could not get into the building. The result was, as Greeley said, "The Lincoln men to-day have the best of the shouting." In the balloting they gradually won State after State, until finally a man sitting on the roof, and drawing up by a string

the results of each ballot as it was cast, shouted the news down to the crowds in the street that Seward had been defeated and that Lincoln was the nominee. The friends of Seward ratified the nomination with tears of anguish rolling down their countenances. "Why," they said, "we don't doubt that old Abe Lincoln is an honest man, but look at him! Why, nobody ever saw such a homely man! What will his picture look like in the campaign? Furthermore, with such a well-known man as Seward we could have swept the country."

I say that Lincoln was misunderstood always, both before and after his election. You will remember that Horace Greeley supported Lincoln in the *Tribune*, and that it was the great Republican paper. Greeley sent a reporter to accompany Lincoln from Springfield to Washington, where he was to be inaugurated. On the road down there an incident occurred, of which the reporter sent in a description to the *Tribune*, and the despatch appeared with the undignified headline: "Old Abe Kissed by a Pretty Girl." Yet it was a beautiful and touching incident.

From a little village in New York State during the campaign, a little girl wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln. She was only thirteen years old. The letter ran,—

"MY DEAR MR. LINCOLN: I think if you had whiskers on your face you would look more like my papa; you would be a better looking man."

I suppose her father had one of the Lincoln lithographs hanging in the house. Now, it is purely a coincidence, but every picture of Abraham Lincoln showing him with a smooth face was made before 1860; and every picture showing him after he was elected President shows that he had grown a beard during that Summer—perhaps to cover up his face to some extent—that is what he said, at least. When he started for Washington to be inaugurated, he passed through the town where his young critic lived. The train halted for a few moments. In the midst of the excitement he was standing out on the rear platform of the train, and this man from Illinois, this apparently crude, rough-exteriored man from

the West, remembered this little girl and called out to the crowd, "Is there a little girl by the name of Grace Bedell in the crowd?" "Yes," said her father, and he handed her up to the platform. "Well, Grace, do you think I am any better-looking with the whiskers than before?" Then he kissed her and handed her back to her father. Like the Master of Men, the President-elect of these United States took the little child in his arms and kissed her. How did it appear in the *Tribune*?—"Old Abe Kissed by a Pretty Girl"—a sneering tone. The Eastern papers saw nothing but the crude appearance of the man. They knew he was the tallest man in Illinois; they knew he was the homeliest man in Illinois; they knew that he could wrap one leg about the other in a way that no man could hope to imitate; they knew all these things about him, but they did not know his good qualities.

In Albany, New York, on the road to be inaugurated, the committee from New York came to meet him in the car in which he was travelling. What did he do? The most natural thing in the world. There was the committee from New York, and he should have been overwhelmed with the honor and the courtesy of their reception. But it didn't make any difference to Lincoln, any more than if it had been a committee from Kalamazoo or Podunk. He took Mrs. Lincoln by the arms and lifted her up to the seat, and said, "Mother, the committee from New York is here to meet me. Tidy me up a little bit." Mrs. Lincoln arranged his tie and smoothed his hair. The committee said, "Look at that! There is the uncouth man who is going to the White House instead of our polished Seward. Look at that,—'Mother, tidy me up a little bit!'" They did not see the unusual man beneath that ordinary exterior.

I am thinking of that first reception after the inauguration, and what this original President did. In those days it was customary in the White House to throw open the doors and have all the people gather in one room to receive the President. The President and his wife would then come in through the folding doors, and go about shaking hands with the people. By and by the company was all gathered; the

diplomats and the representatives and all were there; they wanted to see what this untrained man would do in the White House. The usher threw open the folding doors and said, "The President and Mrs. Lincoln." In came Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and, you remember, Mrs. Lincoln was much shorter than her husband. As they came up to the first group, he wanted to say something to put everybody at his ease. Everybody expected him to say something relating to the Constitution, or some other mighty subject. But what did he say? He said, "Gentlemen, here comes the long and the short of it." Original American! What does the poet say?

"Nature, they say, doth dote,
And can not make a man,
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new."

If sufficient time were at my disposal, I should like nothing better than to take the reverse of what I have said thus far, and show that while in the White House the training of his Western environment never deserted him; nor did his originality. Seward might have made a better Union than Lincoln, but Seward could never have saved the Union as did Lincoln. Seward's policy was to get up a foreign war; to bring in something from the outside; to throw dust in the eyes of the people. But you could not fool the people all the time. Lincoln's originality solved the problem. If he had done as Horace Greeley demanded, freed the slaves early in the War, and if he had recognized the Confederacy from the beginning, as many wanted him to, what would have been the result? We should have had two governments on the same soil in the South. But he never recognized the Confederate States; he never recognized them as other than States in rebellion. He gave us back our Southland as pure, unpolluted, virgin-like in its character, as when it was intrusted to his hands.

He never compromised. Why? Because he was taught in the school of Nature in the West, and Nature never compromises. You have to pay the penalty of Nature every time. And if he had lived, I believe he would have spared us that awful period which we call "reconstruction." Take the Southern people to-day. Have they lost the bitterness of the Civil War? Yes, but they cannot forget the reconstruction. That was a bitter period, when the "carpet-bagger" plundered the South and placed the negro in the saddle. I believe Lincoln would have saved us that experience. Why? Because he was by birth a Southerner. If there is a Southerner here, he has a right to claim Lincoln. Lincoln was born in the slave State of Kentucky, and he was surrounded by Southern people when he moved over into Indiana in the early days. Then he moved to the southern part of Illinois, which was settled by Southern people. He loved the South. He never wanted to take away their slaves, and to the day of his death he supported the theory of compensated emancipation. "Let us buy their slaves, and not take their slaves away," he said. In the midst of the War he secured the passage of a bill by Congress offering to buy the slaves of any State not in rebellion; that was his theory. He was a Southern man and he loved the South. One day he threw his great long arms around Senator Speed of Kentucky, whom he had known in boyhood. "Oh, Speed," he said, "if we could get one State, if we could only get Kentucky, to accept our offer to buy their slaves rather than take them away, then you and I would not have lived in vain." They would not do it, and he had to take away the slaves in some of the States, and allow the people by an amendment to the Constitution to take them away in all the States.

I believe, also, on the basis of the last speech that he ever made, that he would have saved us reconstruction. Lee had surrendered. Great crowds flocked into the White House grounds and called for Lincoln, who stepped out on the south portico. His long, gaunt figure and homely face appealed to the crowd in the flaring light of the many torches. He got the crowd quiet and then he said, "Now, my friends,"

—raising his voice to a thrilling falsetto, as he always did when he was anxious to make everybody hear,—“Now, my friends, the good news which has reached us, that Lee has surrendered, bids us fair to think that the end of the War is at hand. Now will come the great task of reconstructing the Union.”

“Whether the Southern States have been out of the Union, or whether they have not been out of the Union,” was the question which Congress and President Johnston fought over for three years. What did Lincoln say? “As to whether they have been out of the Union or have not been out of the Union, I consider all that merely a pernicious abstraction. They have not been in their proper relations, and it is your duty to get them back into their proper relations as soon as possible.”

That was his simple plan; that is the way he would have done it. But it was not to be. Walt Whitman, the poet, said there were three days when it seemed to him the world had come to an end. The first was the day when he heard that Fort Sumter was fired upon; the second was the day he heard of the fearful loss of the Northern forces at Manassas Junction; and the third was the dawn of the April morning when he heard the newsboys crying through the streets of Washington that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Soon after, Walt Whitman heard how Lincoln told his dream to his Cabinet three days before his death. What other President has ever gone before his Cabinet and professed his reliance in dreams? But Lincoln always depended upon his dreams. He said to his Cabinet, “Don’t worry; we shall have another victory.” They said, “Have you had some news?” “No, but I have had my dream, and just as sure as I have that dream, we shall have a victory.” What was the significant dream? He dreamed of a ship coming in under full sail, every mast and sail and rope in its place. He believed that whenever he dreamed that dream, we had a victory. Walt Whitman, after Lincoln’s death, only three days later, said, “I can interpret that dream. The ship is the ship of state. It has come in under full sail; every sail

and mast and rope in its place. It is the Union. The Union is saved, but the Captain of the vessel lies dead on the deck."

And with this thought in mind, Walt Whitman wrote these beautiful lines with which I close :

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead."

THE FIGURE OF AN AGE

(*A Speech of Introduction*)

HON. STEPHEN S. GREGORY

IT is well in this great Republic that we do not forget her distinguished sons. By studying the lessons of their lives, by frequently recalling their virtues and their excellencies, national ideals are elevated and national character strengthened and developed.

We are met to commemorate upon this centennial anniversary, the birth and the life of a great American.

Born in obscurity and of humble parentage, reared in want and poverty, denied almost all educational advantages, the plainest of the plain people, he stands to-day, secure in the Pantheon of Nations, the great colossal figure of his age and time.

Disappointed and embittered, as he sometimes seems to have been by his earlier political experiences, he lived to witness that great triumph of human freedom, to the struggle for which his life was consecrated, and to which he was designated by a higher than any earthly power.

In a peculiar sense Abraham Lincoln belongs to Illinois. Here in this city, amid the gathering clouds of civil strife and discord, he was selected to bear the banner of freedom. From his humble home at our capital he went forth to his stupendous career, to his glorious martyrdom. Thither he was borne after the last sad tragedy, and there upon our soil he sleeps until the earth shall give up its dead.

We knew him when we gave him to mankind. The world knows him now; and to the last syllable of recorded time he can not be forgotten.

THE GREAT COMMONER

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH

GREAT men are like towering mountain peaks. They stand out in bold and sharp loneliness above the lowlands of the many-companied multitude of the undistinguished and the unfamed. And yet they are, for all their grandeur, of one formation with the deeper levels. But they catch the first flash of the morning sun, and the expiring day's regretful good-night kiss is imprinted upon their brow. And when thus the breaking dawn's blush is upon them and the glow of the retreating twilight weaves around them its golden halo, they loom up veritable torches kindled to light the path for the wayfarers in the valleys beneath. Like mountains, their magnitude escapes the beholder from too near a point of observation. While they live they jostle against the throng in the market and the street. Their voice rings out from the platform, indeed, but its peculiar note is not detected because others of lesser quality have aroused the echo as well. And they who in heated debate heard their appeal and argument or touched elbows with them as they hurried to their daily task, cannot but carry from the contact and concourse the feeling that even giants are kneaded of the clay that mothers all mortality. Only when time has raised a screen between the days in which it was theirs to act their part, and subsequent years—when what was a burning issue around which flamed passion and flowered intrigue has grown to be the cherished conviction of the later born—they who in the days of their vigorous manhood were rated and berated partisans are summoned from their graves, exemplars of patriotic devotion, monuments of human greatness. When they and their generation have entered into rest, their fame leaps to the welcoming skies. It is hailed a talisman for the nation—

their grave a Mecca, where the faithful seek and find inspiration. The old prophets of Israel had power to break the shackles of death even after their mortality had been laid away in the rock-hewn tomb. This marvellous gift is shared by the memory of the truly glorious.

And herein lies the deeper significance of a day like this. The ancient Greeks fabled about a spring with magic to restore youth to them that courted the embrace of its waters. It is said that as nations grow old their memorial days increase. This is one way of stating the truth. The other is that those nations retain their youth who cherish the memory of their great. This anniversary hour visits us to bestow upon us new strength. It challenges inquiry whether we have proven worthy heirs of the fathers. For every memory is also a monitor. One hundred years have run their circling rounds since the incarnation of Abraham Lincoln—forty and four links of this chain mark the number of solar circuits since his ascension to immortality. What is he for us? What message for us comes on the wing of this centenary?

Lincoln types for us the best and the noblest American. The mountain peaks are of one formation with the lower levels. The best that is within us had body and soul in him. America spells opportunity. His life illustrates the verity of this observation. In other lands birth and descent too often decide the place where the late comer shall live his life. Destiny does not signify future; it signifies past. Not so in this blessed country. The upward path to distinction is not closed in by barbed wire. Character and capacity, not coronets, are the credentials which admit to the company of the leaders. By strange coincidence Lincoln shared one birthday with Charles Darwin. The name of this great naturalist is forever, but not altogether rightfully, associated with the theory that environment and heredity are the decisive factors of the equation of life. It is as though Providence has intended to bring out the supremacy of personality over environment, and therefore called into being on one and the same day these two great pathfinders. If ever circumstances prognosticated obscurity, those did into which Lincoln was

ushered in the hour of his birth. He was of good stock. This, in the light of inquiry into the antecedents of his parents, cannot be denied. But they from whose loins he sprang had but little to give him of this earth's goods. The saying of old sages of Israel comes to mind: "Have ye heed of the children of poverty, for from them shall go forth glory." Our colonial and national history is replete with examples verifying the philosophy of this observation, as, indeed, the pages telling the story of Biblical times are a running commentary thereon. He who was to become the saviour of his nation was welcomed to life by surroundings like those that witnessed the advent of another babe acclaimed by millions the Saviour of mankind. Whatever star may have shone over the birth-chamber of Lincoln, none in that Kentucky Bethlehem was aware of its prophetic brilliancy. Poverty was a permanent lodger in that household. It bent over the child's cradle and dogged the faltering step of his brief years of play. It denied him access to books and schooling. It hurried him on to work at a time when his frame was but little equal to the burden. It laid responsibilities on his shoulders when he should have been given counsel and guidance. But all this contrived to bring out in vigor his dower of conquering and masterful will-power. Steel is won when cruel blows or searching blasts stir the iron to fight. Life, too, is a Bessemer process. For the Lincolns, the men of genuine American mould, every blow and every blast is provocation to self-development. Circumstance for them is a negative quantity. Their character, the will to attain unto manhood, is the positive factor assuring them the victory. The bookless boy dies companion of the masters of his native tongue, and his writings stand forth patterns of classic diction. The boy who was denied the privilege of entering the halls of learning and to drink his fill at the horn of wisdom which Plato and Aristotle had brimmed, or to wing his tongue under emulation of Demosthenes and Cicero, as a man astonishes the world with the penetration of his insight into the ruling principles of statecraft, the eloquence of his pleading, the acumen and versatility of his argument. He, the awkward backwoods

lawyer, throws down the gauntlet to the Little Giant of the rostrum and shows that his blade is indeed of Saracen keenness and elasticity, and in attack and defence worthy of the opponent's oft tried sword. Lincoln personalized the grit of the American people. In him came to fullest flower and real presence, that combination of resourcefulness and stubborn pluck which crowned the American conqueror of the prairies' rolling tracts, the primeval forests' tangles, the mountains' rocky ramparts, the rivers' raging wrath. The persistence and perseverance which the nation as a whole applied to the building of the great *emporia*, and the exploitation of mines, and the erection of mills, and the spreading of markets, he energized in making himself.

He himself throughout his rising years which lifted him up from lowliness and set him among the princes—yea, the princes of his people—remained the plain, modest, rugged, strong American. Because the genius of his people had become flesh in him, he never lost contact with the plain folk—after all, the supporting pillar of the great nation's greatness, the Gibraltar of its protection and power. Never did he attempt to put them away from him. He, indeed, was the mountain peak, in its own elevation proclaiming the prowess of the strata out of which it rises to nearer communion with the clouds. This kinship of his with the plain folk comes to gratifying light in that gift of his, in his own lifetime, and still more expressively after his death, the centre of an ever-widening circle of legend. Legend always is tribute paid to genuine greatness by neighborhood and posterity conscious of their spiritual affinity to the distinguished and elect, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Around neither the ordinary nor the supercilious, is web of legend spun. In attributing to Lincoln the authorship of so many stories, many of which are doubtless apocryphal, the sound sense of the people that has given currency to the anecdotes has for very truth picked out the one quality in the mental equipment of their hero which sets into bold relief his sound Americanism. Irony and satire are exotics. They are bacteria incidental to putrefaction and dissolution. Humor is indigenous to our

soil. It is the saving grace of our intense predisposition to practical realism. One might even advance the opinion that humor is the vehicle of expression of our nation's poetry. For such humor as appeals to us has all the elements of true poetic apprehension of great principles. It reads universal facts in the guise of individual occurrence. Our humor is our philosophic vocabulary. Of this humor Lincoln had abundance. It was the patrimony of his profound Americanism. In drawing upon this fund he struck a note which, coming out of the very heart of his people, found its way into the very heart of the people. He knew his power. It served him for a safety valve. With it he laid storms of passion; he disarmed suspicion. Its copious use brought him all the nearer to the affections and respect and confidence of the toilers, the humble men and women whose sacrifice was all the greater in the years when the hurricane blew, because fame held out no promise of compensation to them—as, indeed, hope of recognition was not the magnet that drew them on.

The typical Americanism of Lincoln is manifested also in his genuine religiosity. For our nation is religious. The solicitude for playing fair, so characteristic of the temper of the American people—what is it, if not the religion of the Golden Rule? That religion was Lincoln's. He was not attached to the externalities of cult. He had little patience for the frills and feathers of the ritual. But he had an abounding childlike faith in Providence. This faith sustained him throughout. He felt his own insufficiency. He knew that human force is limited. In the floodtides and ebbs of human happenings he humbly beheld the working out of a divine plan and purpose. His simple faith asked for no creed. It brooked no cant. Overpowering in their simplicity and inspiring in their honesty and earnestness are the words with which he bade his townsmen of Springfield *adieu* when he set out to take the helm of the Ship of State in the stormy days when the war clouds were thickening: "Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him [Washington], I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail,

Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well." These sentiments were his parting benediction to his neighbors among whom he had "lived for a quarter of a century, passing from a young to an old man." No prophet ever consecrated himself to his duty more reverently than did he in the sad moment of leavetaking, when the shadow of the premonition that he was never to return was, as his words show, even then upon him.

But we revere in him also the American statesman. This term has cheapened by misapplication in these times. Were it not that in recent years some men of light and leading have taken their seat in the council of the nation, the plaint of the Biblical writer would be in place, "In those days the giants were on earth." Liberty-baptized, the American people is withal conservative and cautious. In this it is of other fibre than the Gallie devotees of liberty, equality, and fraternity on the banks of the Seine. The strong strain of Teutonic Anglo-Saxon in our blood, and the Puritan—almost Hebraic—reverence for law as the proclamation of Divine Will, accounts for this bent of ours. We are not mercurial. We do not boil over. Our revolutions have not been cradled in the cavern of the hurricane and tornado.

Our institutions do not encourage Titanic uprisings under the discontent of an evil hour. They take away all pretence of justification for indulgence in violent methods. Freedom of speech and press afford outlet for pent-up indignation, and offer a forum for just criticism. Our political institutions correspond to the temperament of this nation, freedom's elect. They are preventive of revolution because they are adaptable to the growing needs and deepening wisdom which evolution brings in its quiet course. Our Constitution is a conservative document. Discriminating and keeping distinct, but interdependent, the various functions of organized government, it is as justly balanced as the rock which takes from it its name, and which may be swayed by a child, yet has all the elements of strength and endurance. In creating the Supreme Court, this instrument provided an agency

through which the growing life of the nation could be incorporated into this bill of rights. It may be said that the Convention which framed the charter of American liberty and devised the means for legislation, adjudication, and administration to make liberty effective as law, merely modelled the dead material. It was the Supreme Court that breathed into it the spirit of life. That instrument, like all that comes from the hand of man, was not perfect. It was the child of compromise and concession. It left unsettled a very important issue. Was the United States a mere federation of sovereign States or did the States derive their sovereignty from that of the Nation?

This perplexity would not have been fraught with grave peril, had not, at the same time, the legacy of slavery been left to the young Republic. Soon after the birth of the United States, the harvest of this original sin began to ripen. Forty years of wandering in the wilderness, compromise, and temporizing retarded the entrance into the Promised Land of peace. Passions and distrusting, not the cloud of God nor the pillar of divine light by night, decided the route. In New England first, the old Puritan found its voice of protest. It woke a ready echo in the young West. When Lincoln made his bow on the stage of public and political life, slavery and its extension into new territory was dividing the people, and keeping the public mind at fever heat. His elevation to the presidency sent the nation into the valley of decision, a valley which at times took on the terrible aspect of the "valley of the shadow of death." Statesman Lincoln had defined his position clearly in the historic debates with Douglas. Not a politician of the modern cast, but one of the old mould, knowing that party is a means to an end and patriotism must sanctify partisanship, he spoke out when silence and ambiguity might have been personally more profitable for him. "A house divided against itself cannot stand"—this prediction cost him the senatorship, but won him the presidency. And yet when the responsibility of the high trust was laid on him, to many he seemed, all of a sudden, to be struck with hesitating indecision. The Abolitionists were not

slow to utter their bitter impatience. In his biding his time he displayed his mastership as a statesman. The deliberateness of his executive action reflects the sterling conservatism of his Americanism.

No other man ever ascended throne, or assumed the pilot's charge of the Ship of State, under more disheartening circumstances—the nation cleft into two—the North, not a united band, to support him—the enemy prepared, the Union unequipped! Armies had to be created, navies had to be built, the treasury had to be filled, the finances put on a workable basis, the jealousy of the European nations to be disarmed and thwarted. Lincoln had loyal helpers, men of genius and of eminent power of organization. Yet his was the supreme responsibility. He, the man of tender, sympathetic heart, had to give the word that sent thousands to their death, millions into the furnace of fire. No wonder that his face assumed an expression of deep sadness. It seemed as though in the lines of his brow, in the look of his eyes, were symbolized all the pathos of those four years of doubt and daring, of suffering and striving. Republics are never so well armored for the bloody business of war as are autocracies. Where the king's will is the supreme law, the petty bickerings among the chieftains are soon hushed. Not so in a Republic. Coöperation among the various commanders is much more difficult to secure. With all this and worse, Lincoln had to contend. He bore his cross cheerfully, for he had an abiding faith in the destiny of his nation, a wonderful confidence in the loyalty of the common people. What share he had in directing to final and glorious victory the engine of war, what his part in the financing of the gigantic combat, what inspiration came from him in the work of keeping the European detractors of our liberty at bay, we know better than they that lived through those terrible years of suspense and darkness. Latest memoirs of the chief actors in this stupendous drama have thrown onto the screen the astounding certainty that this country-bred, lank, lean lawyer proved to be a strategist of no mean calibre, a financier of high resourcefulness, a diplomat of wide outlook. He was a statesman who has had,



Firing of Presidential Salute by the Illinois Naval Reserve, Feb. 12, 1909, at the South End
of Lincoln Park, Chicago

(The Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln is seen at the left)



Tomb of Stephen A. Douglas, Chicago
(Located at foot of Thirty-fifth Street on Lake Michigan)

and will have, but few peers and no superior in the annals of the onflowing centuries.

We sons of Illinois particularly rejoice that he was ours. We gave him to the Union. Among us he spent his years of preparation. It is significant that the President that saved the nation was a Western man. The issues around which the War was fought had indeed become acute in measure as the West became a factor in the destiny of the nation. Were the new States to be kept clean of the blight of slavery? That was the pith of the dispute. The wheat and corn belt would not pay homage to King Cotton. It seemed to be in the order of things that the leader should hail from the West. Western regiments, in sober truth, composed the élite of the army, as the West had been the most pronounced adversary of State rights and secession. This West was peopled by immigrants. They had pilgrimed with the sun from New England, the classic home of Pilgrim civilization; and then from Germany, lovers of freedom, idealists, and dreamers, yet sturdy farmers and clear thinkers withal; and also from Ireland, carrying with them the hatred of despotism and the flaming courage to dare and to do. These new wheat fields furnished sustenance to the fighting nation. Their wealth made good the deficiency caused by the blockaded shore line of the cotton-raising States, for cotton had been the nation's means of exchange for Europe's advances in money and ammunition.

The ways of Providence are strange. Three days after Lincoln's birth, another American was laid into his mother's arms, who was to revolutionize the patriarchal methods of bringing into the granary the fruit of the field—Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the reaper. His invention, perfected shortly before the outbreak of the War, multiplied every arm on the field, and in the barn, and on the threshing floor, tenfold. The time element was reduced most marvellously in the equation of harvesting. Thus the rich acres of the West could spare the sturdy men that enlisted in the Union's battalions, and yet their blessing, the staff of life, which they offered so abundantly, could be milled and mar-

keted. The West was made available for the defense of the flag by McCormick's mechanical substitute for human hands. The President from the West, when the first victories also were those won by the Western army corps under generals from the West, saw the dawn of peace light up the sky with new hope, but then—another Moses, vouchsafed merely a prophetic vision of the realization—he had to lay down his life that the new covenant of love might be firmly sealed by his blood.

When he fell, the world wept. They that but yesterday had carried the musket for the defense of what they believed to be their rights, the men who wore the battle-tattered gray, felt that in him they lost their truest friend. Monarchs shed a tear at his bier. The noblest of rulers had ascended to glory. They knew none to the purple born who bore escutcheon more lustrous than was his, the great commoner's.

But we at this hour must not forget that memory spells also monition. How do we measure up against him? He laid tribute on the graves of those that died that the government of the people, for the people, and by the people might not perish. No enemy from without, indeed, is threatening the permanence of our institutions, the independence of our State, the prosperity of our people. We have been garnering the harvest of the day of Appomattox. Ours is now a world empire. But is ours, for all this, a government of the people? Is it not a government of politicians, for politicians? Serious question this, inviting searching of the heart. Has increase in wealth tended to undemocratize our manners, our ambitions? Has it obscured our ideals, placed near the altar new, strange deities wrought of gold? Are these the Gods that have led us forth out of Egypt, out of the crucible of trial and distress? Has there been profounder reverence for law among us, the heirs of the men that were giants in those gigantic days?

Great men are mountain peaks. As we look up toward the peak named the Martyr-Saviour-President, shall the lifted finger, tipped with the gold of glorious sunshine, not be for us sign and symbol that our way shall lead upwards? The

mountain range of which he is the highest point embraces many crests. Grant, Seward, Stanton, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Schurz, Sumner, Morton, Yates, Curtis, and a host of other names tell their significance. Yet high as they are, their height is worthily crowned and completed in the one that stands out above all in superb majesty—Abraham Lincoln.

THE GREATEST APOSTLE OF HUMAN LIBERTY

(*A Speech of Introduction*)*

COL. JOHN R. MARSHALL

NONE of the many exercises held to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the world's greatest citizen, is more significant and fitting than the one we are about to begin. I say this: No race of people within the borders of our common country can appreciate so much the greatest apostle of human liberty as can the negro race. The name of Abraham Lincoln will live always, wherever the cause of liberty and freedom is revered. His name was near and dear to the hearts of every negro in the darkest and most perilous hour of the nation. The time was when our faith in him was strained and taxed to the utmost; but it never failed, for he felt, in spite of the dark clouds that hovered around and about us, that the hour and the instrument of our redemption had met in the person of Abraham Lincoln.

And so we are here to express our gratitude for the vast preëminent services rendered to our race and to the nation by that great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

On behalf of the Lincoln Memorial Centennial Committee appointed by the Mayor of our city, I take great pleasure in introducing as the chairman of the evening, Dr. A. J. Carey.

* Delivered before the meeting of the Eighth Infantry (Colored), and the Colored Citizens' Committee.

THE UNFINISHED TASK

(*A Speech of Introduction*)*

REV. A. J. CAREY

ONE hundred years ago to-day the wilds of Kentucky gave to America an American, rugged as his surroundings in all save his kindliness of spirit, unprepossessing in all save his beauty of soul. The world saw him while he lived, as through a glass, darkly. To-day the vision becomes more distinct, although not altogether clear.

The heroic effort made this week by old America in memory, by new America in prophecy, to find itself, to know itself, is worthy of so noble an occasion. From church, from schoolhouse, from college, and from public hall one and the same strain floats forth: "Lincoln, Liberty, and Love." The quiet of the private home, the noises of the busy mart, are lost in one great anthem, one mighty pæan of praise.

That marvel of the twentieth century, the daily press, has labored overtime that none may be ignorant, that even the humblest may know and receive inspiration from Lincoln's life and times. The minor strain, the note of regret, is, that the life then just beginning should have been laid so untimely as a sacrifice on its country's altar, leaving its task unfinished.

The unfinished task, who will assume it? The task of loving the nation—not the sections simply but the nation—into one; the task of throwing himself with God, and counting a majority on the side of the oppressed; the task of doing the right as God gives him to see the right.

If the spirit world has interest in this material world, how depressed must be the spirit of Lincoln at the backward swinging of the pendulum, at the retreat of American senti-

* Delivered before the meeting of the Eighth Infantry (Colored), and the Colored Citizens' Committee.

ment from the glory-crowned heights of freedom for all, to the valley of restriction and class legislation. The call of the sixties was for a man of heroic mould, a man who had been "driven many times to his knees by the overwhelming conviction that he had nowhere else to go." Such was the call and Lincoln was its answer.

The call in this, the morning of the twentieth century, is for a character no less true, a soul no less courageous, a spirit no less reliant upon its God—another man who will rise up and say, "The nation cannot live on injustice." Whence next will come the answer? for come it will and come it must. The country still lives upon Lincoln's ideals; still grows because of his sacrifices; and still marches in his spirit to meet and master the problems of to-day, whether social, industrial, or racial.

In him we have found the sources of abiding, conquering character. With him we have seen that to "allow all the governed an equal voice in the government—that, and that alone is self-government." With him we have seen that "in giving freedom to the slave"—physical freedom, intellectual freedom, political freedom—we assure freedom to the free.

Nothing stamped with the Divine image was sent into the world to be trodden on, to be degraded and imbruted by his fellows, and he who denies to the weakest of mankind the right, the privilege, the opportunity of rising to his greatest possibilities, not only displays his own cowardice and weakness but robs posterity of a legacy which a life enriched and glorified might bequeath to coming generations.

It is not Lincoln, the lawyer, nor Lincoln the politician, nor even Lincoln the statesman that will survive; but Abraham Lincoln, the friend of the oppressed, the champion of human rights, the great emancipator. Of him we speak and in his memory are we gathered, and with him we are dedicating ourselves to the great task remaining before us, the task remaining before this nation, the cherished hope of his life, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE LIBERATION OF THE NEGRO *

REV. J. W. E. BOWEN

EVEN the schoolboy of to-day may easily interest an audience upon any phase of the life and deeds of Abraham Lincoln. It is not a difficult task, therefore, to gain attention, for the life of the man is full, his deeds are permanent, and his character is far-reaching in the superb and dominating elements that are appreciated by all mankind. I take it that the best thing to do on this occasion is to call your attention to some of the fundamental ideas that crystallized into deeds of the immortal Lincoln.

The name of Abraham Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation should be spoken with one breath. It is impossible to separate them. But there is more to the Emancipation Proclamation in its essence and truth than the mere removing of the shackles of the slave, and the freeing of man from between the plough handles to enter the battle of life. Larger results were contemplated by Lincoln than the liberation of dumb driven cattle from between the plough handles of the South. Mightier results were before him than merely to see four millions of ignorant and stupid blacks set free upon this American continent. His thought reached beyond the liberation of hand and foot. He who knocks the manacles from the wrists of the slave has done a great thing; but that is only the beginning of the work of emancipation. Utter, complete emancipation, not only of hand and foot, but of mind and heart, and a complete amalgamation into the body politic as a citizen of the mighty Republic, is the ultimate hope and the larger result to be

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looked forward to as the outcome of the emancipation of the slave.

We have come to a period in the discussion of this question when we must regard truth and not sentiment; when we must see fact and logic, and not be driven by whim. No race can be fully set free by shot and shell. Gunpowder cannot liberate a man in the truest and fullest sense of the term. Shot and shell make a beginning; but freedom is not "of the earth, earthy." Abraham Lincoln represented the American nationality—the American nationalism, —a mighty thought.

We have the proudest Republic under the sun. It is a Republic not composed of *white* men nor of *black* men, but of *men*, free men. Freedmen do not make a Republic. This is a Republic of men—free men, in the broadest sense of the term. The removal of the shackles is only the beginning of the mighty battle in life wherein the slave is to be ultimately redeemed and incorporated into the body politic as a factor in the life of the American nation. This period is one in which the battle is of thought and ideas; it is a battle for the supremacy in thought-products, in the mastery of the forces of nature in producing those elements that contribute to the advancement of civilization, and only the man who contributes to this desired end should be incorporated ultimately into this body politic. It is time that we should face this great question that fundamentally affects citizenship.

I am not afraid to use a term here which I can explain satisfactorily to any thinking man. Lincoln's idea and the idea of the broadest statesman was that the liberated slave should ultimately become amalgamated with the American Republic and become a member of this great nation. For, as he said, "The nation cannot long survive, permanently survive, one half free and one half slave." Even so, likewise, it cannot permanently survive with a great body of freedmen that have no right and title in the Republic as citizens to help direct its life and establish its destiny.

The American negro must understand that he must enter the

battle of life and fight to-day the mightiest battle on the face of the globe. No man in the flesh has ever had such a conflict before him. It is the most difficult and the most dangerous undertaking on this footstool. For, look at the conditions that have surrounded him. He came from between the plough handles, with only a knowledge of ploughing. He was thrown into the lap of this mighty Christian civilization, and he was given the right of citizenship—a fearful boon to confer upon any unprepared man in any Republic. For the man who has the right to vote, has the right to be voted for.

I have no hesitancy in saying that it was hazardous at the time to place in the hands of these ignorant ex-slaves the ballot. Hear me through upon this dangerous question. I recognize that I am now walking upon eggs. I also recognize that there are some eggs that should be walked upon.

Look, if you please, at the pedigree of the ancient black slave. What did he have behind him? The story is a pathetic one. It is one that is full of sorrow and of intense interest. From the mud puddles of Africa, in the Providence of God he was dragged, as it were, with hooks of steel, and transplanted upon this American continent. There was nothing back of him of which he could be proud—no illustrious pedigree. His firmament was a starless firmament; his history was unproductive of great men or great women. When I think of what he came from, the story of the young son of the Grand Marshal of Paris comes to my mind. This young man was walking in the streets of Paris one day, when a company of young Frenchmen gathered around him and began to taunt him. One of them said, “I have the blood of a duke in me. What blood is in you, sir?” Another said, “I can trace my ancestry back to a queen. How far back can you go, sir?” And a third one piped up and said, “I can go back, back, back to the mighty days of Charlemagne. How far back can you go, sir?” Finally the last one lifted his voice and said, “I can trace my ancestry back, back, back, away beyond the mythological days of Julius Cæsar when the Druids drank the blood of

their victims out of the skulls of the dead. How far back can you go, sir?" Then the young man rose, his eye as the wing of the raven under the blaze of the sun, and shouted back to them and said, "Gentlemen, you are descendants; I am an ancestor. Your history has been written; I am going to write one. You have been made; I am going to make somebody!"

I look about me upon this platform and I see representatives of the mighty race that lived in the days when the great Irish bishop drove the snakes out of Ireland. I see here at my left, and at my right, and just behind me, and all through the audience, representatives of that mighty yeomanry that stood in the presence of the weakling King John, and compelled him to sign "Magna Charta," to assure the rights of the people of England. I look at others. Who are these men? These are the descendants of the men who followed in the wake of the mighty Gustavus, who, singing the battle hymn of Martin Luther, bit the dust and died for the liberties of his people. These men had ancestors who were kings and queens, who were the writers and wreckers of constitutions and of governments; ancestors who wrote books of law and laid the foundations of nations; ancestors who were mighty with pen and sword, who dominated the forces of sky and earth. These white men who sit here in the pride of American citizenship are the descendants of an illustrious ancestry. But who am I? Where did I come from?

I dare not step back one foot lest I fall into the pit from which God Almighty, through Abraham Lincoln, digged me. Even now, with the memory of my ancestors illuminating my brain, I can hear the pathetic wail of the bloodhound that tracked them through the South. I have no kings and prophets back of me. No queens illuminate the firmament of my history. No men who wrote constitutions and laid the foundations of a government are back of me.

Who am I? The blue-eyed Saxon had his history written; the black-eyed Hamite will write his. He has been made; I am going to make somebody. "He is a descendant; I am an ancestor!" It is my business since the Proclamation has

been written, to take hold of the mass of my ignorant people of the South—docile, tractable, easily moulded and easily guided—and mould them, and make a mighty people out of them. Once upon a time I used to be disturbed when it was said that the negro came from the monkey, the baboon, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla of Africa. I can remember attending a white Sunday-school where the superintendent, an old shouting Methodist, once made my boyish teeth chatter and my knees smite each other by saying, “Boys, I don’t know where you came from; it is said you came from the monkeys of Africa.” And I can remember how I trembled. To this day, with certain people, if you want to throw a wet blanket over the meeting, mention monkeys. Now it does not trouble me one whit. If any man can show by history, Bible, logic, or fact that I am a descendant from the baboon of Africa, I will prove that a baboon can have a respectable son. I don’t care for a past. I ask to-day, “Where are you going?” “What are you?” not “Where did you come from?” I don’t care whether I had any grandfathers or not. I don’t want to be an angel; I want to be a man—not a black man, but a *man* though black.

In this mighty country we have a Republic that is based, not upon the color of the skin but upon a national idea. Nationalism makes a Republic, and not blood or color. In the ancient days of Greece and in the present days of Italy, China, and Japan, blood makes a nation. Blood may make a race or an ancient nation, but blood does not make a Democracy; it does not make a nation in the broadest sense of the term. In this country we have all races, all types of mankind to make the American Republic. You sang here this evening “The Star-Spangled Banner.” You doubtless have sung already to-day or will sing, “My country, ’Tis of Thee.” That spirit of sentiment makes a citizen of a Republic—the sentiment of loyalty to the flag, to the Constitution, and to the institutions of the land. But you must understand that the conditions of life favor you in the battle and in the struggle for existence. We must struggle for the preservation of the nation, the building up of one

homogeneous nation; not homogeneous in its blood but homogeneous in its Nationalism. I want to say I have no fears as to the twaddle and superficial talk about the destruction of the bloods of mankind, for down underneath all of this frothy discussion there is but one race and it is homogeneous in its divine endowments.

It is not my place to discuss a theory of the library, but to face the facts of life; namely, just as you are, just where you are, in the station of life you are in, you must fight the battle of life. And it is a fight in which superiority will manifest itself in the ultimate development of character.

Finally, the character of the individual, in his mind power, his heart power, his hand power, and in the production of those elements that are the best, constitutes the superiority of man. In this development and in this tremendous struggle we have a part and lot. Starting with very little to unlearn, with everything to learn, with all the benefits of a western civilization within hand-reach, the American negro, in the face of untoward circumstances has made tremendous strides towards victory. I grant that there are obstacles, and I don't weep over obstacles. Though he is crowded back at times, I am not discouraged.

I come from a section where, if a black man gets anything, he gets it upon sheer merit. He has to struggle in the face of opposition; and yet, after all, he is winning his way in the accumulation of property, in the estimation of good men and good women; he is making character, and we believe down in Georgia—down there where occasionally we string a man up—we believe, we black men and white men, that down there in Georgia, we will fight this battle out and win it. All around us representative white men rise up and say to us: "Stand your ground, we will stand with you." Some of the best men are fighting with us and are standing at our side.

This celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the great, martyred War President is observed all over the country, and we believe that ultimately we shall have a nation in this country that is united in its faith, in its

zeal, in its absolute equality of political prerogatives, in its great purpose to make this the proudest nation on the face of the earth.

Just one other thought and then I am through. You must remember that in the City of Chicago, in the great State of Illinois, you have your part to do in this great battle. You have greater privileges than we have in the black belt of Alabama. Every door is open to you. You have yet to show in the years to come that you can wring out of your privileges the large good that we have wrung out of our disadvantages. In university life, in trades, in the accumulation of wealth, in the building of an honest character, in the making of men in face of difficulty without being discouraged, in meeting opposition without taking to the woods, you have yet to show that you can surpass your brethren on the plains of Texas.

I believe that we shall ultimately conquer in this great battle of life. We have great problems before us—great questions are under discussion. The negro should become a participant in the discussions and contribute to the life of the nation. I am glad of this privilege to bring this word of encouragement to you from the far South, from the land where you think it is extremely hard. Yes, it is hard, in some places. You have opportunities here that I sometimes covet, but I would prefer to ride in a box car in the South as a *man* doing something, fighting a battle, to riding in a palace car up here and generally doing nothing else.

You must liberate yourselves; you must not have anything more done for you. Legislation cannot make men, it can only prepare the way for the development of men. Law never makes one man equal to another man; there is no such thing as equality of manhood, and the American nation does not believe in this figment. You cannot make me believe that a certain black man is equal to a certain white man; and you would have a hard job to persuade me that a certain white man is equal to a certain black man.

Races differ, like individuals. They differ in their aptitudes, in their intellectual capacity. The mighty German

race is philosophic in its temper; the versatile Frenchman is mathematical in his make-up; the unconquered Anglo-Saxon is the scientist and the moralist of the world; and the negro is the musician of the world.

I believe that a man must himself make himself superior. You must make yourselves, you must liberate yourselves. Brain, cultivated brain, educated brain, skilled hands, a divine heart, a noble purpose, lofty ideals, the vision that reaches to the White Throne, make men—nothing else. You must not measure the man by the color of his skin. Great as Abraham Lincoln was, he was not great because he was white. He was great because he had a great soul in him.

The man of backbone has heart and will and courage and skill. The race is yours. Enter the battle. Don't ask to be given a chance. Don't plead for a chance. Enter the race. Make a chance. Take a chance. Fight the battle of life, and the time will come when the gray morn shall usher in that beautiful day when we shall be able to say, "It is daybreak everywhere."

LINCOLN: THE FRIEND OF ALL MEN *

NATHAN WILLIAM MAC CHESNEY

IT is peculiarly fitting that in the celebration of the Centenary of Lincoln you should have a conspicuous part. Surely no one has a larger interest in Abraham Lincoln, his life and his services. As a boy I was brought up with a veneration for him second only to that for the great Master himself. My father had the privilege of knowing him intimately, and I have, therefore, in connection with this celebration, felt, in addition to the great interest in Lincoln which every American citizen must have, a little of that personal interest which one may sometimes feel because of his father's friendship for the man himself.

Lincoln stood, as no other man has ever stood, for the ideals of the entire nation. He was the embodiment of Americanism. It is seldom that a man can be looked to as Lincoln was by all classes of society, by all sections, by all nationalities. Yet it has been the privilege of Lincoln within a single generation to come to the position where tribute to him knows no sectional lines—no North, no South; no East, no West; no rich, no poor; no Jew, no Gentile; no white, no black; all turn to him in homage.

It matters not from what direction we view Lincoln, he appears equally great. Most men, as you look at them, seem to have a narrow side. Not so with him. He looms as large, in our estimate of him, regardless of the angle of approach. He stood for the equal rights of man, for equal opportunities for all men. He stood for freedom of labor and an opportunity on the part of every man to earn an honest living, uninterrupted by economic conditions or political restrictions.

* An address delivered before the Eighth Infantry (Colored), and the Colored Citizens' Committee.

Would that his spirit might inspire this nation, as never before, as the result of this celebration. Lincoln was indeed, as I have said, the very apotheosis of citizenship. We have deified him—and very justly so—as no other man in public life, until to-day we turn to him with very worship, because he stands for our ideals, for our aspirations, for all that is best in us and in our nation, and as the hope for the future.

We can only hope that this observance of Lincoln and his life and deeds will not end with this night, nor with the celebration itself, but may take lasting form in an increase in appreciation of the principles for which he stood; in a deeper inculcation of those principles in the hearts of all the people North and South, in order that his ideas and ideals may be worked out through the political institutions of this country, as he desired them to be.

There are some who think Lincoln did not have a special interest in the people I have the honor of addressing to-night. I think they are very poor students of history. They have failed to catch even a spark of the genius of the man whose anniversary they are celebrating. They have failed to see that heart, kindled for the interest of all the races, as was that of no other man of his time. It is true he refused to sacrifice the Union and to precipitate a crisis, but awaited the strategic moment in order that he might fulfil a life-long purpose and prove to all the peoples of the earth that the forefathers knew what they were about, and that the Declaration of Independence means what it says.

I have no patience with the man who takes the view that emancipation was a mere question of war expediency, who thinks that Lincoln was so narrow in his view, and who regards with prejudice and alarm any other interpretation of that culmination of Lincoln's hopes and purposes. I have no use for the man who cannot see in history that Lincoln stood for things he said he believed. As is the case with any great man, if we acknowledge him to be great, we must believe him to be sincere, and Lincoln has said in substance, he has said in his words, in his deeds, that he meant that all men

should be equally free, with equal privileges and equal opportunities before the law.

Abraham Lincoln was a man of the people. He stood for Americanism. He was, as has been said, "the first American," because he was a product of all the forces that had gone to make America, and in him were all the elements which make America great and differentiate it from the older civilizations and the old world. He was the friend of all men. In Lincoln the hopes and aspirations of us all find expression, and I pray that he may be followed in these latter days as an example, for political action, for the highest and best citizenship, for the type of manhood that makes for progress in the democracy of the world.

I would like to take occasion here to say that the city of Chicago is proud, I am sure, of this great mass meeting here to-night. The general Committee has found the officers of the Eighth Infantry and of your Committee ever ready to cooperate with it and an admirable desire on their part to forward the purposes of the centenary which has inspired us to give much time to it, and to go forward with an enthusiasm to which the prospect of such a celebration as you have here to-night in no small degree contributed.

On behalf of the Committee of One Hundred, it gives me great pleasure to-night to present to the Eighth Regiment, to place upon the walls of its regimental armory, a bronze tablet containing the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln, that lofty statement of patriotism which has never been excelled. I trust that it may be an inspiration to the men of that regiment, as it was to the men of the regiments of Lincoln's time, and has been to all American citizens who have taken the trouble to read its lines and observe its lessons.

I deem it a high honor to be here as a representative of my city upon this memorable Centenary, which will long live in the annals of our metropolis, and to speak here on behalf of that city in commemoration of the man who has stood, as no other man has ever stood, for Americanism and everything it represents to all of us who strive to make justice and equity between men the guiding principle of our laws and their enforcement.

THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN NATIONAL LIFE *

HON. WILLIAM J. CALHOUN

I DID not know until a few days ago that I was expected to speak at this meeting, and I have not had time to give much thought to what I shall say to you. Indeed, I am very much in the same frame of mind as was the colored minister of whom I once heard. He belonged to a ministerial association, where ministers were wont to come together to discuss questions affecting the church and their professional work. One afternoon they had up for discussion the subject of the preparation of sermons. One of the brethren said he always selected his text on Monday morning for the following Sunday's sermon. He thought of it all through the week; subdivided it into its various heads; and filled in the skeleton or outline thus made, by reflections from day to day throughout the week; so that when Sunday came, he had his sermon complete in his mind. The colored brother said he did not like this plan; that it was not the way in which he prepared his sermons. He did not like the proposed plan for the reason that it is well known that the Devil is always loose in the land, sometimes roaring like a lion, sometimes bleating like a lamb; that he is very smart; that he knows everything going on; and he would know the text selected so far in advance, and would be fully informed as to what the sermon was to be. He would then go to work on the minds of the members of the congregation, and get them in a mental condition which would prompt them to resist the influence of the sermon; so that when it was delivered, it would do no good whatever. So, he said, his way was, when he went into the pulpit, to open the

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Bible and take for his text the first verse his eye fell upon; and then neither the Devil, himself, nor anyone else would know what he was going to say.

Speaking of preachers, it reminds me of another story I heard of an old Scotch Presbyterian minister, who was very fond of theological or dogmatic discussions. He prided himself on his familiarity with the Scriptures. He never had to open the Bible to quote a verse or cite a passage; but, like everyone else, he sometimes made mistakes, only he was never willing to admit it. He had in his congregation a very critical deacon by the name of Sandy McPherson, who was also fond of dogma; he always listened closely to the minister's sermon, to see if he could find any slip or misstatement of doctrine; if he did he was very quick to express his dissent, and to argue the question with the minister. He sometimes spoke right out in meeting, and expressed his objections. One Sunday the minister went into the pulpit and said, "My brethren, I will take for my text this morning the miracle of our Saviour wherein he fed five men on five thousand loaves and fishes." And Sandy McPherson said out loud, "Huh! I could do that myself." The minister did not notice the mistake or the interruption, but went on with his sermon. Afterwards his attention was called to the mistake he had made, but he said nothing. The next Sunday he went into the pulpit and said, "My brethren, I will preach this morning on the miracle of our Saviour wherein he fed *five thousand* men on *five* loaves and fishes"; and then looking down, he said, "Sandy, could you do that?" And Sandy promptly replied, "Aye, I cud." "Well, how cud you?" said the minister, and Sandy said, "I would feed them with what was left over from last Sunday."

Speaking seriously, I wish I could utter the thoughts that are struggling in my mind for expression. I would bring a message to you, one that would help and comfort you. In the celebration of Abraham Lincoln's birth, we naturally think of you. No such celebration would be complete unless you had a part in it. The shadow of the great tragedy in which he died hangs over you.

The Civil War was a contest in which life and blood and treasure were spent without stint. Men—strong men—were fighting and dying, and women were weeping everywhere. It was a terrible struggle. And your race was the cause, the helpless and innocent cause, of it all. For men may talk about the Constitution, the relation of the States to the federal government, and of the right or wrong of secession or coercion—the fact remains, that you, the negro, were the innocent cause of the whole trouble.

I know of no race which has had so much to contend with, so many obstacles to overcome, so many limitations to endure, as your race has had. In the first place, your ancestors were hunted down in the forests of Africa, bound hand and foot, thrown into the foul and sweltering hold of the slave ship, brought to America, and there sold into slavery like beasts of burden. Your people toiled for long years in the development of a country, in the blessings of which they had no share. When the moral sense of the country was aroused, and the agitation against slavery arose, the War was inevitable, it had to be. God's balances of right and wrong forever hang across the skies. In those balances our country was weighed and found wanting. It was written that every groan from the breast of a slave should find an echoing response in the groans of a nation's misery; that every drop of blood that trickled from the back of a slave, under the lash, was to be weighed against the richest and most precious blood of the nation; that every cry of the slave mother, mourning for her lost child, should be answered back by the cry of other mothers, mourning for their children dead upon the field of battle; and that every dollar made in the slave traffic should be lost in the devastation of a great war. Such was the penalty that this nation paid for the wrong done your race.

But now that slavery is gone, that the shackles have been removed from your limbs, and you are free, what have you done with your liberty, for yourselves, for your children, and for your country? It is true, you are circumscribed in your efforts by social limitations, by racial prejudices and by tra-

ditions of the past. But the question remains, How have you used the liberty you have? Have you made the best of the opportunities given you, limited as they are? These questions everyone of you should ask of himself; they can only be answered by the voice of your own conscience. These questions are applicable to the white man also, but there are special reasons why they should be addressed to the colored man. The conditions under which he lives are peculiar. He is more dependent on himself; he has to make the greatest struggle to keep a hold on life.

I know that much allowance must be made for the negro. He has more to contend with, more to endure, and the longest and hardest hill to climb. His ancestors were slaves. They never had to care for themselves. Their clothing and shelter were provided by their masters. They were not trained to depend on themselves. They were not educated to assume any responsibility. And suddenly, in the convulsions of a great war, they found themselves free, but forced to care for themselves. They were like children, turned loose in a desert, they did not know what to do or where to go.

They made, I think, one serious mistake. Too many of them drifted into the cities. They gathered there in large numbers. Untrained and inexperienced, they were exposed to the corrupting influence of poverty and all of its attendant vices. I think it would have been better had they remained in the country. The country, with its green fields and forests, its babbling brooks, its warm sunshine and pure air, is the best place for any man, white or black, but especially for the black man. The city is attractive. It allures men of all races from the farm or the village. But the struggle for existence is harder in the city; the temptations are greater, and vice is more seductive and destructive. It is a serious question for your race to consider whether you shall adopt the virtues of the white man, making them a part of your life, or whether you will yield to the white man's vices which poison the blood, vitiate character, and which, in the end, will not only destroy individuals but will impair the moral force of the entire race. It must always be remembered that the future

of any race depends upon the life and character of its individual members. You have much to contend with, and it may be natural for you to go in the direction in which you find the least resistance. But the greater the obstacles to one's advancement, the greater is the effort to be made to overcome them. Despite what your enemies say, it is undoubtedly true that the negro has in his nature, elements of character upon which to build a higher and better life. This was displayed by him in the Civil War. It was the liberty of the slave that was at stake for which this terrible game of war was played. The slave knew it; perhaps in a dim and uncertain way, but he knew it. Nevertheless, throughout that great struggle the master expressed the greatest confidence in the slave. The master went to the War, and the slave remained at home and took care of his master's family and property. Herein was an expression of trust which, judged by the ordinary laws of human nature, was really wonderful.

Sometimes the slave followed the master to the battlefield, waited on him, and took care of him. Oftentimes, when the master was killed or wounded, it was the slave who crawled amid the dead and dying, amid the storm of shot and shell, until he found the stricken body and carried it away in his arms. No race, under the most trying circumstances, ever manifested greater kindness of heart and faithfulness, than was shown by the slave in the Civil War.

A Southern gentleman, an ex-Confederate soldier, told me not long ago of an incident in his own family history. When the Union army advanced into the neighborhood where a relative lived, the latter fled further south. He had a quantity of gold coin, too heavy to carry, and he had no safe place wherein to deposit it. He called one of his slaves to him, gave him the gold, told him to bury it, and to guard it until the master's return. The amount was large—some twenty thousand dollars. The slave took the money and buried it in a secret place. The Union army came in. The slave was free to go where he pleased. He could have taken the money and fled. But he remained true to the trust reposed in him.

He recognized it as a trust; it appealed to his sense of honor and duty; he would not prove false. He remained there and looked after his master's family. When the War was over the master returned. He called upon the slave for the money. The latter responded by taking a shovel and guiding the master to a remote place in a forest, where the money was found and delivered. I tell you, a race which breeds men of such fidelity to a trust and of such honesty of character as this black man showed, has those qualities out of which good and useful citizenship can be made.

It is because of the limitations put upon you, because of the hostility and prejudice with which you have to contend, that I call attention to the possibilities you have for good citizenship and for a growing influence in the life of the world. And for your sake, for your children's sake, and for the future of your race, I admonish you to hold to those influences which make men honest, industrious, faithful to duty, and which make character. In this way, you will make yourselves respected by even those who oppose you.

Let me say further, every vicious, evil-minded negro is an enemy to your race. Men who go wrong, who gamble, drink, and commit theft, who commit those grosser crimes which excite mobs, are your enemies. They do you infinite harm, because the blame is imposed upon the race. You above all others ought to stand for law and order, for the honor of your people; and you ought not to encourage, protect or shield these men who injure society and bring discredit upon your race.

Do not be misled by politics or by the art of the politician. I sometimes think a mistake was made right after the War in giving the ballot to the negro too soon. He was not ready for it. He had been kept in subjection, in ignorance and poverty for so long a time, that he did not know how to use the liberty that came to him so suddenly. He did not understand the use of the ballot or the responsibilities of citizenship. He became the unwilling tool of an unscrupulous class of politicians called "carpet baggers," who used him for their own selfish purposes. The result was a bitter racial war,

which has retarded the advancement of the negro in the South, and has resulted in depriving him of the ballot.

In this State you have the right to vote, but I put the question to you, How do you use the right? Do you always use it for the best interest of society and for the elevation of the standard of citizenship? Or do you throw the ballot away, or use it indifferently, or use it so as to degrade it and injure society and weaken the moral force of your own people? Do you realize what the ballot has cost, how many lives have been sacrificed, how much blood and tears have been shed, on the battlefield and on the scaffold, through long years of strife and struggle, in order that men might have the privilege of the ballot? It requires little imagination to enable one to see that the ballot is red with blood and wet with tears, which were shed that you and I might have it. Shall we sell it for a dollar, for a drink of beer? Shall we give it away, or shall we consider it a priceless heritage, and use it only for the advancement of society, and for the infusion of the spirit of righteousness in the hearts of the people, both white and black?

Do not trouble yourselves too much about politics. Don't be discouraged if you are not allowed to hold office. Do not be discouraged if you are oftentimes made the victims of racial hatred and jealousy. Do not grow faint hearted. There are many other ways in which you can work for the upbuilding of your race. I do not know what you think of Booker T. Washington; but, if you have read his story "Up from Slavery," you have read a story more thrilling than anything in fiction. When the War was going on he was a little "pickaninny," living in a cabin without floors or windows, in Virginia. When the War closed, he, with others, was cast adrift to make his own way. He was without friends, influence or education. He belonged to a race much hated in the part of the country in which he lived. But he was not discouraged. He worked wherever he found work to do. He worked in coal mines, as a house servant, and in the fields. He was industrious, sober, and faithful. Then the longing came to him for an education. He started for the

Hampton Institute. He walked all the way, over mountains and plains, by day and by night. He worked for food; he slept in the fields, in barns, and under railroad platforms. He finally arrived at Hampton. He worked his way through college, and then went out into the heart of the South and commenced his great work of education. He is to-day not only a great teacher, but one of the greatest orators in the United States, barring none. His life, his struggles, and his triumphs should be an encouragement to all of you. The devotion to duty, the high resolve, the industry, which characterize his life, should be considered as evidence of the possibilities of your race.

Let honesty, industry, and economy be your watchwords. Try to get ahead in the material things of life. When you can go to a bank and borrow money on your own note, when you own and manage farms, when your word is as good as the white man's bond, then you will have achieved a place in the community in which you live, which commands confidence, respect, and good treatment. Life will then be easier, justice will be more free, and the promise of the future will be greater.

The message I bring to you is to be true to those high ideals by which the white man has been brought from barbarism to civilization. I know there is a large class of white men who do not live up to this standard. But they are in the minority. The hearts of the majority of this great people are true to high convictions of duty. You can advance in the same line of progress by devotion to the same ideals. The hope of your race, as I see it, is in industry, economy, and honesty.

To-day we celebrate the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Keep his memory sacred in your hearts. Devote yourselves to the study of the principles which controlled his life. Remember his great career. He was born in a log cabin, reared in poverty, and dedicated to toil. He spent his early years toiling in the forest, in the fields, on the flat-boat, in the country store, and finally he became a great political leader. By birth and ancestry he belonged to the poorer classes

of the South. But he raised himself from the lowest level to the highest pinnaele of fame. Though long since dead, men still speak of him as one of deathless memory. His life, his struggles, and triumphs, serve as a lesson to us all.

I may have said some things you do not like. But, remember, I speak from the heart, with an interest in your race, with a hope for its future, and with a desire to see you have better opportunities for self-development.

You are part of this nation; you cannot be ignored in the consideration of its future. But your place in the national life is more or less in dispute. It presents what is called a "problem"; it involves your political, economic, and social rights, your duties and responsibilities. It is a problem which will take time to solve. I want to see it solved on right lines, in a spirit of justice, and in the interest of both races. The responsibility rests in part upon you. Will you help to solve the problem? You can only do it by bringing your race up to the high standards of citizenship. Will you prove to the white race that you have virtues which make you worthy of trust and confidence? Let us all help to bring to the solution of this and all other problems the highest measure of good sense, and let us cultivate a high resolve to do our duty as God gives us light to see it. Such is the message I bring you. Such is the hope I have for you.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION

(A reply to the Speech of Hon. W. J. Calhoun)

REV. A. J. CAREY

I COULD not help feeling as I listened to the burning words of eloquence as they fell from the lips of Judge Calhoun, that if all the negroes in the Civil War had been as the one, described by the Judge, who made his way to his wounded master and brought him back to home and slavery, we would have been unworthy a part in the celebration of this splendid week. But when I looked on my right, as I sat here to-night, and saw those old veterans, who were a part and parcel of that two hundred thousand black men who answered to the call of Father Abraham, I felt in my heart of hearts we have just right to be here. Ah, my friends, I want our good Judge to see the other side of the question. When thirteen stars from yonder flag were falling into the dust of secession two hundred thousand negro soldiers caught them on the points of bristling bayonets, pinned them back in the folds of Old Glory, sealed them with their blood, singing meanwhile,—

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.”

And when the good Judge speaks of the ballot—Ah, Judge, had you lived where I lived, had you lived in that Southland yonder where I was born and reared, had you seen a helpless people treated as my people were, thrown into the conflict with no weapon of defence, you would have said, “Though the Fifteenth Amendment seem a mistake, give it a trial and let the negro have the ballot. It is his only weapon of defence, his only means of protection against injustice and oppression.”

It may be that some of us have proven unworthy. It may

be that some have bartered their ballot for money or beer. But, sir, more contemptible, more blamable in the sight of honest men and in the sight of God, than the black man who sells his ballot, is the white man who purchases or causes him to sell it.

One word, and I am done. When the good Judge speaks of black men owning property and being able to give their negotiable notes to the bank, I rejoice that in the State in which I was born, the old State of Georgia, negroes pay taxes to-day on twenty-five million dollars' worth of real estate and personal property. And in that self-same State, some of the very homes in which their former masters lived are now owned by those black ex-slaves, many of whom have given their former masters bread, since the Emancipation Proclamation set them free.

What is true in Georgia, is true in Alabama, true in Tennessee, true in Texas, proportionately true in every State of the South, and under God we are beginning to make it true even in grand old Illinois, for here our people have begun the purchasing of many homes. Yes, Judge, in all that makes for righteousness, in all that makes for that which is best for the American people, these black men and these black women have consecrated themselves heart and soul to God and his truth, and to their task. We will help you make this nation the mightiest nation on the globe, or we will report to God the reason why.

THE CATHEDRAL UTTERANCE OF LINCOLN

DR. CHARLES J. LITTLE

ON the twentieth of March, 1811, two years after the birth of Abraham Lincoln, an enormous crowd gathered before the Palace of the Tuileries in Paris at the booming of the cannon that announced the birth of an expected prince. As volley succeeded volley the suspense became unbearable, until the twenty-second report shook earth and sky, when this assurance that the child born to Napoleon was the wished-for son, evoked from the impatient multitude shouts and screams of wild delight. The imperial babe was proclaimed immediately the King of Rome, decorated with the grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor, with the great Cross of the Iron Crown, and with the Golden Fleece. The guns that told of his birth were repeated northward to the Russian frontier and southward to the straits of Gibraltar. Poets broke into obsequious songs; churches resounded with chants of praise; Paris brought to the child a magnificent silvered vessel, the emblem of the city; the Senate and Council of State hailed in ecstatic strains "this new star which," they exclaimed, "had risen on the horizon of France, and whose first gleams dispersed the smallest shadows remaining of the darkness of the future." One year later a portrait of this baby King of Rome, playing in his cradle with the sceptre of the Empire and the globe of the world, was shown by Napoleon to his staff as his army was approaching Moscow. "But the hitherto unvanquished conqueror could not pluck to-morrow from the hands of the Eternal." Few and evil were the days appointed to the lad. When four years old a fugitive with his frightened mother and his treacherous uncle; afterward a prisoner in the palace of his imperial grandfather; an uneducated or miseducated

youth dying at twenty-one, his last entreaty, the bitter exclamation, "Let me die in peace!"—finally a splendid funeral in Vienna, a tomb in the great cathedral, and a twilight song chanted by Victor Hugo to his memory. This completes the melancholy annals of the King of Rome, descendant of the Hapsburgs and Napoleon Bonaparte.

How strange but how instructive the story of this imperial eaglet when contrasted with the childhood and the career of Abraham Lincoln! No sound save the moaning of his mother greeted his coming to a rude Kentucky cabin. No poet sang his praises; no legislators prophesied his future splendor; no artist cared to limn his homely features; no famous father showed him to his comrades as the coming ruler of millions and the idol of posterity. But while the foredoomed offspring of Napoleon was watching the fountains in the gardens of his palace prison, the son of Nancy Lincoln was following his mother to her lonely grave in a wild region, among bears and untamed creatures. No private tutors shaped or spoiled his mind. No college made or marred his character. "Somehow he learned to read and cipher"—that was all, "save what he picked up in after life under," as he termed it modestly, "the pressure of necessity." For this ungainly, dark-skinned, melancholy lad felt quite early the urging of a mightier force, a force compounded of intelligence and ambition, of the ability to think and the longing to achieve.

America is opportunity indeed, but not for everybody. Many children were born in Kentucky in 1809, but only one Abraham Lincoln. Many settlers found their way to Indiana when the Territory became a State, but not many future statesmen; many clerks handled the goods and chatted with the customers in the country stores of Illinois, but very few among them rose to eminence.

Lincoln, the farm boy, the store clerk, the surveyor, became Lincoln the lawyer and Lincoln the statesman, not because of his environment and its difficulties, but because he saw and seized his opportunities. Defects he had indeed; defects of character and defects contracted from vulgar and mean surroundings; but he had great powers, together with a capacity

for self-development and self-conquest, which is the secret of all enduring greatness.

Abraham Lincoln was always nobler than his surroundings and wiser than his companions; but there has been in many places, and not seldom here in this great state to which his name and that of Grant have given imperishable lustre, a somewhat grudging recognition of his nobility and wisdom. His image has been obscured by the breath of men who thought that he was altogether such an one as themselves, and who fastened upon the defects of his massive nature as though they were the substance of his being; men who were fain to magnify their own pettiness by creeping into some crevice of his character.

You will permit me, therefore, to recall a paragraph from one of his early speeches, a paragraph that lives in my mind as the cathedral utterance of Abraham Lincoln, because I can never recall it without the vision of some mighty structure soaring upwards like the dome of St. Peter's or the spires of Cologne's beautiful temple into that ampler ether where a sublime human achievement is made glorious by the greeting of the radiant skies.

Speaking of the slave power, he exclaimed :

"Broken by it, I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just. It shall not deter me. If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world besides, and I, standing up boldly and alone and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequence, before high heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

Here is the key to the peculiar character of Abraham Lincoln. His soul was capable of infinite expansion; and under the inspiration of great opportunity and tremendous responsibility his soul did expand to dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect; but it was a soul whose final majesty, whose ultimate harmonious proportions were never quite

comprehended by men who boasted that they, too, were hewn from the same rough quarry and who flattered themselves that they, too, might have expanded to the same grandeur.

Yet, even these could not hide the fact that Lincoln had been always a being apart—friendly, sociable, kindly, helpful; but singularly, although not offensively, unlike his neighbors. The strength of a giant was the servant of “a heart as big as his arms were long.” Like Garibaldi, the hero of United Italy, he could not bear the sight or sound of needless suffering. Bigger and stronger than any of his companions, he was the gentlest of them all. But the quality of his mind was wholly different from theirs; indeed it was of a quality exceedingly rare in the whole world. Lincoln had marvellous mental eyesight. He looked not so much *at* things as into them. His vision was not only accurate, but penetrating. It was a vision unblurred by his own hasty fancies or his own wishes; and a vision undimmed by prevalent misstatements or current misconceptions; a vision never long perturbed by the sophistries of men skilled to make “the worse appear the better reason.”

Referring once to the declaration of Galileo that a ball dropped and a ball shot from the mouth of a cannon would strike the ground at the same instant, Lincoln said that long before he knew the reasons for it, it seemed to him that it must be so. Like Galileo, he saw the thing before and not merely after it was proved. He saw that the downward pull on both balls must be the same, and that the outward drive of the one had nothing whatever to do with the time of its fall. We may indeed wonder what might have been his career, if, like Michael Faraday, he had first read books of science instead of the Revised Statutes of Illinois or the Commentaries of Blackstone that he found in a pile of rubbish. Fate decreed, however, that this rare quality of penetrative vision should be applied to law and to statecraft—especially to the problems then challenging the thought of the American people. This vision, moreover, was not only penetrative; it was prophetic. He could foresee consequences as distinctly as he could discern realities. It was not pure guessing, when he exclaimed, “This government cannot endure permanently half

GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln

PRESENTED BY THE CITIZENS OF CHICAGO ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN • FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Abraham Lincoln had a giant's strength but he never used it wantonly or selfishly. His convictions were imperishable because he thought clearly, coherently, patiently and fruitfully, and because he had the courage to state them plainly to himself and to others, facing unflinchingly their consequences. He hated cruelty and meanness and cowardice and treachery; he loved and thought righteousness. A patriot without hypocrisy, a statesman without chicanery, a ruler in an awful emergency, he endured much contradiction with magnanimity, ever true to himself and to the right as God gave him to see the right, waiting for the vindication of events which came alas! only after death had stilled his voice and revealed the hidden depths of his nature to an admiring world and a grateful posterity.

Charles J. Little

Facsimile of Manuscript Tribute from Dr. Charles J. Little,
President of Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago

free and half slave." It was a prediction derived from steady and consecutive vision. For genuine logic, like the logic of Euclid which fascinated him, is, after all, a continuous seeing. Given the elements of a situation, the mind watches them as consequence follows consequence in sure and certain revelation. Never to befool oneself about an actual situation and never to befool oneself in reasoning upon it—these are the bases of science, physical and political. And science is the modern almanac, the handbook of prediction. When men like Douglas were attempting to manipulate and thwart the laws of God which determine national destiny, Abraham Lincoln was humbly studying them in the spirit of Galileo and of Francis Bacon.

Daniel Webster once declared that it is wholly unnecessary to re-enact the laws of God. The saying, strictly construed, is true enough, but the implications of it, as Lincoln saw, are utterly false. We need not, indeed, re-enact the laws of God, but our statutes, if they shall work benefit and not disaster, must recognize and conform to them. The laws of God, left to themselves, leave us in impotence, and exposed to hunger, disease and disaster. All our mastery of the physical world depends upon our actively using, not upon our passively submitting to, the laws of the material universe. In this sense every flying locomotive is a re-enactment of the laws of God; so is every telescope that opens to mortal vision the splendors of immensity, and every microscope with which we track to their hiding places the mysteries of life and death. So is every temple that we rear, every bridge that we build, every steamship that we construct, every mill that we erect, and every machine into which we conduct the energy of steam or electricity. The whole progress of civilized man may be measured by the extent to which he has learned in his activities to obey and to employ the laws of God. So, too, in the political world, the great structures that we call commonwealths must, in this sense, be re-enactments of eternal principles. If they are to be beneficent and not malignant, those who create and control them must learn the laws by which alone benign results can be obtained. Constitutions can en-

dures and statutes increase the welfare of the people only as they realize and do not contravene the principles of righteousness and progress. Penetrating to this simple but tremendous truth, Lincoln obtained his vision of the future; his prophetic gaze swept the political horizon and discerned the inevitable.

And this foresight was both profound and far-reaching. In learned information his horizon might be termed a narrow one; but in his grasp of principles and of their ultimate and universal consequences he was broader and deeper than any statesman of his age. The only time I ever saw him was at the flag-raising in Philadelphia, on Washington's birthday, in 1861. I could not hear his voice, so great was the intervening crowd, but the words that I could not hear I have read and pondered often since:

"I never have had a feeling politically," said the predestined martyr for whom assassins even then were lying in wait, "that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence . . . that sentiment . . . which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? . . . If it cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

If this be narrowness of vision, then may God contract the eyes of American statesmen to a similar horizon!

Such was the mind of Abraham Lincoln—a mind that gravitated gladly to the truth of things; a mind that loved light and hated darkness; a mind that found rest only in eternal principles, and inspiration in prophetic visions and exalted political ideals.

Possibly under different surroundings he might have become a renowned scientist; more probably his radiant and steady intellect, united to his great heart would have made him even under other conditions a supreme statesman. For the scientist seeks chiefly for causes and is satisfied to find and to show them; if he concerns himself for beneficent results, as he often does, these are not his principal quest.

He searches for the seeds of things and delights to see them grow. The statesman, on the other hand, seeks first, last, and always the welfare of the people. And Lincoln loved the people, craving their happiness and hating oppression even when it assumed the form of law. Monarchs and oligarchs strive mainly to perpetuate their privileges and to increase their power; even in Republics there be those who usurp free institutions in order to enlarge their wealth and to entrench their tyranny. Lincoln perceived too clearly and felt too keenly the burdens of the common man, ever to become the active or the passive instrument of any power that would abridge his liberties or diminish the opportunities of his children. The Declaration of Independence, so often mentioned in his speeches, he recognized as the embodiment of the principles that determine all political progress. Human governments are sanctioned and favored by Almighty God, so long, and so long only, as they promote the welfare of the people and further the progress of mankind. Directly they become instruments of oppression, or strongholds of tyranny, they provoke the judgments which are righteous altogether, when "the wealth piled up by unrequited toil" shall be sunk in the divine wrath "and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword."

And he recognized himself, humbly and gladly, as a product of the principles that he defended. Freedom had made it possible for his own soul to expand to dimensions not unworthy of its Almighty Architect. One needs only to read the story of modern Italy, of her exiles and her patriots dying in dungeons and upon the scaffold, to see how impossible would have been such a career under the Italian skies. It is enough to make one weep tears of blood to know the tremendous price that the descendants of Dante and of Galileo paid for unity and liberty. And her Garibaldi grew strong in the shelter of our Declaration of Independence. But a poor lad like Abraham Lincoln, even though capable of penetrative, prophetic, and profound vision—a poor lad, awkward in body, homely in features, and unaggressive in disposition, with no capital but his strong arms, his big heart, and his luminous

brain—could expand to proportions worthy of his divine Creator only in the bracing air of freedom and social equality. Nay, he could not have reached these splendid dimensions except in a free State of the American Union—not even in the Kentucky of Henry Clay, or in the Virginia that had ceased to think the thoughts of Thomas Jefferson.

Combined with these rare qualities of mind, Lincoln possessed a gift of exact expression that bordered on the marvelous. His fidelity of speech matched his fidelity of vision. He could say what he saw and make others see what he said. “Well! Speed! I ’m moved!” he exclaimed with laconic humor after carrying his saddle-bags upstairs to his friend’s room. “Judge Douglas has the high distinction of never having said, either that slavery is right, or that slavery is wrong; almost everybody else says one or the other, but the Judge never does.” Such was the sentence with which he transfixed his dodging rival before the astonished people of Illinois.

“Has Douglas the exclusive right to be on all sides of all questions?” he demanded with mock surprise. “Until Judge Douglas gives a better reason than he has offered against the evidence in this case, I suggest to him it will not avail at all that he swells himself up, takes on dignity, and calls people liars. Would you prove a proposition in Euclid false by calling Euclid a liar?” This was his grim reply to his cunning antagonist trying to convert a question of logic into a question of veracity.

To a man exclaiming, “I believe in God Almighty and in Abraham Lincoln,” he gave the instant and inimitable rejoinder, “You ’re more than half right!” And what could surpass the laconic severity of his telegram to General McClellan, “I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam, that fatigues anything?”

“If one man enslaves another, no third man has the right to object!” Into those thirteen words he distilled the malignant meaning of the Dred Scott decision.

“The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy”—such is the terse statement of the First Inaugural, followed by a demonstration as lucid as the proposition.

Galileo used to say that God had written the laws of nature in geometrical characters; Lincoln believed that political principles could be stated with geometrical clearness, and he confronted his adversaries whenever great issues were involved, not by denunciation but by illumination. If he could not show them, he could at least show other people just where they stood and just what they meant.

It is to the enduring honor of the people of Illinois that they were large enough to recognize the expanding dimensions of this strong soul; that when this clear-eyed defender of liberty and union appeared among them their sight was sharp enough to see above him the beckoning hand of Destiny. How long is the tradition to endure that handsome presence and sonorous voice, swollen periods, glittering platitudes, reckless assertions, delusive epigrams, and the sneers of the sophist suffice for popular leadership? They suffice only when the people are unworthy of great statesmen, or when inferior and selfish leaders are unopposed by clear thinking, plain speaking, and intrepid action. They suffice never when a soul expanded by the inspiration of great principles grapples with a spirit so swollen and heated with ambition that it has grown indifferent to the dignity of its Almighty Architect. Douglas was skilled in the arts of plausible address, adroit, audacious, evasive, self-assertive, denunciatory; full of the forms of logic, yet not too careful of the truth. How shrivelled and shrunken he appeared when illuminated by the ever expanding mind of his conqueror! Stripped of his pride, of his self-delusions, of the garments of party leadership for which he had surrendered the cardinal principles of democracy, how small the remnant looked! His antagonist's soul had expanded to a temple of light; his own brain had dwindled to a tabernacle of bewildering inconsistencies. “He bargained with us and then under the stress of a local election his knees gave way; his whole person trembled.” Such was the railing accusation in 1860 of his accuser and fellow bargainer, 'Judah P. Benja-

min. How the accusation degrades them both, even after more than forty years, "He bargained with us and then betrayed us!"

But let us who are assembled here, so near the spot where the dying Douglas gave his parting injunction to his sons, "Defend the Constitution and obey the laws," remember to be just. The charge of Benjamin drips with the bitterness of disappointment and the hatred of a vanquished faction. There was probably no bargain and no betrayal, but as often happens in diplomacy and in political struggles, each faction tried to beat the other and both succeeded. Let us remember, too, the brief but glorious period in which the defeated Douglas, forgetting the past with patriotic magnanimity, rallied promptly and boldly to the support of his former rival, declaring to the whole country that there were left two parties only—the party for, and the party against the Union—thus, like a glorious but beclouded sun, emerging from a darkening storm to flood the horizon with the last rays of his powerful and loyal spirit.

Not Lincoln's mind alone expanded to dimensions worthy of its Almighty Architect, but his whole being took on majesty as he assumed responsibilities and set about a task which to him seemed even greater than that of Washington. His entire administration was a protracted magnanimity. He was great in his forbearance as he was great in his performance. Often tempted to use his strength against men who, like Greeley, assumed an impatient and dictatorial tone; his endurance strained to the breaking point by schemers and place-seekers and the cormorants that batten and fatten in war times upon the miseries of the people; peering anxiously into the skies above him for some token of hope dropped from the hand of God; the Lincoln that once carried the village post-office in his hat bore the destinies of millions upon his mighty heart and expanded to the stature of the suffering saviour of the nation. He mastered his Cabinet with serene self-control; he sustained with matchless generosity the successive commanders of the several armies. Slow to change but swift to praise, with patient vigilance he studied the movements of

the public mind, waiting for it to become the footstool of his great purpose of emancipation, while with the diplomatic skill of an imperturbable wisdom, he averted the perils of a foreign war.

Carl Schurz, in his "Reminiscences," tells us that in 1864:

"It was publicly said that Mr. Lincoln had only one steadfast friend in the Lower House of Congress and few more in the Senate. 'They urge me,' he said to Schurz, 'with almost violent language to withdraw from the contest, although I have been unanimously nominated, in order to make room for a better man. I wish I could. Perhaps some other man might do the business better than I. But I am here and the better man is not here. And if I should step aside to make room for him, it is not at all sure—perhaps not even probable—that he would get here. It is much more likely that the factions opposed to me would fall to fighting among themselves, and that they would get a man whom most of them would not want. God knows I have at least tried very hard to do my duty, to do right to everybody and wrong to nobody. Have the men who accuse me of a lust for power and of doing unscrupulous things to keep myself in office thought of the common cause when trying to break me down? I hope they have.'—Meanwhile, the dusk of evening had set in and when the room was lighted, I thought I saw his sad eyes moist and his rugged features working strangely, as if under a very strong and painful emotion."

Oh, most wonderful and all-wise Congress, so ready always to proclaim its own integrity and spotless virtue! Oh, long-suffering leader of the people, writhing from the taunts and follies of congressional pharisees and disappointed seekers after the spoils of office and the spoils of war!

But let me recall two dates that illuminate each other wonderfully, disclosing the rare quality of Lincoln's magnanimity. On the fifth of August, 1864, when his re-election seemed doubtful and almost hopeless to himself, there appeared in *The New York Tribune* a three-columned manifesto signed by Benjamin F. Wade and H. Winter Davis, two notable leaders of the Republican Party. They had read, "without surprise but not without indignation, the Proclamation of July 8. A more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people," they continued, "has never been perpetrated." They sneeringly inquired "upon what do the President's hopes of abolishing slavery throughout the nation rest?" If he wishes

the support of Congress he must confine himself to his executive duties, and they conclude with ill-concealed malignity, "the supporters of the government should consider the remedy for these usurpations, and having found it, fearlessly execute it." White as my hair has grown, there is blood enough in my heart to heat it with anger, even now, as I recall the gloomy August day of 1864 on which I first read these cruel words. They ought, as we knew long since, never to have been written. They were wrong, utterly wrong, and it was unspeakably mean to publish them when the destiny of the country was trembling in the balance.

Contrast now these self-righteous statesmen—for statesmen they were of no small stature—with the man that they assailed. They were imperilling the nation to satisfy their wounded pride. Lincoln's one thought was to save, to save, to save the Union.

On the twenty-third of August he gave to the members of his Cabinet, sealed, to be opened only after the election, the following memorandum:

"This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reelected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward."

O, gloriously expanded soul! O, temple of the Living God not unworthy of its Almighty Architect! Happy the people whose destinies, in the hour of impending disaster, are entrusted to a heart so big, a mind so clear, a soul so patient and a will so unyielding!

Just forty-eight years ago yesterday, Abraham Lincoln parted from his friends and neighbors, "not knowing," he said, "when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington." And then he added: "Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail." He never returned; only the shattered tenement of him was given back to the people of Springfield. The man himself—his mind, his magnanimous soul, his

patient, resolute, indomitable will, the indestructible Abraham Lincoln—had entered into the hearts of his countrymen and into the memory of the civilized world, there to abide, an energy for political righteousness, so long as freedom and fraternity remain emblazoned upon the banners of human progress.

Remembering this humble reference to “the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended” Washington, is it too much to say that Abraham Lincoln’s soul expanded until it became a temple for Almighty God to dwell in? Much has been written, and for the most part foolishly, about the religion of this martyred man. There be those who are ready to affirm his piety with solemn oaths, and those also who deny it most profanely. Let us consider the matter calmly and with candor. The enduring elements of piety, certainly the essentials of Christian piety, are these—on the one hand, an unconquerable belief in the righteousness of God, united with a steady desire to know and obey his will; on the other hand, an unfaltering belief in sacrifice for others as the only witness of the faith that works by love. Touching these essentials, the prophets of all ages are agreed, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and heterodox. Tried by this standard, Lincoln will appear for all time in word and in deed as a ruler clothed with the beauty of rare and lustrous goodness. And note carefully how his soul “expanded to dimensions worthy of his Almighty Architect.” In 1851, unable to be present with his dying father, he wrote,—

. . . “tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him.”

Writing to his friend Speed, then anxious about the health of his wife, he tells him with a courage possible only to perfect friendship:

“These horrid doubts of her affection for you can be forever removed, and I almost feel that the Almighty has sent your present affliction expressly for that object.”

Writing of Jefferson's principles, he declared, "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it." To Mrs. Gurney he replied in 1862:

"In the very responsible position in which I happen to be placed, being a humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father, as I am, and as we all are, to work out his great purposes, I have desired that all my works and acts may be according to His will, and that it might be so, I have sought His aid; but if, after endeavoring to do my best in the light which He affords me, I find my efforts fail, I must believe that for some purpose unknown to me, He wills it otherwise."

The second day succeeding, he wrote:-

"The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party, and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet."

To the preachers exhorting him "to get God on his side," he replied with sublime rebuke that he was trying to get on God's side. Upon his Emancipation Proclamation he invoked the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God. To the workingmen of Manchester, England, he wrote that "their decisive utterances under the trying circumstances were an instance of Christian heroism not surpassed in any age or in any country." "Let us," he says, in another letter, "diligently apply the means for a speedy, final triumph, never doubting that a just God in His own good time, will give us the rightful result." "Under God" is the phrase that gleams from the final sentence in the Gettysburg Address. "Duly grateful to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion"—so he spoke of his second election—"it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result." And to the widow whose five sons died gloriously on the field of battle, he wrote:

"I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Nor did he serve God in words only. Not until the books of the Recording Angel shall be opened can we know the vigils, the agonies of this sympathetic heart and tireless mind. A man is what he is when alone. And in the solemn agonies of the intervals when politicians ceased to trouble him—his "Gethsemanes" he called them—prayer and meditation strengthened the high resolves that made it possible to fulfill his destiny. The fierce light that beats upon a living ruler blinds the observer's eyes. There is a nobler splendor, the light that follows after death, when falsehoods vanish and the truth comes forth; then the noble deeds performed in secret are openly proclaimed, and the motives that guided the hero in the crises of a sublime career shine out in perfect revelation; then the walls of the inner chamber become transparent and the patriot wrestling with his God is seen upon his knees; then the clouds of criticism and of calumny are dispersed and the dawning judgment of posterity makes the path of the just to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. So when Lincoln fell and shook the whole earth in his falling, that which he hoped for in his First Inaugural came to pass in larger meaning, for then indeed "the better angels of our nature" touched "the mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land" of which this martyred President was God's chosen saviour and his accepted sacrifice. Then the defeated sections even began to understand him and to embrace the form and figure of his mind. For the clouds which had obscured his image in the smoke of battle now faded away forever in the revelation of the meaning and motives of his conduct.

No wonder, therefore, that his final utterances fall upon us with such benignity; that they seem more like the solemn music of infinite wisdom, and of infinite tenderness, than like the speech of mortal man. Did some still, small voice within

him tell him that he, too, must be a victim of that partisan malignity which he had never shared and never fostered, that it would be a part of the punishment allotted to his people that he should be taken from them, even before the mighty work was done and when as yet the need of him was very great? Brother Americans, we can repair that great loss only by entering into his spirit—not by statues of marble or bronze; not, God help us, by reshaping the image of him until it dwindles into something like ourselves; but by reshaping ourselves, our own souls, until they resemble his in its expansive power and ultimate nobility.

If he could return from that bourne—from which, alas! the sages come not back to bring us wisdom—and frequent for a while the Union that he saved, how we should crowd around him! What honors and what eulogies would we not heap upon his transfigured form! But after we had told him proudly of our territorial expansion, of our enormous wealth, of our splendid cities with their monumental buildings soaring towards the skies, of our flag, the symbol everywhere of a new world-power, of our great industries and our colossal fortunes, I think I hear him ask, But what of your men? Do their “souls expand to dimensions not unworthy of their Almighty Architect?” Are they inspired by principles that enlarge them to divine proportions? What about the Declaration of Independence? Are its principles denied and evaded as they used to be, or are they cherished and lived up to and exalted? Are its ideas of free government applied, or are they being supplanted by those of class and caste and special privilege? Are you deceived by forms and sonorous phrases? By men who talk liberty and mean slavery? By men who adore the Constitution with their lips while their hearts are far from it? Do you fancy, I hear him ask, that because you call no man duke or king, you are, therefore, free and independent owners of yourselves? That because you offer no man openly a crown, you are sovereign citizens and self-governing communities? Have you not yet learned the difference between the forms and the power of self-government? What about your worship of the Constitution? There were men in my

time who adored it in their speech and who were yet doing their utmost to pervert it and to destroy its value. Have the enemies of social justice revived the old diabolical trick of interpreting it to defend oppression, or have the people mastered the divine art of reading it in the light of its sublime intention "to form a more perfect Union and to promote the general welfare?" And what about your Legislatures, State and national? Have they improved with your material progress? Are statutes carefully prepared and wisely considered? Do they enact the laws of God or the will of some powerful interest? Do they conform to immutable principles of political wisdom, or are hirelings and demagogues, misguided incompetents and ambitious leaders, all wearing the livery of freedom, still telling you that you can evade and thwart and even nullify with impunity the principles of righteousness and equity? Have your political leaders eyes, and can they see? Have they brains and can they reason? Or do they darken counsel with a multitude of words? Or shelter themselves in cowardly silence? Have they principles for which they are ready to be assassinated, or have they principles only for platforms or parade or purchase?

Fixing upon us those piercing and melancholy eyes, he would warn us to learn wisdom in the time of our power and our wealth and our opportunity, lest we, too, provoke the righteous judgment of God upon ourselves and our posterity. He would remind us with pathetic solemnity that all the miseries of those terrible years in which he suffered for us came from judicial blindness, from the sacrifice of conscience and truth and freedom of speech, to avarice and ambition and the lust of power; and, lifting his hand to the "Almighty Architect" of his own expanded and transfigured soul, he would call upon us all "to here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation . . . shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE LITERARY SIDE OF LINCOLN

DR. BERNARD J. CIGRAND

WHEN the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth was brought to the attention of our citizens, the idea of having other than a mere one-day celebration was thought impossible; experience had taught the great dailies that a week's festival would result in failure. Some ventured to suggest that two days, if carefully planned, might meet with hearty response, and others referred to the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as a safe guide in the Lincoln memorial occasion—the Washington exercises lasting two days and only then having received impetus from exhibition of tokens and relics of the Revolution. Your presence here attests, after seven days' and nights' celebration, that the editors, too, can be mistaken and fail to accurately judge the public feeling. Hundreds of exercises during these hours have been rendered, and this august assemblage, crowding every available space, standing throughout a long programme, showing no tedium after listening to a lengthy discourse—one long to be remembered for its brilliant and poetic elements—all this demonstrates in a most emphatic manner that the American love of patriotism, and the reverence for her distinguished heroes, has not faltered. No! For this gathering witnesses that our regard for our founders and our esteem for our defenders grows stronger and more sturdy as the years creep on; that we of this day have awakened to a higher appreciation of him who led the citizens on to victory; that we more eagerly attest our love for the great loyalty of the adopted son of the Prairie State—Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was so great, so noble, so grand, and so peerless a man that no man living, no matter how eloquent may be his tongue—no man living, no matter how gifted with the

pen—no artist, regardless of his dexterity with the brush—no sculptor, notwithstanding the genius of his handicraft—will be able to portray, describe, paint or chisel that life-likeness of Lincoln, which his diverse and varied features and changing countenance evolved. It is not in the power of this generation—it is not within the scope of a now living individual, to give the correct and proper face or figure of this Giant of the West. Some day in the distant future, when we of this day are all gone, a child will be born—perhaps a boy, maybe a girl—who will brush away the prejudices of to-day's history, sweep aside the severe criticisms of the press, cast to the winds the jealousies of geographical sections, and with the unfailing lamp of Truth and the unerring pen of Justice bring from out of this mingled darkness a beautiful, clear, and truly living soul, of which the world in its calm judgment will proclaim, "It is our Lincoln!"

All has not been told of Lincoln. There yet remain some few trifling elements untouched—here and there a fibre of his kindness and a stray thought of his literary evolution is left untold. While Shakespeare and the Bible were the literary treasures of his frugal home, he also possessed a copy of Robert Burns—the poetic singer of nature—the "Longfellow of the British Isles"; but the volume which contributed patriotic fervor to the youth Lincoln, a book which, while it may not be the equal of Shakespeare for English, nor of the Bible for philosophy, yet is without equal in the portrayal of our form of liberty and our understanding of government—the "Life of General George Washington." Let me relate how Lincoln came to have this splendid work. A neighboring farmer had this great treasure, and Lincoln who had early read all the books within the meagrely supplied vicinity, gathered courage and asked the privilege of reading this copy. It was a Weems's "Washington." With what eagerness he mastered its pages—with what studiousness he learned the meanings of the difficult words! Our imagination only can supply this picture. It may be of interest to know that hardly had he finished the reading when, by an unforeseen element, the book was practically destroyed. The Lincoln home, as we all know, was a mere

cabin—the naked earth as its floor—with a roof so poorly constructed that both the sunshine and the rain visited the inmates at pleasure. Well, one night when young Abraham was asleep, a terrible rainstorm came on, and its watery elements dripped, drove, and drizzled through the roof and completely soaked the favorite volume, the Weems's "Washington." When Abe arose he beheld what the storm had done, and with a heavy heart and eyes filled with tears he called to see the neighbor to explain how unforeseen and terrible the storm had been. When he came to the farmer he approached him with fear and trembling, but with a candid manner related his sorrow. The farmer could well see that the storm had been severe; he also knew the frailty of the Lincoln cabin, and everywhere were the symbols of storm visitation. "But," said the farmer, "that is not the condition in which I gave you the book and I will not accept it in that ruined and dilapidated form." Immediately the embarrassed lad spoke up, "Well, what can I do to adjust this injury? In what way can I right this wrong, and how am I able to show you I mean to do right?" Abraham stood expectant. The farmer gazed into his tear-filled eyes, and then came the farmer's reply, "That book is worth six bits"—or seventy-five cents—"and if you will come and work for me for five or more days, you can keep the book; it's of no account to me in that ugly shape." Eagerly and with inspiration the youth spoke up, "Oh! you are so kind! You can have me a week or ten days. I will be very glad to repay you with my labor." The next day at sunrise young Abe stood at the farmer's door. He toiled for him four days from the break of day till darkness stopped his hands—eagerly, anxiously, and willingly. He worked, dreaming of his great and unexpected conquest. He would own that "Life of Washington." He could then follow more closely its true purpose. The farmer, seeing with what joyful and happy tenor he prosecuted the task, said, on the fourth night, "You have labored faithfully; you have done the work satisfactorily and you need not come any more. I feel you have fully paid for the 'Washington.'" The terrible storm had left in its wake a treasure, the "Life

of Washington," and with renewed effort the student Lincoln resumed the happy opportunity of getting still closer to the great life of the leader of the colonial patriots.

Another feature in the life of Lincoln which influenced his literary taste and shaped his destiny as a God-fearing citizen was the death of his beloved mother. While he was yet a lad of less than ten, she lay ill at the poorly furnished home—no doctor to minister to her needs, no neighbors to comfort or care for her. One day as the close of her life was approaching, she called the dear son to her side and said, "Abraham, your mother will never rise from this cot. I am going to leave you. I am about to die." Claspings her slender arms about his childish form she continued, "Be kind to your little sister Sarah and take the Bible as your guide through life, and God will watch over your dear soul." The mother died and the stricken boy was beyond comforting. He sobbed, he cried, and in anguish resigned himself to the loss of this tender mother. He and his father went into the deep woods, chopped down a tree, and prepared a rude coffin for her dead form. They alone—without neighbors, without ceremony, and without sympathizing relatives—laid her tenderly in her grave at the foot of a tall sycamore tree. The winds moaned the dirge, the birds sang the requiem, and the heart of the lad felt the solemnity of the sermon of Nature. Oh! he loved his mother dearly; he revered her memory daily; and in sunshine revery, or in midnight dreams he saw that beautiful mother's face. He pined that no sacred hymns were chanted at her grave. He regretted that their poverty forbade even the presence of a minister, and he could not forget that she had deserved so much and received so little. In the height of childish resolution he prepared to have a minister come from some distant part to preach a sermon, or say at least o'er her dead body the "Lord's Prayer."

Finally, after considerable trials and hardship, he managed to induce a clergyman who lived something over a hundred miles away to come and pay this final tribute to the departed mother. New life came to him after this debt of

respect was paid. He read the Bible, and from it, especially from the New Testament, he drank in with unquenchable thirst the new philosophy of the Scriptures. These words, and in this beautifully clothed form, lent new ideals to him, and here he found the essence of so much which he so freely referred to in later years. This new drift—this biblical literature—came into his life as a request of a dying mother. That he held her advice dear and that he profited by it, let us take his own words as the best of proof. For when he had reached the zenith of his career he paid motherhood the highest, most sublime and eloquent tribute to be found in our language, when he said, "All I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

The boy possessed, too, a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," and from its splendid English he learned the smooth and soothing diction of the great John Bunyan; in these writings he learned to appreciate the truth of the supremacy of justice and the everywhere-applicable principles of moderation coupled with righteousness.

Lincoln was indeed a remarkable combination of literary influences, and it must not, on an occasion like this, seem the glory of the North alone, that he lived. Lincoln was in truth a Southerner by both birth and training, but a Northerner by both sentiment and principle. His parents, both paternal and maternal, were of Southern extraction and he was shaped in his love for liberty by Southern writers, Southern orators, and Southern statesmen, who possessed the broad and patriotic national love. He read Washington, and there learned of the evolution of American freedom; he studied and admired Thomas Jefferson, whose unanswerable statement that "All men are born equal" became the very foundation stone of our national fabric, the very substance of the Lincoln campaign. This eminent advocate of universal privilege, was a Virginian. The master-mind of the Constitutional Convention, James Madison, was one of his ideals, and he too came from Virginia. Then there was Patrick Henry who preceded all others in his defiance of tyranny for liberty. He too came from the old Dominion, and when

the National Constitution was put into operation with all its uncertain constructions and its innumerable undefined meanings, it was a Virginian of unequalled legal sagacity and remarkable discernment, who gave direction to that instrument. This man, who more than any other living statesman stamped the correct seal upon our national destiny, was the scholar, patriot, and ever-famed John Marshall of Virginia. Thus Southerners of a national spirit practically shaped our Lincoln for the superhuman task of saving the Union of States. Their writings, their eloquent words, and clear documents of state prepared Lincoln to appreciate the oratorical efforts of Webster and Hayne in their fiery contests for their respective sections; and, when the great cloud of secession came on the horizon, none in the broad land was more capable of seeing hope or seeing light in the scenes of war about to take effect. We have just celebrated his matchless debates with the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, and we are still filled with admiration for his cool, collected, and logical arguments in favor of the Constitution and Union of the forefathers. He demonstrated to an expectant general public that while he might not be generally known, he nevertheless was generally informed. The Douglas defeat which brought to the surface the literary ability of Lincoln was the beginning of much distress for him. He was sought as the presidential candidate, and to permit the far East to enjoy itself, some editors proposed to invite Lincoln to New York "and let us hear what this backwoodsman knows of the Constitution." Every one was asked to come to the Cooper Union speech. "It will be a rare treat," they wrote. "Lincoln is a queer fellow; his clothes are shabby, ill-fitting, and his long hair unkempt. But come out to see him; this ungainly lawyer when he walks down Broadway in his unstyled suit, will bring hysteria to all New York."

Yes, he brought hysteria to old New York, but of a far different kind than they had expected. He came to the gathering. He was introduced to a curiously interested audience. He stood in an ungainly manner; his face seemed

all bones, and homely; his hair did hang carelessly about his head, and his deeply sunken eyes hid behind shaggy eyebrows. The crowds scanned him critically. The editors had painted him in proper hues, and in truth they would be entertained in a novel and most odd fashion. Lincoln, from the first sentence, seemed to arouse laughter; he gained their attention, and as he progressed in the vivid description of the evolution, construction, and meaning of the Declaration of Independence, supplemented by his graphic analysis of the basic law of the land—our Constitution—he awakened hearty response. The hearers were amazed at his language; they were spellbound by his clinching arguments; they eagerly drank in the eloquence and all forgot his physical pose. They now saw the real man. With flush of cheek, the brow symbolizing intelligence, the eyes aglow with fires of truth, and in all a giant of the rostrum, amid storms of applause he stood defending the heritage of from Lexington to Yorktown.

The Gettysburg Address, this day presented to the Chicago Public Library, is on copper, and, like the metal upon which it is embossed, will not corrode in our memory. It is doubtless one of our truly American literary pearls. The occasion upon which Lincoln gave it, has features which appeal to us all. The terrible Battles of Gettysburg—fought on July 1, 2, and 3, of '63—brought sorrow to more homes than any battle in modern times. Thirty-four thousand wearing the gray and twenty-three thousand clothed in the blue died in the struggle to rear their beloved colors—in anguish, in madness, and in superhuman defiance, died in defence of their flag. About a hundred days later the nation dedicated on this battlefield a cemetery. The occasion was memorable; hundreds of thousands of the admiring living would be there to witness the event, and the most distinguished orator in all the land was invited to deliver the address of the day. The orator, Edward Everett, was chosen, and the day of dedication at hand, when one of the Committee perchance thought of inviting Abraham Lincoln to be present; some other venturesome committeemen ventured the suggestion that Lincoln be asked to make a talk. This fell on approving ears. The



Statue of Abraham Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, 1887
(Located at the south end of Lincoln Park, Chicago)



Statue of Abraham Lincoln by Augustus St. Gaudens

Statue of Abraham Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, 1907

1A 2 (10) The South Side of Chicago, to be erected by the Trustees of the Crerar Fund. Not yet unveiled. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Crerar Fund

objection quickly came, "He will hardly expect that, and moreover, before such an august audience he will not be heard, and we want this to be the occasion of master-effort oratory." The people gathered. The great and eminent were present. Lincoln had finally been invited; but he was allowed to understand that the eminent, the distinguished and flowery Edward Everett, would be expected to consume such time as he desired. The far-famed orator from New England was introduced. He proceeded with all the knowledge of oratory to gather the auditory admiration; he was painting beautiful scenes; he was designing carefully studied equations of eloquence; he was delving into ancient history, bringing to the surface the beauties of the ruins of the old world, and seemed in a serene atmosphere of all that was rhetorical—learned, scholarly, and poetic. His discourse lasted one hour and a half, and the assemblage had truly heard a great man. Then the humble, the somewhat shunned President of the United States was introduced. He calmly, yet with a depth of sadness never equalled, came forward. His bowed head was weary of the strife; his eyes had wept bitter tears of sorrow; his noble soul had suffered untold agonies during the days that Gettysburg resounded with cannonading. He stood erect, and, in a majestic and almost divine attitude, began that grand summary of our history. His Address lasted just four minutes, during which time he pictured plainly the settlement period, then the Revolutionary epoch, then the Constitutional career of this great nation. He followed up with the struggle at Gettysburg; reassured the living and the martyred that the dead had not died in vain; climaxed the scene with renewed devotion to liberty, and proclaimed the everlasting reign of our freedom. The world little remembers what Everett said that day. His logic, his conclusions, and all the bright colors of that canvas have darkened and almost faded away; but the living shades from the eloquent lips of Lincoln—they live—they will continue to grow more clearly and take on their true harmonies as the days enter the portals of our eastern shores, the youth of the land eagerly drink in their meaning;

and the best and most unselfish history of the United States can be seen in the words of the Gettysburg Address.

This one Address stamps Lincoln as a master of our language—makes him a part of the literary galaxy of our land. His constant faith in books and his ever-willingness to make them his companions lends reason for my classing him as a literary product. He had no teachers and his greatness rested on his book foundations. He believed in books and loved them; he pronounced them his “unfailing and unfaltering friends.” When all was dark and gloomy and even hope seemed madness; when senators could not be trusted; when representatives deceived him; when generals deserted the cause; when diplomats in the foreign lands traitorously lent the Confederacy aid; and when even his own Cabinet was disloyal to him personally—then he would steal into the library of the White House and bury himself in the depths of some favorite prose or poetry. His poetic nature naturally sought relief in quietude, and his choice lines from Knox were thoroughly expressive of his broad and democratic nature. The lines he most loved were:

“The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter’d around and together be laid;
And the young and the old and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust yet together shall lie.”

Then he would emerge from the book-world with new hopes, with new life, and with renewed fortitude, and assume his stern and oath-bound duty.

Lincoln was the happy embodiment of the typically national American; he seemed to possess that peculiar requisite which the times demanded, and was well equipped and thoroughly prepared mentally and physically to endure those hardships, and triumph over almost unsurmountable obstacles. We all love Abraham Lincoln. His very name brings warmth to our hearts. His life was exemplary of loyalty and his name is inscribed high on the rolls of fame. While he was a farmer, he does not belong to them; though a lawyer, yet the attorneys can not claim him; though he fought with the North, yet he

does not seem our own. He can not be claimed a full possession by even the entire Union. Lincoln has grown, and endeared himself, and now belongs to the entire liberty-loving world.

THE FREEPORT DEBATE

GEN. SMITH D. ATKINS

I AM to speak about that which it appears to me happened only yesterday—the joint debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, at Freeport, August 27, 1858.

I want you to remember these two things: The Missouri Compromise of 1820, that excluded slavery by an Act of Congress from the Territories, was repealed in 1854; the Dred Scott case was decided by the Supreme Court in 1856, and that Court decided that slavery was recognized in the Constitution of the United States, and went into all the Territories, and everywhere that the Constitution was supreme, there being no power that could exclude it, legislative, executive or judicial; and that therefore the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, the Free State Constitution of Illinois of 1818, the Missouri Compromise of 1820, were null and void so far as the question of slavery was concerned. These were the burning questions discussed.

Mr. Lincoln arrived in Freeport from Mendota about nine o'clock in the morning, and went to his room in the Brewster House. There was no conference of leading Republicans as to the course Mr. Lincoln should pursue, nothing of the kind. All discussion appeared to come about purely by accident—the door of Mr. Lincoln's room wide open, people coming and going as they chose.

The subject under discussion when I entered the room was the solemn manner of Mr. Lincoln's oratory in the first of the series of joint debates at Ottawa, on August 21, all present who engaged in the conversation urging Lincoln to drop his solemn style of argument and tell stories, as did Tom Corwin, of Ohio, and "catch the crowd."

Mr. Lincoln appeared greatly amused, and said very little,

but after a while he drew from his pocket a list of questions that he had carefully prepared and which he proposed to ask Mr. Douglas. The reading of those questions created a storm of opposition on the part of nearly everyone present, especially the second question, "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?" Nearly all present urged that Mr. Douglas would answer that under his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty," any Territory could by "unfriendly legislation" exclude slavery, and Mr. Douglas would "catch the crowd" and beat Mr. Lincoln as a candidate for United States Senator from Illinois.

Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, and with wonderful patience, while those arguments were urged against the course he proposed to pursue, but finally, he slowly and deliberately replied in substance—and in his own words as nearly as I can now remember them—"Well, as to my changing my style of argument, I will not do that—the subject is too solemn and important. That is settled. Now as to the other point—I don't know how Mr. Douglas will answer; if he answers that the people of a Territory cannot exclude slavery, I will beat him; but if he answers as you say he will, and as I believe he will, he may beat me for Senator, but he will never be President."

Mr. Lincoln did, in the joint debate in the afternoon, ask Judge Douglas the question that had been the subject of so much discussion, and Douglas did answer, as all said that he would, and as Lincoln believed that he would, and Douglas *did* beat Lincoln as a candidate for Senator from Illinois. But in making that answer Douglas put himself in direct opposition to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, and he so offended the Democrats of the South that they instantly denounced him. That answer made by Douglas to Lincoln's question in Freeport, on August 27, 1858, split the Democratic National Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860, and as Lincoln had predicted, made the election of Douglas as President impossible.

The popular opinion was and is, that it made Lincoln so well known throughout the country as to result in his own nomination and election as President of the United States.

Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas had long been rivals, but, by his superior ability as a debater, Mr. Lincoln at Freeport, August 27, 1858, passed his rival and went onward to the presidency, the goal of political ambition which Mr. Douglas never reached.

And when Mr. Lincoln became President and read his wonderful Inaugural Address, it was Stephen A. Douglas who stood by his side and held his hat. I heard Senator Douglas say in Springfield, in April, 1861, "The time has come when there can be but two parties in this country, patriots and traitors." He was as loyal as was Mr. Lincoln. And, better still, the Douglas Democrats of Illinois—and, better than that, the Douglas Democrats throughout all the loyal North—were as loyal as their loyal leader. Shortly afterward the great Senator died. Mr. Lincoln lived longer—lived to conduct successfully the suppression of the greatest rebellion in history, and when the sunlight of complete victory filled all the land with joy, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated.

Sometimes I almost despair of the Republic. Three of the Presidents in my short lifetime have so met death by assassination. Why it was that the good Lord God Almighty permitted it, I do not understand. God's ways are not our ways. We dare not criticise. We must submit. Standing by the bedside of Mr. Lincoln when he died was his great War Secretary, Stanton, who said, "Now he belongs to the ages. Name his name once more—Abraham Lincoln—then leave it in undying glory forever shining on in history."

TWO MOMENTOUS MEETINGS

MAJ.-GEN. FREDERICK DENT GRANT

I FEEL deeply honored that you have called upon me on this interesting occasion, but I have great modesty in speaking to you here, in the presence of these many distinguished and gifted orators, and while I appreciate the compliment you pay me, I fully realize that it is not myself personally whom you wish to hear, but that I am being welcomed as the son of Ulysses S. Grant, who served his country faithfully, with Abraham Lincoln, and who loyally loved our martyred President, revering his memory throughout his life; it is the descendant of Lincoln's friend and compatriot whom you call upon for a few words.

This hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln is an occasion which the people of the United States honor themselves in celebrating, and they should, in my opinion, keep forever green the memory of this great American statesman and patriot by making the annual anniversary of his birth a national holiday.

It was my great good fortune to be with my father, close at his side, much of the time during the Civil War, when I had the opportunity of seeing and listening to many of the noble and distinguished men who were loyally serving their country during that great struggle; thus I had the honor and happiness of seeing and meeting our revered and martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

In looking back to those dark days of the Civil War, I have distinct personal recollections of the first two meetings between President Lincoln and my father, General U. S. Grant. These two occasions seem to my mind the most momentous and memorable in the history of our nation, as these meetings

marked the beginning of the end of our great struggle for the existence of our nation.

The principal and determined efforts of President Lincoln's administration were directed to the preservation of the Union, which, naturally, could not be accomplished without the success of the Union armies in the field. Up to the Spring of 1864 the progress of the Civil War had not been satisfactory to the people of the North, and little success had been accomplished except in the victories at Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga.

After the Campaign of Chattanooga, the President and the people of the United States turned impulsively to General Grant as the leader of the Union Armies, and a bill was introduced in Congress reviving for him the grade of Lieutenant-General, which grade had died with Washington (though Scott had held it by brevet). The enthusiastic members of the House of Representatives received the bill with applause. They made no concealment of their wishes, and recommended Grant by name for the appointment of Lieutenant-General. The bill passed the House by a two-thirds majority; and the Senate, with only six dissenting votes.

President Lincoln seemed impatient to put Grant in this high grade, and said he desired to do so to relieve himself from the responsibilities of managing the military forces. He sent the nomination to the Senate, and General Grant, who was at Nashville, received an order from the Secretary of War, to report in person at Washington. In compliance with this order, he left Chattanooga on March 5, for Washington, taking with him some members of his staff. My father allowed me to accompany him there, I having been with him during the Vicksburg campaign and at Donelson. We reached Washington in the afternoon of March 7, and went direct to Willard's Hotel. After making our toilets, my father took me with him to the hotel dining-room. There I remember seeing at the table next to where we were seated, some persons who seemed curious, and who began to whisper to each other. After several moments one of the gentlemen present attracted attention by pounding on the table with

his knife, and when silence was secured, arose and announced to the assembled diners that he had "the honor to inform them, that General Grant was present in the room with them." A shout arose, "Grant! Grant! Grant!" People sprang to their feet wild with excitement, and three cheers were proposed, which were given with wild enthusiasm. My father arose and bowed, and the crowd began to surge around him; after that, dining became impossible and an informal reception was held for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, but as there seemed to be no end to the crowd assembling, my father left the dining-room and retired to his apartments. All this scene was most vividly impressed upon my youthful mind.

Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, ex-Secretary of War, soon called at Willard's Hotel for my father, and accompanied him, with his staff, to the White House, where President and Mrs. Lincoln were holding a reception.

As my father entered the drawing-room door at the White House, the other visitors fell back in silence, and President Lincoln received my father most cordially, taking both his hands, and saying, "I am most delighted to see you, General." I myself shall never forget this first meeting of Lincoln and Grant. It was an impressive affair, for there stood the Executive of this great nation, welcoming the Commander of its armies. I see them now before me—Lincoln, tall, thin, and impressive, with deeply lined face, and his strong sad eyes—Grant, compact, of good size, but looking small beside the President, with his broad, square head and compressed lips, decisive and resolute. This was a thrilling moment, for in the hands of these two men was the destiny of our country. Their work was in coöperation, for the preservation of our great nation, and for the liberty of men. They remained talking together for a few moments, and then General Grant passed on into the East Room with the crowd which surrounded and cheered him wildly, and all present were eager to press his hand. The guests present forced him to stand upon a sofa, insisting that he could be better seen by all. I remember that my father, of whom they wished to make a hero, blushed most modestly at these enthusiastic attentions,

all present joining in expressions of affection and applause. Soon a messenger reached my father calling him back to the side of Mrs. Lincoln, and with her he made a tour of the reception rooms, followed by President Lincoln, whose noble, rugged face beamed with pleasure and gratification.

When an opportunity presented itself for them to speak privately, President Lincoln said to my father, "I am to formally present you your commission to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and knowing, General, your dread of speaking, I have written out what I have to say, and will read it; it will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soothe the feeling of jealousy among the officers, and be encouraging to the nation." Thus spoke this great and noble peacemaker to the general who so heartily coincided with him in sentiments and work for union and peace.

When the reception was over at the White House, my father returned to Willard's Hotel, where a great crowd was again assembled to greet him and remained with him until a late hour of the night. After the crowd had dispersed, my father sat down and wrote what he intended to say the following day in receiving his commission promoting him to the Lieutenant-Generaley and to the command of the Union armies.

Father proceeded to the White House a few minutes before ten o'clock the next morning, permitting me to accompany him. Upon arriving there, General Grant and his staff were ushered into the President's office, which I remember was the room immediately above what is now known as the Red Room of the Executive Mansion. There the President and his Cabinet were assembled, and after a short and informal greeting, all standing, the President faced General Grant, and from a sheet of paper read the following:

"GENERAL GRANT: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States.

"With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will

sustain you. I scarcely need add, that with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

My father, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper containing the words that he had written the night before, read quietly and modestly, to the President and his Cabinet:

"MR. PRESIDENT: I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

President Lincoln seemed to be profoundly happy, and General Grant deeply gratified. It was a supreme moment when these two patriots shook hands, in confirming the compact that was to finish our terrible Civil War and to save our united country, and to give us a nation without master and without a slave.

From the time of these meetings, the friendship between the President and my father was most close and loyal. President Lincoln seemed to have absolute confidence in General Grant, and my father always spoke of the President with the deepest admiration and affection. This affection and loyal confidence was maintained between them until their lives ended.

I feel deeply grateful to have been present when these two patriots met, on the occasion when they loyally promised one another to preserve the Union at all costs. I preserve always, as a treasure in my home, a large bronze medallion which was designed by a distinguished artist at the request of the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, upon the happy termination of our great Civil War, and which is a beautiful work of art. Upon this bronze medallion are three faces, in relief, with the superscription: "Washington the Father, Lincoln the Saviour, and Grant the Preserver"—emblematic of a great and patriotic trinity.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH

HON. J. M. DICKINSON

WHAT I say will carry no significance, if I voice merely my personal sentiments, though they accord entirely with the spirit that prompted this memorial, and pervades this assembly. But in what esteem the South holds the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln is of national interest. All present should with sincere solemnity unite in honoring him, who is and always will be regarded as one of the world's immortals, and there should be no note of discord in the grand diapason which swells up from a grateful people in this Centennial Celebration. I would have stayed away, if I could not heartily respond to the spirit of the occasion; and would not speak in the representative character implied by an introduction as a "Voice from the South," if I did not believe that what I will say is a true reflection of the feelings and judgment of those who have the best right to be regarded as sponsors for the South. I recall as vividly as if it were to-day, when, in 1860, a messenger, with passionate excitement, dashed up to our school in Mississippi, the State of Jefferson Davis, and proclaimed that Abraham Lincoln was elected. The Brides of Enderby did not ring out in more dismal tones, or carry a greater shock to the hearts of the people. We had passed through a political campaign unsurpassed in bitterness. The true Lincoln had not been fully revealed, and had been transformed in the South—as the great protagonist of the South was transformed in the North—by the heat of the fiercest controversy that our country had ever experienced.

In the youthful imagination stirred to its highest pitch by the explosive sentiment of the times, without the corrective of mature judgment, Lincoln's name was invested with such terrors as the Chimæra inspired in the children of Lycia. A

wave of emotions, feelings of indignation, commingled with a vague sense of impending evil, swept over us. Our souls mirrored the spirit of the times and its environment. From that day to the surrender at Appomattox, we would not have regretted the death of Lincoln any more than did the people of the North the fall of Stonewall Jackson. The War was protracted. There was time for revision of impressions. Sorrow in Protean forms, that pervaded every household, and, like the croaking raven, seemed as if it would never more depart, attuned their souls to an appreciation that those in the high tide of happiness and prosperity can never fully have, of facts that revealed a gentle spirit and a heart that was womanly in its tenderness, and in its sympathies commensurate with human suffering. Amid the pæans of victory, sorrows over defeat, the times of hope, the periods of despair, congratulations to the victorious living, dirges for the dead; in the gloomy intervals, all too short, when they were not sustained by the excitement of battle, there drifted in stories of generous acts, soft words, and brotherly sentiments from him whom they had regarded as their most implacable enemy. They came to know that his heart was a stranger to hatred, that he was willing to efface himself if his country might be exalted, and that his love for the Union surpassed all other considerations.

They were profoundly impressed, when, at his Second Inaugural—a time when it was apparent that the Confederacy was doomed—he said :

“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.”

With this favorable condition for responsive sentiment, the scene changed. Appomattox came, and then in quick sequence a total surrender. A civilization which developed some qualities of splendor and worth never surpassed—a civilization allied with an institution which all other Christian countries

had freed themselves of, and subsequently condemned, but which the South, with its conditions and environments, could not at once, without precipitating an immeasurable catastrophe, abolish—fell into financial, social, and political ruin as complete as that which overwhelmed the people of Messina.

The world did not spontaneously comfort them with tender words and overwhelm them with generous aid. Foreign nations dared not offend the triumphant flag. Potential voices at the North rang out fiercely for a bloody assize. Then it was that the great patriot, undazzled by success, untouched by the spirit of revenge, moved by generous sympathies, with the eye of a seer, looked beyond the passions of the times, saw the surest way for consolidating this people into a Union of hearts as well as of States, and, stretching out his commanding arm over the turbulent waters, said, "Peace, be still."

The magnanimous terms granted to their surrendered soldiers convinced the Southern people that Lincoln, having accomplished by force of arms the great work of saving the union of the States, would consecrate himself with equal devotion to the no less arduous and important work, for the endurance of our national life, of rehabilitating the seceding States, restoring to effective citizenship those who had sought to establish an independent government, and bringing them back to the allegiance which they had disavowed. There was a new estimate by the Southern people of his character and motives. They learned that he was not inspired by personal ambition, that he was full of the spirit of abnegation, even to the point of self-abasement, that he did not exult over them in victory, but sorrowed with those in affliction, that his heart was always responsive to distress, his soul full of magnanimity, and that he was filled with a patriotism which held in its loving embrace our entire country. With this new aspect in which he was regarded by our people, I well remember where I stood, and the consternation that filled all faces, when his assassination was announced. I will not say that some fierce natures, that some of the thoughtless, did not exult. But, as a witness of the times, I testify that there was general manifestation of sorrow and indignation. I would not convey the im-

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

Abraham Lincoln was
of those rare men who
not only rise to preeminence
in, but are the most
potent factors in making,
peak eras.

That he was truly great,
and that his fame
will endure, have been
settled beyond repeal
by the deliberate judgment
of the world.

He has the unique dis-
tinction of receiving the
tribute of general and
unspoken sentiments of
respect admiration and
good will, and that
within forty four years
from his death, from

those whose dearest
hopes he of all others
wrought most to destroy.
That this feeling of the
South toward Mr. Lincoln
should exist at this day is a
tribute both to his great
character, ability, humanity,
gentleness and patriotism,
and the sense of justice,
breadth of judgment, and
independence of thought of
the Southern people, who
fought for a principle, accep-
ted the result of war, and
have the magnanimity to
appreciate and to show their
appreciation of a great worth
even though ~~lost~~ exemplified
in one who opposed their
most cherished hopes.

J. M. Dickinson

June 7. 1869

pression that it was an exponent of such feeling for Lincoln as went out from the people of the North. That would have been as unnatural at that time, as it would have been ignoble to rejoice over his suffering, or approve the dastardly act that laid him low. It came partly from such chivalric spirit as that which evoked the lament of Percy over the fallen Douglas at Chevy Chase. It came also from a realization of their own condition—the sense of an impending storm, charged with destructive thunderbolts forged by political hatred, and launched by those who would humiliate them, grind their very faces to the earth, make their slaves taskmasters over them, and if possible expatriate them and divide their substance—and the belief that Abraham Lincoln, who had been the leader in the fierce contest between the States, alone so held the affections and confidence of the Northern people that he could speedily “bind up the nation’s wounds” and “achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves.”

Nearly forty-four years have passed since that woeful event. I stood on Decoration Day by the monument erected in Oakwoods Cemetery—mainly by the contributions of Northern people—to the memory of the unknown Confederate soldiers who yielded up their lives as prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, and saw the Illinois soldiery fire over those who fought for the Stars and Bars the same salute that was fired over those who fought for the Stars and Stripes. Within a short time there will be unveiled on the capitol grounds at Nashville, a monument to Sam Davis, the hero boy of Tennessee, who was hung as a rebel spy. General G. M. Dodge, who ordered his execution, and many other people of the North, were foremost among the contributors. The voice of Wheeler that had urged on the sons of the South in a hundred battles against the Union, rang out with equal devotion while leading our soldiers from North and South under the flag of our common country. In the same uniform, a son of a Grant, and a son of a Lee, ride side by side. Am I not right, here in the North, and in this assembly, in saying that the American people, reunited—with no contest, except in generous rivalry to advance their

country's welfare, cherishing, but without bitterness, the proud memories of their conflict—have long since realized the prophecy of Lincoln at his First Inaugural that:

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The death of Lincoln postponed for a dreary time that happy era. How much humiliation, sorrow, wretchedness, and hate, what an Iliad of woes to white and black came through his untimely end, no tongue or pen can ever portray.

As far as the human mind can estimate and compare what was with what might have been, it was for the entire nation, but especially for the South, the most lamentable tragedy in history. My judgment, based upon years of observation and study, is that it was, in the light of subsequent events, more regretted by the Southern people than was the fall of the Confederacy.

What conflicts, what ingratitude, what disappointments in his great purposes, he may have been spared, we do not know. But we know that at the height of his fame, at the triumphant close of the great conflict which he had led, he was, by a tragedy that shocked the world, caught up from the stage of human action and its vicissitudes, and fixed forever as one of the greatest luminaries in that galaxy of illustrious men who will shine throughout the ages.

He passed out of view like tropic sun that—

"With disc like battle target red
Rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with ruddy light,
Then sinks at once and all is night."

Southern-born—with mind, heart, and soul loyal to its traditions, believing that the South was within its constitutional rights as the Constitution then stood, that her leaders were patriotic, that her people showed a devotion to principles without a touch of sordidness, that such action as theirs could only come from a deep conviction that counted not the cost

of sacrifice, cherishing as a glorious legacy the renown of her armies and leaders, whose purity of life and heroism were unsurpassed by those of any people at any one time—yet I say in all sincerity and without reservation, that I rejoice as much as any of you that our country produced Abraham Lincoln, who will, as long as great intellect, patriotism, sincerity, self-denial, magnanimity, leadership, heroism, and those graces of the mind and heart which reflect the gentle spirit are cherished, shed lustre, not only upon **his** countrymen, but upon all humanity.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE BAR OF ILLINOIS

JOHN T. RICHARDS

OF the early life of Abraham Lincoln, I shall not speak. His life in Kentucky and Indiana—his emigration to Illinois, at the age of nineteen years—his settlement at New Salem, his mercantile ventures there, his first candidacy for the Legislature, in which, as he said in later years, he met the only defeat he ever suffered at the hands of the people, are matters of history, with which all are familiar. He had passed through all these experiences before the end of the year 1834. He was then but twenty-four years of age, and had, within five years after his arrival in Illinois, been successively a farm-hand, laborer, clerk, and store-keeper. In 1834, he was elected a member of the Legislature and re-elected for the three succeeding terms—his last election being in the year 1840. During the time of his service in the Legislature, he pursued the study of law and was admitted to the bar of Illinois, March 1, 1837, being at that time twenty-eight years of age.

At the time of Lincoln's admission to the bar, the rules of the Supreme Court did not require the applicant to submit to an examination as to his qualifications. The only requirements of the statute then in force, and which went into effect March 1, 1833, were that before he could be permitted to practice as an attorney or counsellor-at-law, he must have obtained a license for that purpose from some two of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and that he should not be entitled to receive such license until he had obtained a certificate from the Court of some County, of his good moral character.

Having obtained a license from two of the Judges of the Supreme Court, he was required to take an oath to support

the Constitution of the United States and this State. The person who administered the oath was required to certify the same on the license, and on presentation of the license in this form to the Clerk of the Supreme Court, the latter was required to enroll the name of the applicant as an attorney or counsellor.

The required oath of office seems to indicate that the Legislature contemplated two classes in the profession, (1) attorneys; (2) counsellors; for the oath reads, "I will in all things faithfully execute the duties of an attorney-at-law or counsellor-at-law (as the case may be)," etc.

The first rule of Court relating to admission to the bar, was adopted March 1, 1841, and required all applicants for a license to practise law, to present themselves in person for examination in open court, except in cases where the applicant had been regularly admitted to the bar in some Court of Record within the United States. The Court was at that time composed of nine judges, who were required to perform circuit duties also. The State was divided into nine Judicial Circuits, one of the Judges presiding over each of the Circuit Courts; and all met together as a Supreme Court, and each was afforded an opportunity to review orders and decrees of the other members of the Court.

The proceedings in all the Courts were much less dignified and formal than they are in this generation. The judges and the lawyers met on the Circuit as friends, upon a common level, and as there were no places of amusement where the long evenings could be spent, they gathered about a common fireside at the country tavern and regaled each other with anecdotes and songs. The judge who heard their cases threw aside judicial dignity, when evening came, and joined with his professional brethren in the merrymaking. Life upon the Circuit in those days, as in every new community, had its sunshine and its shadows, but every hardship had its compensation in the goodfellowship, which always prevailed among those sturdy pioneers.

The experiences of Lincoln upon the Circuit were not unlike those of other lawyers of that day. There was little

that required great skill or much learning in the law. The interests involved were for the most part trivial, measured by a monetary standard—but they involved the same questions of right and justice which invite our professional attention in these latter days.

In the *nisi prius* Courts, Abraham Lincoln was called upon to try cases of every class, both civil and criminal, and he entered upon the trial of cases involving but a few dollars with as much zeal as those involving thousands; but no criminal case in which Lincoln appeared as an attorney is to be found in the reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Whether this fact is due to his great ability as an advocate before a jury or to some other cause, I am unable to state, but, as his contemporaries inform us that he tried very many criminal cases, none of which appear in the State Reports, it seems safe to assume that his clients in such cases were acquitted by the jury.

Some of Lincoln's biographers have sought to make it appear that Lincoln refused to take advantage of a so-called technicality in order to win his case. This view is not borne out by the record, for—while he possessed many attributes which all admit are above and beyond those possessed by ordinary mortals—as a lawyer he seems to have been no less human than other members of the profession, and while it may be truthfully said that he took no mean advantage of his professional brethren, he did not hesitate to press upon the attention of the Court any legitimate advantage which the record of the case might furnish.

The first case in connection with which his name appears in the Supreme Court, furnishes evidence of this, being the case of *J. Y. Seammon*—afterwards Supreme Court Reporter—plaintiff in error *vs.* *Cornelius Cline*. Seammon had brought the suit before a Justice of the Peace in Boone County, and the Justice having rendered judgment in favor of the defendant, Seammon appealed to the Circuit Court of Boone County. At the time the appeal from the Justice was perfected, Boone County was still a part of Jo Daviess County, for judicial purposes, and no Court having been

appointed to be held in Boone County, it was contended by the defendant's counsel that the appeal should have been taken to Jo Daviess County. The defendant's motion to dismiss the appeal presented to the Circuit Court of Boone County at its first term, was sustained, and the case was taken to the Supreme Court on error, Lincoln appearing for defendant in error, and resulted in a reversal of the decision of the Circuit Court.

Another case which was decided upon a technical point raised by Lincoln, was the case of *Maus vs. Whitney*, which was an appeal from the Circuit Court of Tazewell County. Lincoln represented the appellee and moved the Court to dismiss the appeal on the technical ground that the bond was signed on behalf of the surety by his agent, whose authority, while in writing, was not under seal, and the motion was sustained. From this decision Justice Breese dissented in a short but very vigorous Opinion in which he took occasion to say that he could not yield up his judgment in any case because others had decided a point in a particular manner unless he could see the reason of the decision; that he could see none in that case; and, believing as he did that the purposes of justice "are not at all subserved by an adherence to such antiquated rules and unmeaning technicalities," he refused to concur with the majority of the Court, and then proceeded to say that several of his brother judges coincided in the views which he expressed, but believing the rule laid down in the majority opinion to be the law, they considered themselves bound by it, notwithstanding its unreasonableness. He, however, expressed the opinion that if the alleged reason is absurd, it should not bind the Court.

It is possible that Lincoln may have appeared as counsel in some case prior to his appearance in the case of *Scammon vs. Cline* already referred to, as the reporter in the preface in the first volume of *Scammon's Reports* says, "that the practice of the Court, which required an abstract to be filed by counsel for appellant or plaintiff in error, while none was required of appellee or defendant in error, had the effect to cause a brief to be filed by the former, while the counsel for

the latter usually contented themselves with making their points and citing their authorities on the hearing." The reporter complains also of the neglect of counsel in many cases to sign their names to their abstracts and declares that on account of the manner in which the docket was kept it was difficult to ascertain with precision who appeared as counsel.

The case of *Seammon vs. Cline* was decided at the December Term, 1840. Lincoln had been a member of the bar at that time about three years, and was then thirty-one years of age.

The case of *Bailey vs. Cromwell*, reported in the third of *Seammon*, in which Lincoln appeared for the appellant, is of peculiar interest to us. It was decided at the July Term, 1841. The case was an action of *assumpsit* on a promissory note and was tried in the Circuit Court of Tazewell County, where Lincoln represented the defendant. Lincoln had pleaded the general issue, and filed among other special pleas, a plea of total failure of consideration, in which he set out that the note was given for the purchase of a negro girl, sold by Cromwell to Bailey and who was represented to Bailey at the time of the purchase, to be a slave and servant, when in fact she was free; that Cromwell agreed to furnish Bailey with proof that the girl was a slave, which he had failed to do, and that, therefore, the consideration had wholly failed. A finding and judgment was rendered in the Circuit Court, for four hundred, thirty-one dollars, ninety-seven cents on the note, which was reversed by the Supreme Court, where it was held that the defendant, having shown that the girl was the consideration for the note, and the presumption of law being that she was free, and the sale of a free person being illegal, in the absence of proof to rebut the presumption that she was free, there was no valid consideration for the note.

All the sessions of the Supreme Court, beginning with the July Term, 1839, to and including the December Term, 1847, were held at Springfield.

The organization of the Court was changed by the adoption of the Constitution of 1848, the State being divided into three divisions, in each of which a term of Court was required to

be held annually, and the Court thereafter consisted of three Judges elected by the people, one from each Division, who were not required to perform Circuit duty. The first Supreme Court Judges elected under the Constitution of 1848, were Samuel H. Treat, John D. Caton, and Lyman Trumbull, and the first cases decided by the Court, as thus constituted, appear in the fifth of Gilman's Reports. The ninth and tenth volume of the Reports, contain no cases in which the name of Lincoln appears as counsel. This is no doubt due to the fact that during the two years, 1847 and 1848, he was a member of the National House of Representatives, for his name appears as Counsel in seventeen cases in Volume 8 of the Reports, in six cases in Volume 11 of the Reports, and in thirteen cases in the twelfth Volume. Again, Volume 20 of the Reports contains no case in which Lincoln appears as counsel. The Volume contains opinions in cases submitted in 1858, which was the year of the great debate with Douglas. This would seem to indicate that whatever Lincoln undertook received his undivided attention.

It is said by some of Lincoln's associates at the bar, that he was not well grounded in the principles of the law, and that he was not a well-read lawyer, but all admit that he possessed a logical mind. It is doubtless true that he was not what is called a "case lawyer." He did not rely wholly upon precedent. To him the law was indeed the perfection of reason and he cited few authorities in support of his views, but depended upon the presentation of the reasons for the rule for which he contended. His strong common sense enabled him to see what the law ought to be, and with all the force of his great mind, he endeavored, with invincible logic, to win the Court to his view of the law, and had it not been for the fact that in many cases the Court found itself hampered by precedents, the record of his successes would have been greater still. The only branch of the law which seems to have escaped the activities of Lincoln, in the Supreme Court, is the criminal law. There is no record of any case involving a felony in which Lincoln appeared as counsel in that Court, but in every other branch of the law he was active, and there

seems to have been no form of procedure with which he was not familiar; in applications for writs of *mandamus* and *quo warranto*, he frequently appeared; in chancery proceedings, as well as the ordinary cases at common law, and cases involving the election laws and revenue laws of the State, he was equally at home.

In his career at the bar, he crossed swords in the arena of his profession with the greatest lawyers of his time, among whom may be mentioned Jesse B. Thomas, O. H. Browning, Leonard Swett, Stephen T. Logan, Edward D. Baker, Elihu B. Washburne, Stephen A. Douglas, J. T. Stuart, Burton C. Cook, James A. McDougall—afterwards a U. S. Senator from California—Lyman Trumbull, B. S. Edwards, Isaac G. Wilson, U. F. Linder, Thomas Campbell, Isaac N. Arnold, and many others whose names are impressed upon the jurisprudence of the State, and with all of whom he held the most cordial relations.

It must not be forgotten that for the greater part of the time between the years 1837 and 1861, the State of Illinois was chiefly an agricultural country. There were then no great commercial or manufacturing interests to call into play the talents of the skilful lawyer, and the value of the property or rights involved by comparison with the matters requiring the attention of the Courts at the present time, sink into insignificance, and yet Lincoln and other men who travelled the Circuit in those days, laid for us the foundation of the system of jurisprudence, which is the common law of Illinois to-day.

While it must be admitted that he did not pursue his law studies under the guidance of an instructor, it is nevertheless true that Lincoln was self taught, and his comprehensive mind grasped the principles of the law as fully as if he had sat at the feet of the most learned of the profession. He read thoroughly the standard works of his time, upon every branch of jurisprudence. While in attendance upon the courts, he listened to the arguments of others learned in the law, and the crumbs of legal knowledge gleaned in this manner, found

lodgment in his fertile mind, to be used by him when occasion required.

Lincoln appeared alone in the Supreme Court in sixty-three cases; of these, the decision was in his favor in thirty-eight cases, and he was defeated in twenty-five.

He appeared as an associate counsel in the Supreme Court in one hundred and ten other cases, in which the parties represented by him were successful in sixty-seven, and were defeated in forty-three cases. What lawyer of this generation can show a greater record of successes?

His entire career at the bar covers a period of only twenty-four years, during three years of which we have seen, he was not engaged actively in the practice, and yet during that time he appeared in the Supreme Court in one hundred and seventy-three cases; of these, the cases of *Miller vs. Whitaker*, and *Young vs. Miller*, were consolidated on the hearing and one opinion covers both cases (23 Ill., 453), the same is true of the cases of *Columbus Machine Manufacturing Co. vs. Dorwin*, and the same *vs. Ulrich* (25 Ill., 153); also *Rose vs. Irving* and *Pryor vs. Irving* (14 Ill., 171); also two cases of *Myers vs. Turner* (17 Ill., 179) and also the cases of *Moor vs. Vail*, and *Moore vs. Dodd* (17 Ill., 185).

A review of Lincoln's cases in the Supreme Court of Illinois added to an examination of his State papers and the debate with Douglas, will convince the most skeptical that Abraham Lincoln was one of the ablest lawyers of his time.

Lincoln often appeared before the Supreme Court of Illinois while Judges Caton and Breese were members of the Court, and they had ample opportunity to judge of his standing as a lawyer, for cases were argued orally at that time more frequently than at the present; the estimate of these men as to his standing and ability is therefore of great value.

Judge Caton said of him, "The most punctilious honor ever marked his professional life. His frankness and candor were two great elements in his character, which contributed to his professional success. If he discovered a weak point in his cause, he frankly admitted it, and thereby prepared the mind

to accept the more readily his mode of avoiding it. He was equally potent before the jury as with the Court." Judge Breese said of him, "Mr. Lincoln was never found deficient in all the knowledge requisite to present the strong points of his case to the best advantage, and by his searching analysis make clear the most intricate controversy. There was that within him, glowing in his mind, which enabled him to impress with the force of his logic, his own clear perception upon the minds of those he sought to influence."

Stephen A. Douglas declared that Lincoln had no equal as an advocate in the trial of a case before a jury. Leonard Swett, who knew him as well, if not better, than any other of his associates on the Circuit, has said that if Lincoln ever had a superior before a jury—and the more intelligent the jury the better he was pleased—he, Swett, never knew him. Mr. Swett went further and declared that in his younger days, he had listened to Tom Corwin, Rufus Choate, and many others of equal standing at the bar in the trial of cases, but that Lincoln at his best, was more sincere and impressive than any of them, and that what Lincoln could not accomplish with a jury no man need try. Judge David Davis—afterwards appointed by President Lincoln a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and who was the presiding judge in the old Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois during the greater part of the time while Lincoln travelled that Circuit from County to County, trying cases—continually said that, "in all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal."

Thomas Drummond, than whom no greater trial judge ever sat upon the bench, declared Lincoln to be one of the ablest lawyers he had ever known. The testimony of these distinguished men is convincing, and with the record of his professional career in Illinois, to which might be added a creditable though not very extended practice in the Federal Courts, should set at rest forever the statement sometimes made that Lincoln's standing as a lawyer was not of a high order—for in all which constitutes the really great lawyer, he

stood in the front rank of the profession at a time when many men of renown battled for supremacy at the bar; and he who by common consent was classed as the equal, if not the superior of Leonard Swett, and the other distinguished lawyers whom I have named, must be given high place among the leaders of the bar of our State.

Had it not been that his great abilities were demanded by the Republic, in the turbulent times following 1857, there is no reason to doubt that the name of Abraham Lincoln, the lawyer, would have been known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

His whole career shows that failure was a word unknown to his vocabulary; and prior to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he was making most wonderful progress in his professional career; but when his country demanded his services in that trying hour, when he saw that the iron heel of the slave power of the South was about to be planted upon the free soil of the nation, he left to others the pursuit of the calling of his choice at a time when that calling seemed more than ever inviting, and when greater professional renown was easily within his grasp, to become more than ever before, an advocate of the rights of the people against an aristocracy founded upon human slavery.

What followed is a matter of familiar history. Abraham Lincoln, the lawyer of Illinois, became the great restorer of the Union of the States, and the work of the lawyer was overshadowed by the greater labors and accomplishments of Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of a race, and the saviour of his country. Had he lived to witness the realization of the vision which he saw and so beautifully expressed in his First Inaugural Address, when "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the Chorus of the Union, when touched again, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature," Abraham Lincoln would have proven himself to be the greatest constitutional lawyer of the nineteenth century, and many of the mistakes and horrors of the reconstruction period, I firmly

believe, would have been unknown to our country's history. He would have proceeded "with malice toward none, but charity for all," to "bind up the nation's wounds"; and by constitutional government many of the conflicts which have left a blot upon the escutcheon of our national honor, would have been avoided and jewels of still greater brilliancy would have been thereby placed upon the brow of the greatest ruler of modern times, if not the greatest of the ages.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

HON. JOHN C. RICHBERG

FROM Abraham Lincoln's entrance into public life to his sacrificial exit was probably the stormiest period of the Republic, during all of which time the slavery question was uppermost. But underlying this controversy lay the great question of State's rights, the extremists insisting that the Union was a mere confederacy of States, that the States were absolutely sovereign and any State had a right to withdraw from the Union at any time its people saw fit so to do. Lincoln was opposed both to slavery and the doctrine of State's rights, as enunciated, believing in an inseparable and indestructible Union; and it may be interesting to trace the gradual growth and strengthening of his belief which culminated in that mighty appeal to the spirit of nationality known as the Gettysburg Address.

It will be borne in mind that Lincoln had been a member of the Illinois Legislature for four successive terms and entered upon the scene of national politics in 1847, at the age of thirty-eight, as a member of Congress. Although a new member, he was not a silent member, and took part in the debates affecting the leading questions of the day. He had been practising law for some ten years, and his speeches in Congress, especially the one against granting appropriations for internal improvements on constitutional grounds, showed that he had studied the works of Kent and Storey and the leading cases of the Supreme Court of the United States, notably those delivered by Mr. Chief Justice Marshall. He had taken an active part in politics during the administration of Andrew Jackson and especially in the great controversy then raging with reference to the Charter of the United States Bank. That Charter had been upheld in 1819 by the Supreme

Court of the United States in the opinion delivered by Chief Justice Marshall in the celebrated case of *M'Culloch v. State of Maryland*. The question involved as to whether Congress had power to incorporate a bank, and the holding of the Court that the government of the Union is supreme within its sphere of action, and that its laws, when made in pursuance of the Constitution, are the supreme law of the land, are of course familiar to all here present.

Lincoln said, in a speech delivered in Congress, July 27, 1848:

"When the bill chartering the first Bank of the United States passed Congress, its constitutionality was questioned. Mr. Madison, then in the House of Representatives, as well as others, had opposed it on that ground. Gen. Washington, as President, was called on to approve or reject it. He sought and obtained, on the constitutional question, the separate written opinions of Jefferson, Hamilton, and Edmund Randolph, they then being respectively Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, and Attorney-General. Hamilton's opinion was for the power; while Randolph's and Jefferson's were both against it."

In a reply to Douglas, delivered at Springfield, Illinois, June 26, 1857, he again showed how familiar he was with the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, wherein the question of the constitutionality of the Act establishing the Bank of the United States was involved; that he had not only read, but studied that decision. He said:

"Why, this same Supreme Court once decided a national bank to be constitutional; but General Jackson, as President of the United States, disregarded the decision, and vetoed a bill for a re-charter, partly on constitutional grounds, declaring that each public functionary must support the Constitution, 'as he understands it.' But hear the General's own words. Here they are, taken from his veto message:

"It is maintained by the advocates of the Bank, that its constitutionality, in all its features, ought to be considered as settled by precedent, and by the decision of the Supreme Court. To this conclusion I cannot assent. Mere precedent is a dangerous source of authority, and should not be regarded as deciding questions of constitutional power, except where the acquiescence of the people and the States can be considered as well settled. So far from this being the case on this subject, an argument against the bank might be based on precedent. One Congress, in 1791, decided in favor of a bank; another,

in 1811, decided against it. One Congress, in 1815, decided against a bank; another, in 1816, decided in its favor. Prior to the present Congress, therefore, the precedents drawn from that source were equal. If we resort to the States, the expressions of legislative, judicial, and executive opinions against the bank have been, probably, to those in its favor as four to one. There is nothing in precedent, therefore, which, if its authority were admitted, ought to weigh in favor of the act before me.'

"I drop the quotations merely to remark, that all there ever was, in the way of precedent, up to the Dred Scott decision, on the points therein decided, had been against that decision. . . .

"Again and again have I heard Judge Douglas denounce that bank decision, and applaud General Jackson for disregarding it. It would be interesting for him to look over his recent speech and see how exactly his fierce philippics against us for resisting the Supreme Court decisions, fall upon his own head. It will call to mind a long and fierce political war in this country, upon an issue which, in his own language, and, of course, in his own changeless estimation, was 'a distinct issue between the friends and the enemies of the Constitution,' and in which war he fought in the ranks of the enemies of the Constitution."

It is evident that the doctrine of national unity as laid down in the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and particularly in the opinion of Marshall, had either awakened or found a responsive chord within the keen, logical, lawyer's mind of the martyred President. How early this conviction obtained is shown in a lecture delivered at the Springfield Lyceum in 1837, where Lincoln said:

"If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time, or die by suicide."

At Indianapolis, on his way to the Capital in 1861, referring to South Carolinians, he said:

"In their view, the Union as a family relation would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of 'free-love' arrangement, to be maintained only on 'passional attraction.'"

At Trenton, New Jersey:

"I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle [the Revolution] was made."

At Philadelphia, at the "Old Independence Hall," among other things, in responding to an address of welcome:

"I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall."

In his First Inaugural Address, he said:

"I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself."

On August 22, 1862, in a letter to Horace Greeley, he said:

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

Since, then, the national spirit shown in the foregoing quotations seems to have been founded so much more on the lawyer's view of the Constitution as a sacred compact that the descendants of the framers must fulfil, rather than on a mere emotional ideal, it may be worth while to examine the language of that great decision in *M'Culloch v. Maryland*, referred to before, wherein is found the logic and reasoning which, harmonizing with Lincoln's fidelity to obligations and the idealism of a mighty dreamer, may have played its part in the evolution of the Gettysburg masterpiece.

Beginning with page 403, Volume 4, Wheaton's Reports, the opinion reads as follows:

"The Convention which framed the Constitution was indeed elected by the State Legislatures. But the instrument, when it came from

their hands, was a mere proposal, without obligation, or pretensions to it. It was reported to the then existing Congress of the United States, with a request that it might 'be submitted to a Convention of Delegates, chosen in each State by the people thereof, under the recommendation of its Legislature, for their assent and ratification.' This mode of proceeding was adopted; and by the Convention, by Congress, and by the State Legislatures, the instrument was submitted to the people. They acted upon it in the only manner in which they can act safely, effectively, and wisely, on such a subject, by assembling in Convention. It is true, they assembled in their several States—and where else should they have assembled? No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States, and of compounding the American people into one common mass. Of consequence, when they act, they act in their States. But the measures they adopt do not, on that account, cease to be the measures of the people themselves, or become the measures of the State governments.

"From these Conventions the Constitution derives its whole authority. The government proceeds directly from the people; is 'ordained and established' in the name of the people; and is declared to be ordained, 'in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and to their posterity.' The assent of the States, in their sovereign capacity, is implied in calling a Convention, and thus submitting that instrument to the people. But the people were at perfect liberty to accept or reject it; and their act was final. It required not the affirmation, and could not be negatived, by the State governments. The Constitution, when thus adopted, was of complete obligation, and bound the State sovereignties. But when, 'in order to form a more perfect union,' it was deemed necessary to change this alliance into an effective government, possessing great and sovereign powers, and acting directly on the people, the necessity of referring it to the people, and of deriving its powers from them, was felt and acknowledged by all.

"The government of the Union, then (whatever may be the influence of this fact on the case), is, emphatically, and truly, a government of the people. In form and in substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them, and for their benefit. But the question respecting the extent of the powers actually granted, is perpetually arising, and will probably continue to arise, as long as our system shall exist."

"If any one proposition could command the universal assent of mankind, we might expect it would be this—that the government of the Union, though limited in its powers, is supreme within its sphere of action. This would seem to result necessarily from its nature. It

is the government of all; its powers are delegated by all; it represents all, and acts for all."

Such was the opinion of the greatest nationalist Judge, laying down the law of what *should be*, to make a nation. Following up his steps and passing far beyond, came the greatest nationalist Executive, with a firm hand, holding together warring elements with power, wisdom, and patience, welding them strongly together, so that in a day when his eyes had long been closed, that which the great Judge had said *should be*, should be made to *be*. Over the silent forms of those fallen in the most terrible conflict of the long struggle for the perpetuation of the nation, the great Executive carried forward the reasoning of the great Judge—away from the bloodless language of law into words filled with the ichor of the love of mankind, into words immortal with unquestioning faith:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE MERIT OF A MIGHTY NAME

JUDGE W. G. EWING

THE people of America exalt themselves in the estimation of all civilization by honoring the memory of Abraham Lincoln, for even now, scarce half a century distant from the Titanic struggle in which his splendor dawned, there is more of honest merit in his mighty name than ever bore the burdens of a crown, or through slaughter won a throne. Martin Luther waited nearly three centuries for the full recognition of his mighty achievement; and Shakespeare nearly a century longer for the universal acclaim of his splendid genius; and so with scores of others whose great names now belong to the rich heritage of the world. The rule through all history seems to be that it is "Time that sets all things even," and gives to every man his own, but in the instance of the great Lincoln, an awakened sense of justice superseded Time, and wrote his name high on the scroll of the immortals, even while the Nation in tears, followed him to the grave.

Few persons realize the brevity of Lincoln's public career, or at least his public life in any national sense. It is limited to seven brief years. There are several men in this audience to-night who have a larger inter-State acquaintance, a more extensive law practice and as much professional reputation as Lincoln had at the time of his debate with Douglas. That debate gave him a national reputation; his Cooper Union speech a year later, gave an international reputation; the year following came the presidency, and four years later, his assassination—thus in seven short years this marvellous man passed from the seclusion of a private citizen in a frontier town, to imperishable renown.

I have been much impressed with Lincoln's uniqueness in this—he was the only occupant of the presidential office

to whom the presidency gave lasting distinction. The really great men who have held that office, such as Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Grant, all had achieved enduring fame before the presidency came to them, and would have lived as long in history and the grateful memory of men without the presidency, as with it. But that office was Lincoln's opportunity; he went to it from comparative obscurity, and in four short years, by virtue of the power of his position, achieved immortality. The presidential office did not make him great; it found him great—as great in his humble Springfield home as in the Nation's capital—but the presidency gave to him the opportunity to demonstrate his greatness—inherent greatness. It is noticeable to us all that the magnet which attracts the world to Lincoln to-day, is exactly the qualities of mind and heart—intelligence, gentleness, humanity, and sincerity—which he manifested among his associates, from his flat-boat experience to his residence in the White House.

On the annual recurrence of this day, the youth of America should be taught the beautiful story of a life begun in poverty, sustained by constant struggle, and yet inseparably interwoven with the most heroic efforts of men, for men—a life replete with lessons of industry, economy, sobriety, and integrity, illustrating in the fullest degree the possibilities that are open under republican government to every earnest, honest child, to rise from the lowliest walks of life to the very palisades of enduring fame.

No young man can study the life of Lincoln from childhood to his assassination, without being impressed with its beauty, simplicity, and moral grandeur and feeling the promptings of a laudable ambition to so order his own life that he may leave the world wiser and happier and better for having lived in it.

Lincoln's character was many sided, and every phase of it was a manifestation of strength, if not of absolute greatness; that peculiarity which at one time some people thought weak and frivolous in his heroic combination, namely, the love of the humorous, the "baiting place of wit," is now, I believe,

regarded by all thoughtful and candid men, as the only surcease from anxious, troubling thought that visited his sad and earnest life. To my mind it is clear, that the humorous phase of Lincoln's character was one of the secrets of his marvellous power—was the ready, and possibly the best, means of securing for his most serious thought and real purpose, the consideration of the common people; for it must be constantly borne in mind that he was in fact not only a very serious and thoughtful, but sometimes a much depressed man; and if he sometimes caused the people to laugh, it was that he might compel them to think. His object was not mirth, but thought; and thousands of times I doubt not, he has said to his own sad heart,—

“If I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.”

Genius never needs an introduction to itself. Lincoln could not have been unconscious of his wonderful talent and power as a leader of men. When in 1858 he applied to the unfortunate condition of American institutions the scriptural saying, “A house divided against itself cannot stand,” he heard, even then, the distant rumble of Freedom's gathering hosts, and when, a moment later, he added, “I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided,” who can question that his prophetic soul foresaw the end from the beginning, and possibly his own great part in the gigantic struggle that was to enthrone Freedom, and mark the dawn of a splendid era in the civilization of the world?

His life was cast in a crucial period of the world's history, during a time when a great moral principle—greater than any man, as great as all men—was struggling for universal recognition, the principle of the equal right of all men to life and liberty, he became involved in the struggle, gave to it his best thought, his highest endeavor, and finally the principle took possession of him and dominated his life. Taken for all in all, tested by the highest standard of true greatness, history must accord to Abraham Lincoln a place second to

that of no one of the century that gave him birth—an era without parallel in the development of art and science; rich in invention, statesmanship, philosophy, oratory, and song; the era of Von Moltke, Humboldt, Bismarck, Hugo, Browning, Carlyle, Gladstone, Sumner, Douglas, Beecher, Emerson, Grant. Surely, for one to attract with a splendor all his own, in such a galaxy of learning and genius, is an absolute demonstration of greatness.

We cannot, however, contemplate the life and character of Lincoln without realizing the fact that his greatness could not have been made manifest to the world, but for the unremitting discussion of human rights by the Garrisons and Greeleys and Sumners and Lovejoys and John Browns.

The old line Abolitionists of fifty years ago, were the marked and masterful men of their time; once hated, derided, and shunned as “the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday,” these faithful vanguardsmen of freedom patiently bided their time; with faith in God and faith in humanity, they “bore the cross, endured the shame,” and through threatening and slaughter “pressed forward to the mark of the prize” of their high calling, and now dwell serenely in the world’s abiding gratitude and love.

In the presence of these great names, I bend my heart to its knees. They were men of but one idea; but that idea encompassed a whole race then in bondage; it was as broad as the universe of God; it comprehended the spirit of universal liberty; it gilded with a fadeless splendor American manhood; it gave as a heritage to immortality that transcendent composite of greatness and goodness, of genius and gentleness, of sublimity and simplicity—Abraham Lincoln.

POWER IN LONELINESS

JUDGE PETER STENGER GROSSCUP

THERE has been no narrative of Lincoln's life yet written that one feels to be adequate; no adequate portrayal of his character; no adequate portrayal of his face. Behind the life, and the character, and the face that we associate with Lincoln, as behind the stars that stand out in the depths of the night, a vaster depth extends that makes of what we see a faint impression only of what we feel must be behind—that links that figure into the mysterious order of the universe. And yet, "born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809; reared in Indiana; practised law in Illinois; was in Legislature and in Congress one term"—such would have been the mention of the name, "Abraham Lincoln," in any short "History of Illinois," and no mention at all in any other "History," had Lincoln died at the present age of President Roosevelt.

Slavery was the nation's inherited disease. It had crept into our national life as disease sometimes creeps into health, firmly fastened before alarm is created. From the beginning, of course, it was a wrong—a deep injustice done by men to other men—and as such, aroused the conscience of thinking men. But from the beginning, also, it was an institution of the land, grown up under the law, and as such claimed the toleration that thinking men give, out of respect to the law. And for the early period of the Republic, this conscience of thinking men and this respect for law that thinking men are never without, compromised on a line that divided between them the continent of America.

But as the Western half of the continent opened for settlement, the line of compromise vanished. This Western half was a domain belonging to the nation—to the South as well as to the North—and into it, carrying all that the law allowed them to possess at home, even as the people of the North

might carry all that the law allowed them to possess at home, the people of the South claimed access. "Can this be right?" asked conscience. "It is the law," said a majority of the Supreme Court, when given a chance to speak upon the matter. The crisis had come. The public mind was brought to a standstill, to take a new survey of the changed situation that lay before it; and upon the result of that new survey, in the realm of decided law in conflict with eternal human right, turned the destiny of America, the destiny of free government the world over.

It was here that Lincoln came into the public view. For the mission that lay before him, his life, instead of being poor, had been rich in helpful circumstance. Born in the midst of slavery, he knew the institution on its human side, as the North did not know it. Reared among those who were poor, in the free States of Indiana and Illinois, he realized by experience how deeply human, also, was the consciousness of every man that he had a right to the bread he earned in the sweat of his brow. Living his life among the plain people, he knew that on any great matter of human right, the mind and the heart of the plain people the country over, being once aroused, were almost as one. This was the equipment given him by his heritage and his environment. It gave him what, in the preparation for a great part, is of infinitely more consequence than mere education or culture—a knowledge of the conditions and forces that were to be put at his command. And to this equipment, through circumstance, he brought a self-trained intellect, honest with itself, that, like the work of the self-trained carpenter building his own house, instead of going by rote, inspects and tests, and carefully measures every piece before it goes finally into the structure—an intellect that never accepted a conclusion that had not been tested with the hammer of honest inquiry, to see if it rang true; and that never offered an argument to the people that was not tested in the same way, and in their presence, that they, too, might see and hear that it rang exactly true. Indeed, the debates with Douglas, and the Cooper Union speech, are the highest examples in our his-

tory, of political discussion put upon the plane of painstaking, scientific, truth-seeking inquiry. And, finally, to all these qualities of intellect and environment, he joined an imagination that places him by the side of the Prophets of Israel; a steadfastness of purpose that showed, even before the time came for its showing, that he could become a martyr; and a heart for mankind, second only to the heart of the Saviour of mankind.

How came that Convention in May, 1860, to find this Lincoln, and then name him as the country's deliverer? Partly because, more than any other man living, this plain Lincoln of the West, in the Lincoln-Douglas debates and in the Cooper Union speech, had taken hold upon the public mind. The public convictions that are really potential, often lie obscured for long reaches of time, under the repressive influences of politics or commercial interests. But let some one once truthfully and courageously proclaim them—give voice to what, in their inner thoughts, the people themselves are thinking—and that man at once becomes the people's spokesman. It was this Western Lincoln who thus spoke. He stood forth the one man of his time whose intellectual vision accurately sized up the crisis; the one man whose painstaking, honest logic brought the crisis, in all its inevitability, within the comprehension of the people; the one man who had found clear ground on which, at one and the same time, to stand for the right and for the law. And thus it was that a troubled nation, groping its way on this slavery question toward the light, came to feel at last that it had laid hold of the hand that knew in what direction the light lay.

But beyond this, Lincoln had been raised up, I believe providentially, for the work that awaited him; it is the consciousness, latent in us all, that this is true, that makes any human portrayal of him seem inadequate—that makes what you see of him only an impression of what you feel must lie behind. I have spoken of the conditions that, before he was born, sowing the seeds from which his character was to spring, fore-ordered a man equipped for the work that

awaited him. That was not mere chance. I have spoken of his self-trained intellect—an intellect that, trained in the schools, would have lost the necessity of testing, in its own way and for its own conscience, everything that came within its range; and in that loss would have been lost the strange power that gave to Lincoln his hold on the public mind. That was not mere chance. I have spoken of his love of Truth—his willingness always to abide by it, his fixed determination that others should be obliged to abide by it. That was not mere chance. There was one thing more in the preparation of this man for a crisis that was not mere chance.

When God was raising up a leader to bring the children of Abraham out of the land where they were bondsmen, he led Moses, first as a waif into the house of the King, and then as a fugitive into the land of Midian, where, as a tender of flocks, he dwelt on the far side of the desert up against Mount Horeb. How long Moses was there, the desert on one side and the wilderness of the mountain on the other, enveloped in as great a loneliness as if the whole earth were void of life save him and his flock, we are not told. It is enough to know that it was not into the King's palace, but into this loneliness of desert and mountain, that the divine spark penetrated, lighting that flame in the midst of the bush.

From beginning to end, in the preparation of Lincoln for the work that awaited him—and then again when the work was actually upon him, that he might be kept equal to its exactions—he, too, was kept deeply enveloped in an atmosphere of Aloneness. Alone as a boy, separated by tragedy from his father's companionship, and by poverty from the companionship of those who would have interested him; alone as a young man in an Indiana clearing, hearing no voice of neighbor for weeks at a time, except the distant axe as it fell in muffled notes in the woodland beyond; alone as a grown man, pathetically out of place between the barrels and the counter of a country store, patiently striving to find his place, as, buried in the grasses of the wide and lonely

prairie, he lapped up every pool of knowledge on which he chanced—Euclid's Geometry, Clay's Speeches, Blackstone—devouring every book that came his way, simply from thirst for knowledge, without settled purpose, or settled order; alone as President—that one brain and that one heart charged with responsibility for each recurring phase of a mighty war, and for each recurring problem of the nation's peace, charged with responsibility to God and all mankind that free government should not perish from the earth—Oh, the loneliness of Lincoln, the tragic loneliness of that great life! Destined, in the very nature of his burden, to walk alone always—wherever he was, on frontier or in the Capital, the world pushed back—that into the stillness of the one life, upon whom such destiny depended, no influence should enter that came not laden with the wisdom of the Eternal One!

Saint-Gaudens has caught this phase of this great life in the statue shortly to be erected here in Grant Park. Seated in the chair of state, one of his long hands reaching well out on one of the long legs, the furrowed homely face drawn into itself in deep meditation, is the figure of the President; and at effective distance on either side, to mark off the isolation of this figure from the world, rise two tall marble columns. To those of us who have seen the monument set up, in its entirety, at Saint-Gaudens's home at Cornish, the portrayal is complete—Lincoln living in bronze, as Lincoln lived his life, Power in Loneliness.

And here, as long as this city stands, will this figure of Lincoln endure. He is no longer alone. Before him stretches the city. Around him is the nation. Above him are the skies. Behind him an inland sea, stretching away to the sky. Around him play the winds. On his brow alight messengers from the sun. The waves speak to him from the deep, the birds from the air. On every side, as in the flame of fire out of the bush, God speaks. He is not alone. Lincoln, living, was not alone. Where God is, man is not alone.

THE SPRINGFIELD COMMEMORATION

THE SPRINGFIELD COMMEMORATION

THE City of Springfield, Illinois, had a peculiar interest in the Lincoln Centenary, and made unusual efforts to observe it in a fitting manner; for it was at Springfield that Lincoln lived for many years; here that he practised his profession; and here, on the eve of his departure for Washington as President, that he delivered that wonderful Farewell Speech to his fellow-townsmen—a speech which was almost a prophetic recognition of the fact that he was to return no more.

The celebration at Springfield was undertaken by an association of prominent men, who for the purposes of properly observing the Centenary incorporated themselves under the name of the Lincoln Centennial Association. The officers of the association were: Hon. J. Otis Humphrey, President; John W. Bunn, Vice-President; Philip Barton Warren, Secretary; and J. H. Holbrook, Treasurer.

To act with the Lincoln Centennial Association in the proper observance of the day by Springfield, Hon. Charles S. Deneen, Governor of Illinois, appointed a State Committee, with Hon. James A. Connolly as President. These two bodies coöperated in securing the necessary funds for an elaborate commemoration of the Centenary, and in the plans for the impressive programme which resulted.

The day was marked first by the morning pilgrimage of the notable guests from away—impressively escorted—to the old Lincoln home, past the Court House where Lincoln practised law, by the building where his office was located, to the church where he worshipped, and where his name yet appears upon the pew he occupied, and to the burial place of the great War President. At the tomb of Lincoln, old soldiers who had responded to Lincoln's call to arms, stood guard with bayonets.

In the afternoon, a mammoth meeting was held in the big tabernacle, into which crowded eight thousand people, while thousands more were turned away. Addresses were delivered by Hon. William J. Bryan, and by Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, with informal speeches by the French and English Ambassadors.

The main celebration of the Centennial day took form in a great banquet under State auspices, held in the State Arsenal on the evening of the Centenary. Gathered there were the Governor, various State officers, and representative organizations, not only from all parts of the State, but from the confines of the country. Over seven hundred men sat down to the beautifully decorated tables, beneath waving flags and bunting, while the galleries above were made gay with groups of notable spectators. Judge J. Otis Humphrey acted as toastmaster of the evening; Governor Deneen spoke on behalf of the State of Illinois. The formal addresses of the evening were by H. E. the British Ambassador, Honorable James Bryce, and H. E. the French Ambassador, Jean A. A. J. Jusserand; while informal speeches were delivered by Senator Dolliver of Iowa, and by Mr. Bryan.

A unique feature of the day's exercises was the reception given in the old Lincoln home by the Springfield Chapter of The Daughters of the American Revolution, in honor of Mrs. Donald McLean of New York, President-General of the national organization; Mrs. E. S. Walker, Chapter-Regent, being the hostess in charge. The appointments of the dining-room in which refreshments were served were entirely in keeping with the period in which Lincoln lived, and the silverware, table linen, glass, and china-ware were those used by Lincoln, being now the property of either the Lincoln or Edwards family, or of their most intimate friends. The cloth used on the table was the one used at the wedding supper of Abraham Lincoln and his bride, while the various dishes, urns, trays, and epergnes each claimed some historical significance. Many distinguished guests were present, including our old War President's son, Robert T. Lincoln. The reception was followed by a banquet for the members of The

Daughters of the American Revolution and their guests of honor, at the Y. M. C. A. building.

In the rooms of the Illinois Historical Society, an imposing exhibit of Lincolniana was opened to the public. The negroes of the city held a separate meeting of their own in honor of the day, while at the various churches and schools the Centenary was reverently observed. The Springfield Commemoration was an achievement and a tribute, of most significant proportions.

LINCOLN AS AN ORATOR

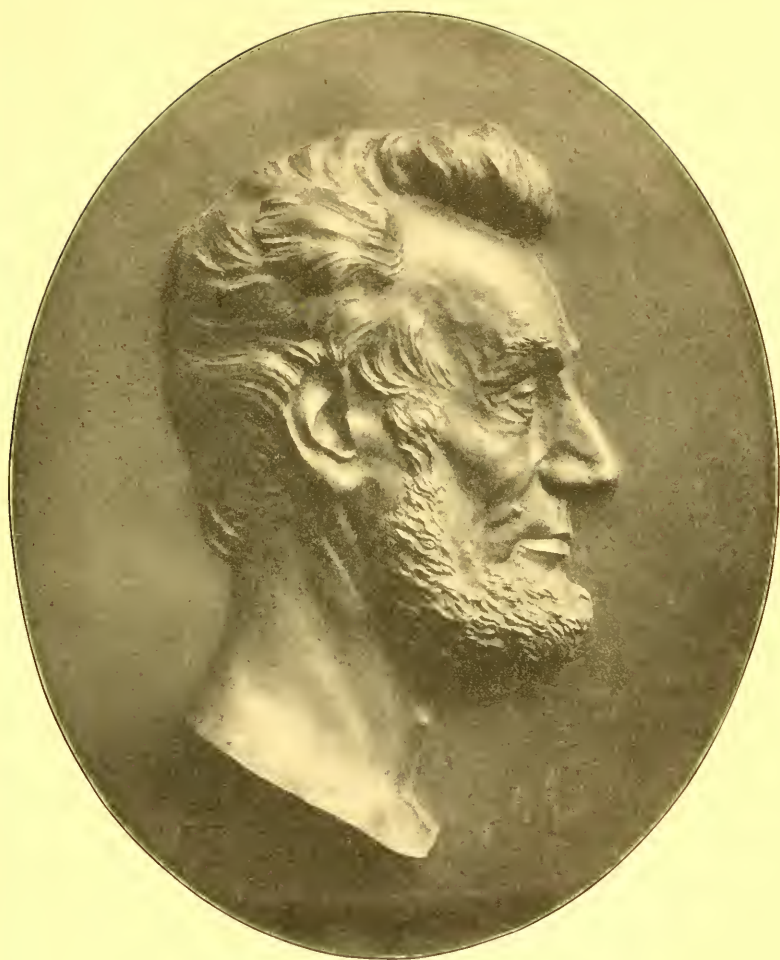
HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

LINCOLN'S fame as a statesman and as the nation's chief executive during its most crucial period, has so overshadowed his fame as an orator that his merits as a public speaker have not been sufficiently emphasized. When it is remembered that his nomination was directly due to the prominence which he won upon the stump; that in a most remarkable series of debates he held his own against one of the most brilliant orators America has produced; and that to his speeches, more than to the arguments of any other one man, or in fact of all other public men combined, was due the success of his party—when all these facts are borne in mind, it will appear plain, even to the casual observer, that too little attention has been given to the extraordinary power which he exercised as a speaker. That his nomination was due to the effect that his speeches produced, can not be disputed. When he began his fight against slavery in 1854, he was but little known outside of the counties in which he attended court. It is true that he had been a member of Congress some years before, but at that time he was not stirred by any great emotion or connected with the discussion of any important theme, and he made but little impression upon national politics. The threatened extension of slavery, however, aroused him, and with a cause which

justified his best efforts he threw his whole soul into the fight. The debates with Douglas have never had a parallel in this, or, so far as history shows, in any other country.

In engaging in this contest with Douglas he met a foe-man worthy of his steel, for Douglas had gained a deserved reputation as a great debater, and recognized that his future depended upon the success with which he met the attacks of Lincoln. On one side an institution supported by history and tradition, and on the other a growing sentiment against the holding of a human being in bondage—these presented a supreme issue. Douglas won the senatorial seat for which the two at that time had contested, but Lincoln won a larger victory—he helped to mould the sentiment that was dividing parties and re-arranging the political map of the country. When the debates were concluded, every one recognized him as the leader of the cause which he had espoused; and it was a recognition of this leadership which he had secured through his public speeches, that enabled him, a Western man, to be nominated over the Eastern candidates—not only a Western man, but a man lacking in book learning and the polish of the schools. No other American President has ever so clearly owed his elevation to his oratory. Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, the Presidents usually mentioned in connection with him, were all poor speakers.

In analyzing Lincoln's characteristics as a speaker, one is impressed with the completeness of his equipment. He possessed the two things that are absolutely essential to effective speaking—namely, information and earnestness. If one can be called eloquent who knows what he is talking about and means what he says—and I know of no better definition—Lincoln's speeches were eloquent. He was thoroughly informed upon the subject; he was prepared to meet his opponent upon the general proposition discussed, and upon any deductions which could be drawn from it. There was no unexplored field into which his adversary could lead him; he had carefully examined every foot of the ground and was not afraid of pitfall or ambush, and, what was equally important, he spoke from his own heart to the hearts



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Bronze Bas-Relief of Lincoln by C. Pickett

(The sculptor worked with Leonard W. Volk, of Chicago, known for his famous death-mask of Lincoln)

of those who listened. While the printed page can not fully reproduce the impressions made by a voice trembling with emotion or tender with pathos, one can not read the reports of the debates without feeling that Lincoln regarded the subject as far transcending the ambitions or the personal interests of the debaters. It was of little moment, he said, whether they voted him or 'Judge Douglas up or down, but it was tremendously important that the question should be decided rightly. His reputation may have suffered in the opinion of some, because he made them think so deeply upon what he said, that they, for the moment, forgot him altogether, and yet is this not the very perfection of speech? It is the purpose of the orator to persuade and, to do this, he presents not himself but his subject. Someone in describing the difference between Demosthenes and Cicero said that "when Cicero spoke, people said, 'How well Cicero speaks,' but when Demosthenes spoke, they said, 'Let us go against Philip'." In proportion as one can forget himself and become wholly absorbed in the cause which he is presenting, does he measure up to the requirements of oratory.

In addition to the two essentials, Lincoln possessed what may be called the secondary aids to oratory. He was a master of statement. Few have equalled him in the ability to strip a truth of surplus verbiage and present it in its naked strength. In the Declaration of Independence we read that there are certain self-evident truths, which are therein enumerated. If I were going to amend the proposition, I would say that all truth is self-evident. Not that any truth will be universally accepted, for not all are in a position or in an attitude to accept any given truth. In the interpretation of the "Parable of the Sower," we are told that "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the truth," and it must be acknowledged that every truth has these or other difficulties to contend with. But a truth may be so clearly stated that it will commend itself to anyone who has not some special reason for rejecting it.

No one has more clearly stated the fundamental objections to slavery than Lincoln stated them, and he had a great ad-

vantage over his opponent in being able to state those objections frankly, for Judge Douglas neither denounced nor defended slavery as an institution—his plan embodied a compromise, and he could not discuss slavery upon its merits without alienating either the slave-owner or the abolitionist.

Brevity is the soul of wit, and a part of Lincoln's reputation for wit lies in his ability to condense a great deal into a few words. He was epigrammatic. A moulder of thought is not necessarily an originator of the thought moulded. Just as lead, moulded into the form of bullets, has its effectiveness increased, so thought may have its propagating power enormously increased by being moulded into a form that the eye catches and the memory holds. Lincoln was the spokesman of his party—he gave felicitous expression to the thoughts of his followers.

His Gettysburg speech is not surpassed, if equalled, in beauty, simplicity, force, and appropriateness by any speech of the same length of any language. It is the world's model in eloquence, elegance, and condensation. He might safely rest his reputation as an orator on that speech alone.

He was apt in illustration—no one more so. A simple story or simile drawn from everyday life flashed before his hearers the argument that he wanted to present. He did not speak over the heads of his hearers, and yet his language was never commonplace. There is strength in simplicity, and Lincoln's style was simplicity itself.

He understood the power of the interrogatory, for some of his most powerful arguments were condensed into questions. Of all those who discussed the evils of separation and the advantages to be derived from the preservation of the Union, no one ever put the matter more forcibly than Lincoln did when, referring to the possibility of war and the certainty of peace some time, even if the Union was divided, he called attention to the fact that the same question would have to be dealt with, and then asked, "Can enemies make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"

He made frequent use of Bible language and of illustrations drawn from Holy Writ. It is said that when he was

preparing his Springfield speech of 1858 he spent hours trying to find language that would express the idea that dominated his entire career, namely, that a Republic could not permanently endure half free and half slave; and that finally a Bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed, "I have found it"—"If a house be divided against itself, that house can not stand," and probably no other Bible passage ever exerted as much influence as this one in the settlement of a great controversy.

I have enumerated some—not all, but the more important—of his characteristics as an orator, and on this day I venture for the moment to turn the thoughts of this audience away from the great work that he accomplished as a patriot, away from his achievements in the line of statecraft, to the means employed by him to bring before the public the ideas which attracted attention to him. His power as a public speaker was the foundation of his success, and while it is obscured by the superstructure that was reared upon it, it can not be entirely overlooked as the returning anniversary of his birth calls increasing attention to the widening influence of his work. With no military career to dazzle the eye or excite the imagination; with no public service to make his name familiar to the reading public, his elevation to the presidency would have been impossible without his oratory. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero were no more necessary to their work, and Lincoln deserves to have his name written on the scroll with theirs.

LINCOLN AS FRANCE SAW HIM

HON. JEAN ADRIEN JUSSERAND

ON two tragic occasions, at a century's distance, the fate of this country has trembled in the balance—would it be a free nation? would it continue to be one nation? A leader was wanted on both occasions, a very different one in each case. This boon from above was granted to the American people, who had a Washington when a Washington was needed, and a Lincoln when a Lincoln could save them. Both had enemies, both had doubters, but both were recognized by all open-minded people, and above all by the nation at large, as the men to shape the nation's destinies.

When the Marquis de Chastellux came to America as chief of the staff in the Army of Rochambeau, his first thought was to go to see his friend La Fayette, and at the same time Washington. He has noted in his "*Mémoires*" what were, on first sight, his impressions of the not yet victorious, not yet triumphant, not yet universally admired American patriot. "I saw," he said, "M. de La Fayette talking in the yard with a tall man of five feet nine inches, of noble mien and sweet face. It was the General himself. I dismounted and soon felt myself at my ease by the side of the greatest and best of all men. All who meet him trust him; but no one is familiar with him, because the sentiment he inspires in all has ever the same cause—a profound esteem for his virtues, and the highest opinion of his talents." So wrote a foreigner who was not La Fayette, who suddenly found himself face to face with the great man. Any chance comer, any passer-by would have been similarly impressed. He inspired confidence, and those who saw him felt that the fate of the country was in safe hands.

Nearly a century of gradually increasing prosperity had

elapsed when came the hour of the nation's second trial. Though it may seem to us a small matter compared with what we have seen since, the development had been considerable; the scattered colonies of yore had become a great nation; yet now it seemed as if all was again in doubt. The nation was young, wealthy, powerful, prosperous; it had immense domains and resources; yet it seemed that her fate was doomed to parallel those of the old empires described by Tacitus, and by Raleigh after him, which, without foes, crumble to pieces under their own weight. Within her own frontiers, elements of destruction or disruption had been growing; hatreds were engendered between people equally brave, bold, and sure of their rights. The edifice raised by Washington was shaking on its base; a catastrophe was at hand. Then it was that in a middle-sized, not yet world-famous town—Chicago by name—the Republican Convention, called there for the first time, met to choose a candidate for the presidency. It has met there again since and has made, each time, a remarkable choice. In 1860 it chose a man whom my predecessor of those days, announcing the news to his Government, described as “a man almost unknown, Mr. Abraham Lincoln.” Almost unknown was he indeed, at home as well as abroad, and the news of his election was received with anxiety.

My country, France, was then governed by Napoleon III; all liberals had their eyes fixed on America. Your example was the great example which gave heart to our most progressive men. You had proved that Republican government was possible, by having one. If it broke to pieces, so would the hopes of all those among us who expected that one day we should have done the same. And the partisans of autocracy were loud in their assertion that a Republic was well and good for a country without enemies or neighbors; but that if a storm arose, it would be shattered. A storm had arisen, and the helm had been placed in the hands of that “man almost unknown, Mr. Abraham Lincoln.”

“We still remember,” wrote years later the illustrious French writer, Prévost-Paradol, “the uneasiness with which we awaited the first words of that President, then unknown, upon whom a heavy task had fallen,

and from whose advent to power might be dated the ruin or regeneration of his country. All we knew was that he had sprung from the humblest walks of life, that his youth had been spent in manual labor; that he had risen by degrees in his town, in his county, and in his State. What was this favorite of the people? Democratic societies are liable to errors which are fatal to them. But as soon as Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, as soon as he spoke, all our doubts and fears were dissipated; and it seemed to us that fate itself had pronounced in favor of the good cause, since, in such an emergency, it had given to the country an honest man."

For Prévost-Paradol and for millions of others, the first words—the now famous Inaugural Address—had been what a first glance at Washington was for Chastellux, a revelation that the man was a Man, a great and honest one, and that once more the fate of the country, at an awful period, had been placed in safe hands.

Well indeed might people have wondered and felt anxious when they remembered how little training in great affairs the new ruler had had, and the incredible difficulty of the problems he would have to solve—to solve, his heart bleeding at the very thought, for he had to fight—not enemies, but friends. ("We must not be enemies.")

No romance of adventure reads more like a romance than the true story of Lincoln's youth, and of the wanderings of his family from Virginia to Kentucky, from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to the newly-formed State of Illinois; having first to clear a part of the forest, then to build a doorless, windowless cabin, with one room for all the uses of them all; the whole family leading the sort of a life in comparison with which that of Robinson Crusoe was one of sybaritic enjoyment. That in those trackless, neighborless, bookless parts of the country, under such conditions, Lincoln—the grandson of a man killed by the Indians, the son of a father who never succeeded in anything, and whose utmost literary accomplishment consisted in signing with the greatest difficulty his own name (an accomplishment he had in common with the father of Shakespeare)—could learn, could educate himself, was the first great wonder of his life. It showed once more that learn-

ing does not so much depend upon the master's teaching as upon the pupil's desire.

But no book, no school, no talk with refined men, would have taught him what his rough life did. Confronted every day, and every hour of the day, with problems which *had* to be solved, he got the habit of seeing, deciding, and acting by himself. Accustomed, from childhood, to live surrounded by the unknown and to meet the unexpected, his soul learnt to be astonished at nothing, and, instead of losing any time in wondering, to seek at once the way out of the difficulty. What the forest, what the swamp, what the river taught Lincoln cannot be overestimated. After long years of it, and shorter years at long-vanished New Salem; here at Springfield; at Vandalia, the former capital, where he met some descendants of his precursors in the forest, the French *coueurs de bois*—almost suddenly he found himself transferred to the post of greatest honor and greatest danger. And what then would say the “man almost unknown,” the backwoodsman of yesterday? What would he say? What did he say? The right thing!

He was accustomed not to be surprised, but to decide and act. And so, confronted with circumstances which were so extraordinary as to be new to all, he was the man least astonished in the government. His rough and shrewd instinct proved of better avail than the clever minds of his more refined and better instructed seconds. It was Lincoln's instinct which checked Seward's complicated schemes and dangerous calculations. Lincoln could not calculate so cleverly, but he could guess better.

His instinct, his good sense, his personal disinterestedness, his warmth of heart for friend or foe, his high aim, led him through the awful years of anguish and bloodshed during which the number of fields decked with tombs ceaselessly increased, and no one knew whether there would be one powerful nation or two weaker ones, the odds were so great. They led him through the worst and through the best hours; and that of triumph found him none other than what he had ever been before, a man of duty, the devoted servant of his coun-

try, with deeper furrows on his face and more melancholy in his heart. And so, after having saved the nation, he went to his doom and, as he had long foreseen, fell a victim to the cause for which he had fought.

The emotion caused by the event was immense. Among my compatriots, part were for the South, part for the North. They should not be blamed; it was the same among Americans. But the whole of those who had liberal ideas, the bulk of my nation, considered neither North nor South, and thought only whether the Republic would survive and continue a great Republic, or be shattered to pieces. The efforts of Lincoln to preserve the Union were followed with keen anxiety, and with the fervent hope that he would succeed.

When the catastrophe happened, there were no more differences, and the whole French nation was united in feeling. From the Emperor and the Empress, who telegraphed to Mrs. Lincoln, to the humblest workman, the emotion was the same; a wave of sympathy covered the country, such an one as was never before seen. A subscription was opened to have a medal struck and a copy in gold presented to Mrs. Lincoln. In order that it might be a truly national offering, it was decided that no one would be permitted to subscribe more than two cents. The necessary money was collected in an instant, and the medal was struck, bearing these memorable words: "Dedicated by French democracy to Lincoln, honest man, who abolished slavery, reëstablished the Union, saved the Republic, without unveiling the statue of Liberty."

The French press was unanimous; from the Royalist *Gazette de France*, to the liberal *Journal des Débats*, came forth the same expression of admiration and sorrow. "A Christian," said the *Gazette de France*, "has just ascended before the throne of the Final Judge, accompanied by the souls of four millions of slaves, created like ours in the image of God, and who have been endowed with freedom by a word from him." Prévost-Paradol, a member of the French Academy, and a prominent liberal, wrote:

"The political instinct which made enlightened Frenchmen interested in the maintenance of the American power, more and more necessary

to the equilibrium of the world, the desire to see a great democratic State surmount terrible trials and continue to give an example of the most perfect liberty united with the most absolute equality, assured the cause of the North a number of friends among us. . . . Lincoln was indeed an honest man, giving to the word its full meaning, or rather the sublime sense which belongs to it, when honesty was to contend with the severest trials which can agitate States and with events which have an influence on the fate of the world. . . . Mr. Lincoln had but one object in view, from the day of his election to that of his death, namely, the fulfilment of his duty, and his imagination never carried him beyond it. He has fallen at the very foot of the altar, covering it with his blood. But his work was done, and the spectacle of a rescued Republic was what he could look upon with consolation when his eyes were closing in death. Moreover he has not lived for his country alone, since he leaves to everyone in the world to whom liberty and justice are dear, a great remembrance and a pure example."

When, in a log cabin of Kentucky, a hundred years ago this day, that child was born who was named, after his grandfather killed by the Indians—Abraham Lincoln—Napoleon I. swayed Europe, Jefferson was President of the United States, and the second War of Independence had not yet come to pass. It seems all very remote, but the memory of the great man whom we try to honor to-day is as fresh as if he had only just left us. "It is," says Plutarch, "the fortune of all good men that their virtue rises in glory after their death, and that the envy which any evil man may have conceived against them never survives the envious." Such was the fate of Lincoln.

THE ILLINOIS SUPREME COURT
COMMEMORATION

THE ILLINOIS SUPREME COURT COMMEMORATION

THE overshadowing importance of the services which Lincoln rendered as President has caused many people to overlook, until recently, that Lincoln was prepared for that great office by a long and successful career at the bar. It was before the Illinois Supreme Court, of which Stephen A. Douglas was a member from 1841 to 1843, that he achieved many of his forensic triumphs, and that Court, following his assassination, held commemorative exercises.

On February 11, the Lincoln Centenary was observed in an impressive manner by commemorative exercises held in the Supreme Court of Illinois in the Judiciary Building at Springfield, particularly reviewing the services of Lincoln as a member of the Illinois bar. A record of these proceedings has been published in Volume 238, Illinois Supreme Court Reports. Upon this occasion the Court was addressed by Mr. MacChesney, representing the city of Chicago; Mr. Justice Hand, responding for the Court, and giving a scholarly review of Lincoln's place in the profession of the law, and of his work before that Court; while the Court was addressed on behalf of the Illinois State Bar Association, by Hon. James H. Matheny, and on behalf of the Sangamon County Bar Association, by Major James A. Connolly.

Upon adjournment after these exercises, the Supreme Court went in a body to attend a joint celebration under the auspices of the House and Senate of the General Assembly of Illinois, in the Chamber of that House of Representatives, of which both Lincoln and Douglas had been members, and for the Speakership of which Lincoln was twice a candidate. The exercises there were presided over by Hon. Edward D. Shurtleff, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and addresses were made by the Hon. Charles S. Deneen, Governor of Illinois; by the Hon. Frank P. Schmitt, Hon. Frank W.

Burton, Hon. W. Tudor Ap Madoe, Hon. John Hrubby, Hon. A. K. Stearns, Hon. A. M. Foster, and Hon. Henry D. Fulton; while Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was given by Hon. Oliver Sollett.

THE CENTENARY OF LINCOLN

NATHAN WILLIAM MAC CHESNEY

IT is deemed suitable that upon this occasion some recognition should be given to the fact that this State, as a whole, is about to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The significance of the event has been recognized by the executive proclamation and by a joint resolution of the General Assembly. It would be fitting if this Court, also, as the representative of the other great branch of the government, might take official recognition of this great centennial.

The State of Illinois has been aroused as never before. The people throughout the State realize the service that Abraham Lincoln rendered to them and to the nation. The citizens of Chicago have planned the greatest celebration which that city has ever had in its history—community-wide in its aspect and educational in its nature. The citizens of Springfield have planned a unique and comprehensive programme, reviewing the life and services of Abraham Lincoln, to be participated in by distinguished representatives of foreign countries, thus typifying the world-wide appeal of the man whom they honor. It is peculiarly appropriate that these two communities should do this, for in Springfield was his life as a lawyer spent. It was here that many of his greatest addresses were made, and it was from here that he went, with a sense of sadness, to take upon him the oath of office of President of the United States. On the other hand, it was in Chicago that he was nominated for the presidency. It was there that he issued the challenge to Judge Douglas for the series of famous joint debates, and it was there that he made his first reply to Judge

Douglas in that series which made his candidacy for the presidency possible, nay, inevitable.

Chicago is to observe the centenary of the birth of this great Illinoisan, not by a meeting for the favored few, but by a great civic celebration, in order that all the people may realize the spirit that animated Lincoln, and perhaps catch it in their own lives, so that they, too, may render something of the service that he rendered to the State that he loved and served so well. It is, therefore, appropriate that Chicago should come here, represented by one of her bar, and, in the presence of this distinguished tribunal, pay a brief tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the lawyer. And on behalf of the Mayor of Chicago and the Citizens' Committee, I desire to present to this Court a bronze tablet on which is inscribed the Gettysburg Address of Lincoln, which is the creed of American patriotism, in order that some enduring memorial may be erected in this building in commemoration of this event.

The services of Lincoln are so wide and so varied that it would be impossible to review them, even were I able to do so. In this presence it would be both unnecessary and presumptuous to attempt it. The life of Lincoln attracts us from whatever direction we approach him. As a man he was all-comprehensive in his sympathies and in his appeal to the people. Before he was admitted to the bar, as a business man he exemplified the highest commercial integrity—so much so, that it was thought at the time that he was almost finical in his ideas on the subject; but to-day is realized the inspiration his sterling honesty has been to thousands of young men entering upon commercial careers.

As a lawyer we know that he stood for the highest standards of the profession. He was a constant advocate before this Court during the years preceding his entrance upon the larger duties of national life. His name frequently appears in the volumes of this Court from the December term, 1840, to the January term, 1860. The judgment of the bar which knew him was eloquently expressed in an address before the full bench of the Supreme Court at Ottawa, on May 3, 1865, by

the Hon. J. D. Caton, formerly Chief Justice, who presented a Memorial which was spread upon your records and which appears in the thirty-seventh of Illinois.

Lincoln as a man, I repeat, was all-comprehensive in his appeal. As between man and man he stood for equality of rights. He knew no church, he knew no faction, he knew no section—no North, no South, no East, no West. He knew only the Union. He had no racial antipathies. His life was given to the working out of justice so far as he knew it, and we can only marvel that he knew it so well. It is, therefore, especially appropriate that this Court should take fitting recognition of his life.

Lincoln, perhaps as no other man, made his appeal to the people as a whole. He is, in fact, the prototype of American citizenship—the ideal of the nation realized. It has been said that he is “the first American,” and truly so, for in him for the first time were embodied the ideals which we all believe should go to make up American manhood, and to him we look for inspiration for the upbuilding of that manhood and the inculcation of those ideals in the citizenship of the future.

What better tribute could be paid to Lincoln and the spirit that guided and directed his private life and professional and public career, than to spread upon the records of this Court that immortal definition which he gave at Alton of the eternal issue in life’s struggle and to recognize the truth that he ever chose the right? He there said:

“That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the ‘divine right of kings.’ It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself.”

Let these words stand as our tribute to the life of this man, —citizen of Illinois, lawyer of this bar, greatest son of the State and Nation, the apotheosis of American manhood.

LINCOLN'S PREPARATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY

JUSTICE HAND

IN the public mind the fame of Lincoln has in the past rested, and will in the future largely rest, upon his conduct of the War of the Rebellion, the liberation of the black men from bondage, and the preservation of the union of the States; and by reason of the great height to which, as a patriot and statesman, he attained, the fact that he was a great lawyer when elected President has been largely overlooked; and the further fact that the training and development which enabled him to meet and solve the great questions which confronted him during the years that intervened between the firing upon Fort Sumter and the surrender at Richmond had been acquired while he was practising law in the courts of Illinois has generally been lost sight of by the people. Some of his biographers, even, have passed over, with but little note, the great work of preparation in which he was engaged in his law office and in the courts where he practised from 1837 to 1860. I quote from one of his biographers, who says, "He had had no experience in diplomacy and statesmanship. As an attorney he had dealt only with local and State statutes. He had never argued a case in the Supreme Court and he had never studied international law." And we often hear it said by his eulogists, that without training in statecraft or in the law, he was called from his humble surroundings by his fellow-countrymen to assume responsibilities which well might have deterred the wisest, the most experienced, and the bravest man who had ever been called to rule over the destinies of men or of nations. It has been said that, in some mysterious way, without any previous preparation either by study or experience, within a few weeks—at most within a few months—after his election as President he developed into the foremost man in modern

history. That view of the life of Lincoln is based upon a total misapprehension of his history. Lincoln, at the time he took the oath of office as President of the United States, was a great lawyer and a statesman of broad views, and while in all his undertakings for the preservation of the Union he recognized an all-wise overruling Providence, he was thoroughly trained, prepared, and amply qualified by a long course of study and by much reflection to perform the great work to which he had been called, and which preparation and reflection gave him, throughout his turbulent administration, the forbearance and wisdom which were necessary to enable him to accomplish with a brave and steadfast purpose the great undertaking to which he had consecrated his life.

It must not be supposed, however, that Lincoln reached the high position which he occupied, at once or without the most persistent and painstaking labor, which extended over many years of his eventful life. He came from good New England stock. He was licensed as an attorney, September 9, 1836, enrolled March 1, 1837, and commenced practice April 21, 1837. Prior to that time he had been a farmhand, a river boatman, a soldier in the Black Hawk War, a Deputy County Surveyor, a Postmaster, and a member of the State Legislature, and while he then had but little knowledge of books, he knew well the motives which control the actions of men.

During his professional career Lincoln had three law partners—Major John T. Stuart, Judge Stephen T. Logan, and William H. Herndon. When he entered upon the practice of the law the country was new and the people were poor. The Courts were held in log houses. There were few law books to be had and the litigation involved but little in amount—the civil cases being mainly actions of *assumpsit* based upon promissory notes and accounts, and actions of tort for the recovery of damages for assaults, slanders, etc., and the criminal cases generally involving some form of personal violence—and most of the lawyers of that day divided their time between the law and politics.

When Lincoln, in the Spring of 1837, came to Springfield to commence his professional career he rode a borrowed horse



C. S. Deneen

Photograph of Hon. C. S. Deneen, Governor of Illinois

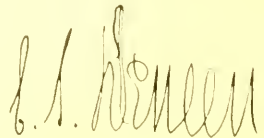
State of Illinois,
Executive Department,
Springfield.

February 5, 1909.

The celebrations which throughout the country are to mark the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Lincoln are an expression of the esteem and affection in which his name and character are universally held by the American people.

In this memorial occasion, the people of Illinois have a special and peculiar interest. Here Lincoln passed his mature years and here he began that marvelous public career which has earned the admiration of his countrymen and the world.

It is gratifying, therefore, to witness the extensive preparations which are being made by the citizens of Illinois to observe this great day in a manner worthy of its significance in the history of our State and country and of the movement for liberty throughout the world. And I urge the citizens of Illinois to participate in these celebrations in their various communities. In Lincoln's life every citizen may find an incentive to patriotism and the earnestness with which we join in this tribute to his memory will attest the measure of our devotion to the great principles of liberty and nationality with which his name will be forever associated.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "L. A. Deneen". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

Governor.

and carried his goods and chattels in a pair of saddle-bags. Lincoln remained in partnership with Major Stuart, with whom he had served in the Black Hawk War, until 1841, during the most of which time Mr. Stuart was in Congress and Mr. Lincoln in the State Legislature, and he made but little progress in a financial or professional way during that period. He, however, had during that time a number of cases of some importance in the Circuit Court and a few in this Court. The first case he had in this Court was at the December term, 1840, and was that of *Scammon v. Cline*, 2 Scam. 456, in which he was defeated. That case involved a question of practice in taking an appeal from a Justice of the Peace in the Circuit Court, and established no principle of any importance. At the July term, 1841, however, he did have in this Court a most important case, the decision of which was far-reaching in its results; and the manner in which he handled it, showed that the future held in store for him a great professional career. It was brought in the Tazewell County Circuit Court by the administrators of Nathan Cromwell against David Bailey, upon a promissory note made to Cromwell in his lifetime for the purchase of a negro girl named Nance, sold by Cromwell to Bailey. The plaintiff was represented by Judge Stephen T. Logan, who at the time of the War was at the zenith of his professional career as a lawyer. Judgment was rendered upon the note by Judge William Thomas, who presided at the trial, in favor of the plaintiff for four hundred thirty-one dollars, ninety-seven cents. The defendant prosecuted an appeal to this Court, where it was contended the note was without consideration and void, as it was given as the purchase price of a human being, who, the evidence showed, as it was claimed, was free and therefore not the subject of sale. This Court reversed the trial Court, the opinion being written by Judge Breese (3 Scam. 71), who held, contrary to the established rule in many of the Southern States, that the presumption in Illinois was that a negro was free and not the subject of sale. Under the old rule the burden was upon the negro to establish that he was free, as the presumption obtained that a black man was a slave; under

the new rule established by the opinion of Judge Breese the presumption obtained that a black man in this State was free, and a person who asserted he was a slave was required to bring forward his proof, which often it was impossible to do.

It was a fortunate circumstance in the life of Lincoln that in 1841 he allied himself with Judge Logan. The judge, like Lincoln, was from Kentucky and was a very great lawyer; not only a great lawyer, but a good lawyer—one thoroughly grounded in all the principles and technicalities of the common law, which at that time Lincoln was not, and during the next four years, and throughout his association with Judge Logan, Lincoln grew as a lawyer very rapidly. At that period there lived in Illinois a great number of very able lawyers—Logan, Stuart, Baker, Douglas, Trumbull, Davis, Treat, Breese, Hardin, Shields, Linder, Manney, Purple, Knox, and others—many of whom would have graced the bar of any court, even that of the Supreme Court at Washington or the courts at Westminster, in England, and a number of whom subsequently attained high distinction upon the bench or in other walks of public life. The United States Courts and the State Supreme Court of Illinois were then held in Springfield. Lincoln was immediately thrown into contact and competition with those great men, and his contemporaries all attest the fact that at the time he was elected to Congress from the Springfield district, in the Fall of 1846, he was the peer, as a lawyer, of any of them. Upon the dissolution of the firm of Logan and Lincoln, the firm of Lincoln and Hernndon was formed, which lasted until Lincoln was elected President.

Lincoln was, during the time that he was in partnership with Judge Logan, and up to the time this ambition was satisfied, anxious to go to Congress. There were then living in that district, also, J. J. Hardin, E. D. Baker, and Judge Logan, all of whom had the same ambition, and it has been charged, but perhaps without foundation, that the "Big Four," as these men were called, formed a coalition, whereby Hardin, Baker, Lincoln, and Logan were each to have a term in Congress in the order in which they are named. Hardin,

Baker, and Lincoln each served a term in Congress, and Logan received the nomination, but was defeated at the polls.

There is another strange coincidence with three of those great men. Hardin fell at Buena Vista while leading his men in a charge during the Mexican War; Baker fell while leading his men at Ball's Bluff, during the War of the Rebellion; and Lincoln, just at the close of the War, lost his life at the hands of an assassin.

Lincoln was not a candidate for reelection to Congress, and upon his return to Springfield, in 1849, he resumed the practice of the law; and, it may be said, for the next eleven years he devoted all his energy to his profession, and his development during that period was such that when he stepped from his law office in Springfield into the executive office at Washington, no man since the time of Washington was more thoroughly equipped and prepared to fill wisely that exalted position than was he.

During that eleven years preceding the election of Lincoln as President, he not only rode the old Eighth Judicial Circuit, but he had a large practice in this Court and in the United States Circuit and District Courts of Illinois, and was often called to represent large interests in foreign States. During the twenty-three years that Lincoln practised law he had one hundred and seventy-three cases in this Court—a most remarkable record—and I have found two cases (and perhaps there are others) which he had during that period in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Lincoln was a great jury lawyer, as is attested by his efforts in the Armstrong case and the Harrison case—both murder cases—and in many other cases. He was also equally strong with the Court. For many years he represented some of the great corporations of the State, such as the Illinois Central Railroad Company and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company, and when he became a candidate for President, the lawyers of the State, recognizing his eminent ability, almost to a man gave him their earnest and warm support, and his nomination was largely secured through the influence of Judge David Davis, Gen. John M. Palmer,

Leonard Swett, Richard J. Oglesby, Richard Yates, and other well known lawyers of Illinois with whom he had travelled the old Eighth Judicial Circuit and with whom he had tried cases in different sections of the State.

If it were necessary to quote authority to prove the greatness of Lincoln as a lawyer, the testimony of innumerable members of the bench and bar who knew him might be cited. I will only refer to that of one—Judge David Davis, of the old Eighth Judicial Circuit, who afterwards graced with dignity and learning, a seat upon the Supreme Bench of the United States. He said:

“I enjoyed for over twenty years the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the bar about the same time and travelled for many years what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. In 1848, when I first went on the bench, the circuit embraced fourteen Counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the Court to every County. Railroads were not then in use and our mode of travel was either on horseback or in buggies. . . . Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of that Circuit to the office of the President of the United States, having been without official position since he left Congress, in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes.”

One of the most important cases which Lincoln ever tried was that of the Illinois Central Railroad Company against the County of McLean (17 Ill. 291), which case involved the right of McLean County to tax lands of the Illinois Central Railroad Company in that County. Mr. Lincoln represented

the company and was defeated in the Trial Court. The case was carried to this Court, where it was argued orally twice by Lincoln, and the judgment of the lower Court was reversed. Lincoln received a fee of five thousand dollars for his services in that case—the largest fee which he ever received. There was some controversy over its payment, and it was finally paid after it had been put into judgment. A lawyer at the present day, of equal prominence with Lincoln, would doubtless have charged twenty-five thousand dollars for the same service.

Lincoln, in about 1856, was retained by Mr. Manney in the famous case of *McCormick v. Manney*, tried in the United States Court at Cincinnati, which involved the validity of the patents under which the McCormick reapers were manufactured, and a claim of four hundred thousand dollars for infringement. Governor William H. Seward and Hon. Edwin M. Stanton were also retained in that case—Mr. Seward for the plaintiff, Mr. Stanton for the defendant. Lincoln went to Cincinnati to assist in the trial of the case but did not argue the case orally. It has been said that during the trial Stanton ignored him and that Seward was supposed to have far out-ranked him as a lawyer. Lincoln, however, lived long enough to demonstrate to the world that intellectually he towered above each of those great men as does the snow-capped peak above the foothills.

Lincoln, a little later, appeared in the United States Court in Chicago in the *Rock Island Bridge* case—a case which involved the right to bridge the Mississippi River. It was really a contest between the railroads and the steamboats. Judge Blodgett of Chicago, who was at the time of the trial a young man, later in his eventful life told me he listened to Lincoln's arguments in that case, and he said to me it was the greatest forensic effort that he had ever heard. In a nutshell, he said Lincoln's position was, if you have the right to go up and down a river, you have the right to cross it. He further said his peroration was grand beyond description. All the territory west of the Mississippi was then practically unoccupied, and he said Lincoln described the future development of that

great territory in such vivid terms that his language, to one who then heard it and had now ridden through that vast territory and seen the development that had taken place, almost seemed prophetic.

In the debate with Senator Douglas, in 1858, Lincoln demonstrated that he was a far greater lawyer than Senator Douglas. The answers which Senator Douglas attempted to make to the questions propounded to him by Lincoln at Freeport involved Douglas in a maze of contradictions and inconsistencies, alienated the South from him, and perhaps lost him the presidency.

After Lincoln was inaugurated as President his administration was immediately beset with many great and vexatious questions which demanded immediate answers. The South claimed the right of secession, and the feeble administration which surrendered the reins of government to Lincoln had sought to compromise with the men who were attempting to break up the government. Lincoln firmly denied the right of secession. He said that one party to a contract could not voluntarily abrogate it. He said a contract might be broken, but that it could not be rescinded, except for fraud in its inception, without the concurrent act of both parties. This argument was but re-stating well-settled principles of law, which he had heard announced and seen applied time and again upon the old Eighth Judicial Court when he was practising law, and his clear statement of the proposition satisfied the country and put the seceding States upon the defensive.

In the controversy with England over the capture of Mason and Slidell he upheld the principles for which the United States had contended in the War of 1812, and the vexatious problem was satisfactorily and wisely settled. When the United States Treasury was depleted he said the issue of the greenback was authorized under the Constitution as a war measure, and when the question of emancipating the slaves presented itself for decision he also invoked the powers of the government in time of war as a justification for his Emancipation Proclamation.

All these questions, as well as the other great questions

which confronted him during the time he was President, he met with firmness, with wisdom, and with courage, with great forethought and forbearance, and in each instance applied to their solution the great principles of law and justice with which he had stored his mind during the twenty-three years that he had been a student of law and a practitioner in the courts of Illinois.

I believe Abraham Lincoln to have been the greatest man who lived during the century in which he was born, and that the appreciation of his greatness will increase with the receding years. I also believe the great achievements which he accomplished and which have magnified his name until it has filled the whole world, are due, in great measure, to the discipline and training received by him while an active member of the noble profession of the law.

THE BLOOMINGTON COMMEMORATION

THE BLOOMINGTON COMMEMORATION

IT was in Bloomington that the Republican party in Illinois was given birth, on May 29, 1856, when Lincoln unified, inspired, and so stirred the Convention with his famous "Lost Speech," that even the reporters failed to take their notes, but were caught by the enthusiasm of the audience and listened with wonderment. Lincoln's speech on that day was regarded as the greatest that had ever been made in the State, and as making him a presidential possibility. There, too, on the last sad journey of the dead President to his final resting place, his body lay in state at the Court House, where for years the people had been accustomed to see his lank figure passing in and out, crowds gathering from far and near to gaze for the last time upon his silent face.

The City of Bloomington, like Springfield and Chicago, felt that it had a special interest in Lincoln and the Lincoln Centenary, because of Lincoln having visited and spoken there, and because it has as its citizens prominent men who had personal touch with Mr. Lincoln. A large and enthusiastic meeting was addressed by the Hon. Adlai Stevenson, Vice-President of the United States under Grover Cleveland; by Judge R. M. Benjamin, Dean of the Illinois Wesleyan Law School there, and the author and editor of several well known legal treatises; and by Judge Owen T. Reeves—all three of these speakers having known Lincoln personally, and speaking, therefore, from a first-hand knowledge of the times and the man.

LINCOLN THE STATESMAN

HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON

IN the humblest of homes in the wilds of a new and sparsely settled State, Abraham Lincoln was born one hundred years ago this day. The twelfth day of February—like the twenty-second day of the same month—is one of the sacred days in the American calendar. It is well that this day be set apart from ordinary uses, the headlong rush in the crowded mart suspended, the voice of fierce contention in legislative hall be hushed, and that the American people—whether at home, in foreign land, or upon the deep—honor themselves by honoring the memory of the man of whose birth this day is the first centennial.

This coming together is no idle ceremony, no unmeaning observance. For to this man—more than to any other—are we indebted for the supreme fact that ninety millions of the people are at this hour, in the loftiest sense of the expression, fellow citizens of a common country. Some of us through the mists of half a century distinctly recall the earnest tones in which Mr. Lincoln in public speech uttered the words, “My fellow citizens.” Truly the magical words “fellow citizens” never fail to touch a responsive chord in the patriotic heart. Was it the gifted Prentiss who at a critical moment of our history exclaimed:

“For whether upon the Sabine or the St. Johns; standing in the shadow of Bunker Hill or amid the ruins of Jamestown; near the great northern lakes or within the sound of the Father of Waters flowing unvexed to the sea; in the crowded mart of the great metropolis or upon the Western verge of the continent where the restless tide of emigration is stayed only by the ocean—everywhere, upon this broad domain, thank God, I can still say ‘Fellow citizens!’”

Let us pause for a moment and briefly note some of the marvellous results wrought out by the toil, strife, and sacri-

fice of the century whose close we commemorate. The year of our Lord 1809 was one of large place in history. The author of the Declaration of Independence was upon the eve of final retirement from public place, and the presidential term of James Madison just beginning, when, in a log cabin near the western verge of civilization, the eyes of Abraham Lincoln first opened upon the world. The vast area stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean was under the dominion of Spain. Two decades only had passed since the establishment of the United States government under the federal Constitution—and the inauguration of Washington as its first President. Lewis and Clark had but recently returned from the now historic expedition to the Columbia and the Oregon—an expedition fraught with momentous consequence to the oncoming generations of the Republic. Only five years had passed since President Jefferson had purchased from Napoleon Bonaparte, for fifteen millions of dollars, the Louisiana country extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the frozen lakes—out of which were to be carved sixteen magnificent States to become enduring parts of the American Republic. From the early colonial settlements that fringed the Atlantic a tide of hardy emigration was setting in to the Westward, and, regardless of privation and danger, laying the sure foundation for future commonwealths. Four States only had been admitted into the federal Union, and the population of the entire country was less than that of the State of New York to-day. This same year witnessed the first organization of Illinois into a distinct political community and its creation by Act of Congress as “the Territory of Illinois,” with a white population less than one-twentieth of that of this good County to-day. The United States having barely escaped a war with France—our ally in securing independence—was earnestly struggling for distinct place among the nations.

No less significant, and fraught with deep consequences, were events transpiring in the old world. The year 1809 witnessed the birth of Darwin and Gladstone. The despotism of the dark ages still brooded over continental Europe,

and whatever savored of popular rule—even in its mildest form—was yet in the distant future. Alexander the First was on the throne of Russia—and her millions of serfs oppressed as by the iron hand of the Cæsars. The splendid German Empire of to-day had no place on the map of the world; its present powerful constituencies were antagonistic provinces and warring independent cities. Napoleon Bonaparte—“calling Fate into the lists,”—by a succession of victories unparalleled in history, had overturned thrones, compelled kings upon bended knee to sue for peace, substituted those of his own household for dynasties that reached back the entire length of human history, and with his star still in the ascendant, disturbed by no forecast of the horrid nightmare of the retreat from Moscow, “with legions scattered by the artillery of the snows and the fierce cavalry of the winds,” tortured by no dream of Leipsic, of Elba, of Waterloo, of St. Helena—still the “man of destiny” was relentlessly pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of universal empire.

The year that witnessed the birth of Abraham Lincoln witnessed the gathering of the disturbing elements that were to precipitate the second war with the mother country. England—with George the Third upon the throne—by insulting and cruel search of American vessels upon the high seas, was rendering inevitable the declaration of war by Congress—a war of humiliation upon our part by the disgraceful surrender of Hull at Detroit, and the wanton burning of our capitol, but crowned with honor by the naval victories of Lawrence, Decatur, and Perry, and eventually terminated by the capture of the British army at New Orleans. As an object lesson of the marvels of the closing century: an incident of so momentous consequence to the world as the formulation of the Treaty of Ghent—by which peace was restored between England and America—would to-day be known at every fireside a few hours after its occurrence. And yet within the now closing century—the Treaty of Ghent coming by slow sailing vessel across the Atlantic—twenty-three days after it had received the signatures of our commissioners the Battle of New Orleans was fought, all unsettled accounts

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE

A

WASHINGTON

No book, no school, no talk with refined men would have taught Lincoln what his rough early life did. Confronted every day and every hour of the day with problems which had to be solved, he got the habit of seeing, deciding and acting by himself. What the forest, what the swamp, what the river taught Lincoln, cannot be overestimated. After long years of it and shorter years at New Salem, Springfield and Vandalia, almost suddenly he found himself transferred to the port of greatest honor and greatest danger. And how then would act the "man almost unknown," the backwoodsman of yesterday? Would he not be staggered and dismayed? What would he say? What would he do? — The right thing.

Jusserand

Facsimile of the Last Page of Manuscript of Speech Made by
Ambassador Jusserand at Springfield

Bloomington Illinois,
Sept 14 1909.

I distinctly recall Mr Lincoln
as he appeared when a regular
attendant upon the McLean Circuit
about more than fifty years ago. I
heard him often at the Bar. He was a
great advocate - earnest, eloquent, im-
passioned.

The first political speech I
heard from his lips was in 1852 in
advocacy of the election of General
Winfield Scott to the Presidency. I heard
him last in 1858 in his now
historical contest with Douglas
for the Senate.

Lincoln will live in the
memory of all who knew him
as the grandest type of the true
American.

His public career is a
salient part of history. His husbandry
the great fact that during the critical
years he was found equal to every
emergency. Nothing can be now
worthy that can add to, or detract
from his imperishable fame.

Adlai E. Stevenson

eternally squared between America and Great Britain, and the United States, by valor no less than by diplomacy, exalted to honored and enduring place among the nations.

The fifty-six years that compassed the life of Abraham Lincoln were years of transcendent significance to our country. While yet in his rude cradle, the African slave trade had just terminated by constitutional inhibition. While Lincoln was still in attendance upon "the old field school," Henry Clay—yet to be known as the "Great Pacificator"—was pressing the admission of Missouri into the Union under the first compromise upon the question of slavery since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. From the establishment of the government the question of human slavery was the one perilous question—the one constant menace to national unity, until its final extinction amid the flames of war. Marvellous to man are the purposes of the Almighty. What seer could have foretold that from this humblest of homes upon the frontier was to spring the man who at the crucial moment should cut the Gordian knot, liberate a race, and give to the ages enlarged and grander conception of the deathless principles of the declaration of human rights?

"Often do the spirits of great events
Stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

The first inauguration of President Lincoln noted the hour of the "breaking with the past." It was a period of gloom, when the very foundations were shaken, when no man could foretell the happening of the morrow, when strong men trembled at the possibility of the destruction of our government.

Pause a moment, my countrymen, and recall the man who, under the conditions mentioned, on the fourth of March, 1861, entered upon the duties of the great office to which he had been chosen. He came from the common walks of life—from what in other countries would be called the great middle class. His early home was one of the humblest, where he was a stranger to the luxuries, and to many of the ordinary comforts of life. His opportunities for education were only

such as were common in the remote habitations of our Western country one century ago.

Under such conditions began a career that in grandeur and achievement has but a single counterpart in our history. And what a splendid commentary this upon our free institutions—upon the sublime underlying principle of popular government! How inspiring to the youth of high aims every incident of the pathway that led from the frontier cabin to the executive mansion—from the humblest position to the most exalted yet attained by man! In no other country than ours could such attainment have been possible for the boy whose hands were inured to toil, whose bread was eaten under the hard conditions that poverty imposes, whose only heritage was brain, integrity, lofty ambition, and indomitable purpose. Let it never be forgotten that the man of whom I speak possessed an integrity that could know no temptation, a purity of life that was never questioned, a patriotism that no sectional lines could limit, and a fixedness of purpose that knew no shadow of turning.

The decade extending from our first treaty of peace with Great Britain to the inauguration of Washington has been truly denominated the critical period of our history. The eloquence of Adams and Henry had precipitated revolution; the unfaltering courage of Washington and his comrades had secured independence; but the more difficult task of garnering up the fruits of victory by stable government was yet to be achieved. The hour for the constructive statesman had arrived, and James Madison and his associates—equal to the emergency—formulated the Federal Constitution.

No less critical was the period that bounded the active life of the man whose memory we honor to-day. One perilous question to national unity—for near three-quarters of a century the subject of repeated compromise by patriotic statesmen, the apple of discord producing sectional antagonism, whose shadow had darkened our national pathway from the beginning—was now for weal or woe to find determination. Angry debate in senate and upon the forum was now hushed, and the supreme question that took hold of national life was

to find enduring arbitrament in the dread tribunal of war.

It was well in such an hour—with such tremendous issues in the balance—that a steady hand was at the helm; that a conservative statesman—one whose mission was to save, not to destroy—was in the high place of responsibility and power. It booted little, then, that he was untaught of schools, unskilled in the ways of courts, but it was of supreme moment that he could touch responsive chords in the great American heart; all-important that his very soul yearned for the preservation of the government established through the toil and sacrifice of the generation that had gone. How hopeless the Republic in that dark hour had its destiny hung upon the statecraft of Tallyrand, the eloquence of Mirabeau, or the genius of Napoleon!

Fortunate, indeed, that the ark of our covenant was then borne by the plain brave man of conciliatory spirit and kind words, and whose heart, as Emerson said, “Was as large as the world but nowhere had room for the memory of wrong!”

Nobler words have never fallen from human lips than the closing sentences of his First Inaugural in one of the pivotal days of human history—immediately upon taking the oath to preserve, protect, and defend the country:

“I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

In the light of what we now know so well, nothing is hazarded in saying that the death of no man has been to this country so irreparable a loss—one so grievous to be borne—as that of Abraham Lincoln. When Washington died his work was done, his life well rounded out—save one, the years allotted had been passed. Not so with Lincoln. To him a grander task was yet in waiting—one no other could so well perform. The assassin’s pistol proved the veritable Pan-

dora's box from which sprung evils untold—whose consequences have never been measured—to one-third of the States of our Union. But for his untimely death, how the current of history might have been changed—and many a sad chapter remained unwritten! How earnestly he desired a restored Union, and that the blessings of peace and of concord should be the common heritage of every section, is known to all.

When in the loom of time have such words been heard above the din of fierce conflict as his sublime utterances but a brief time before his tragic death:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness for the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve a lasting peace among ourselves and among all nations."

No fitter occasion than this can ever arise in which to refer to two historical events that at a crucial moment tested to the utmost the safe and far-seeing statesmanship of President Lincoln. The first was the seizure upon the high seas of Mason and Slidell, the accredited representatives from the Southern Confederacy, respectively to the Courts of England and of France. The seizure was in November, 1861, by Capt. Wilkes of our Navy—and the envoys named were taken by him from the *Trent*, a mail-carrying steamer of the British Government. The act of Capt. Wilkes met with enthusiastic commendation throughout the entire country; he was voted the thanks of Congress and his act publicly approved by the Secretary of the Navy.

The demand by the British government for reparation upon the part of the United States was prompt and explicit. The perils that then environed us were such as rarely shadow the pathway of nations. Save Russia alone, our government had no friend among the crowned heads of Europe. Menaced by the peril of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England and France—with the very stars apparently warring against us in their courses—the position of the President was in the last degree trying. To surrender the Con-

federate envoys was in a measure humiliating and in opposition to the popular impulse; their retention, the signal for the probable recognition of the Southern Confederacy by the European powers, and the certain and immediate declaration of war by England.

The good genius of President Lincoln—rather his wise, just, far-seeing statesmanship—stood him well in hand at the critical moment. Had a rash, opinionated, impulsive man then held the executive office, what a sea of troubles might have overwhelmed us—how the entire current of our history might have been changed!

The calm, wise President in his council chamber—aided by his closest official adviser, Secretary Seward—discerned clearly the path of national safety and of honor. None the less was the act of the President one of justice—one that will abide the sure test of time. Upon the real ground that the seizure of the envoys was in violation of the law of nations, they were eventually surrendered; war with England—as well as immediate danger of recognition of the Confederacy—averted. And let it not be forgotten that this very act of President Lincoln was a triumphant vindication of our government in its second war with Great Britain—a war waged as a protest upon our part against British seizure and impressment of American citizens upon the high seas.

The other incident to which I briefly refer was the Proclamation of Emancipation. As a war measure of stupendous significance in the national defense—as well as of justice to the enslaved—such proclamation, immediate in time, and radical in terms, had, to greater or less degree, been urged upon the President from the outbreak of the Rebellion. That slavery was to perish amid the great upheaval, became in time the solemn conviction of all thoughtful men. Meanwhile there were divided counsels among the earnest supporters of the President as to the time the masterful act—"that could know no backward steps"—should be taken. Unmoved amid divided counsels—and at times fierce dissensions—the calm, far-seeing Executive upon whom was cast the tremendous responsibility, patiently bided his time. Events that are

now the masterful theme of history crowded in rapid succession, the opportune moment arrived, the hour struck, the Proclamation—that has no counterpart—fell upon the ears of the startled world, and as by the interposition of a mightier hand, a race was lifted out of the depths of bondage.

To the one man at the helm seems to have been given to know “the day and the hour.” At the crucial moment in one of the exalted days of human history, “He sounded forth the trumpet that has never called retreat.”

My fellow-citizens, the men who knew Abraham Lincoln, who saw him face to face, who heard his voice in public assemblage, have, with few exceptions, passed to the grave. Another generation is upon the busy stage. The book has forever closed upon the dread pageant of civil strife. Sectional animosities, thank God, belong now only to the past. The mantle of peace is over our entire land and prosperity within our borders.

Through the instrumentality—in no small measure—of the man whose memory we now honor, the government established by our fathers, untouched by the finger of Time, has descended to us. The responsibility of its preservation and transmission rests upon the successive generations as they shall come and go. To-day, at this auspicious hour—sacred to the memory of Lincoln—let us, his countrymen, inspired by the sublime lessons of his wondrous life, and grateful to God for all He has vouchsafed to our fathers and to us in the past, take courage and turn our faces resolutely, hopefully, trustingly to the future. I know of no words more fitting with which to close this humble tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln than those inscribed upon the monument of Molière: “Nothing was wanting to his glory; he was wanting to ours.”

LINCOLN THE LAWYER, AND HIS BLOOMINGTON SPEECHES

R. M. BENJAMIN

MY personal acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln began in 1856 and continued until his election to the presidency in 1860. Accordingly, my remarks on this occasion will be confined to that period.

I shall first speak of Lincoln, the lawyer, and then of his two principal Bloomington speeches—one of them in Major's Hall on May 26, 1856, and the other in the Court House square on September 4, 1858.

I began the study of law at the Harvard Law School in 1854, came to Bloomington in April, 1856, was admitted to the bar on an examination certificate signed by Lincoln, and in October of the same year, began the practice of law in company with Gridley and Wickizer. They were both old-time Whigs—political associates and supporters of Mr. Lincoln. Gen. Gridley had served as a Representative, and later as a Senator, in the State Legislature, and was at the time (1856) one of the five members of the State Central Committee of the new party just organized and known at first as the Anti-Nebraska Party. Mr. Wickizer had been Mayor of the city of Bloomington, and at the November election, 1856, was elected the Representative of this legislative district. During the four years between the Spring of 1856 and the Spring of 1860, Lincoln was a regular attendant at the sessions of the McLean County Circuit Court.

He sometimes, in important cases, assisted us, and he frequently visited the office for consultation with Gridley and Wickizer on political matters.

In 1856, there were published only sixteen volumes of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports. There are now two hundred

and thirty-five volumes of these Reports. Previous to that time, and up to 1860—during all the period that Lincoln was a practising lawyer—causes were tried on principle rather than precedent. Those who followed Judge David Davis as he went from county to county holding court on the “Old Eighth Circuit,” when the published reports were so few and the jurisprudence of Illinois was in its formative state, were naturally compelled in the trial of causes to base their arguments to the Court and jury upon the solid foundation of right and justice. Instead of citing a great number of alleged similar cases, and spending their time in long arguments to show the analogy between them and the one at bar, they would apply to the transaction in controversy the test of reason, and appeal to that faculty by which we distinguish truth from falsehood and right from wrong.

Why is it that the people at large, the unlearned as well as the learned, so uniformly observe the law—follow its mandates in the indefinitely varying circumstances of life? Why is it that they are held bound to know the law? Is it not because they know the difference between the true and the false—between right and wrong—between justice and injustice—between law and violation of law?

The lawyer of central Illinois who “travelled the Circuit” fifty-six years ago, did not carry with him, and could not cite, an array of authorities in support of the points he made, but he had to win, if at all, by his ability to marshal the facts in evidence and by his power of reasoning to carry conviction of the righteousness of his client’s cause. The school of law in which Abraham Lincoln, John T. Stuart, Leonard Swett, and Lawrence Weldon were trained, was a school, not merely of oratory, but also of logic and legal ethics.

But it must not be inferred that Lincoln never consulted authorities. Although he was on the circuit a large portion of the year, he had access at Springfield, his home, to the State Law Library—to the English, the Federal, and the State Reports. And whenever any of the hundreds of cases, in the trial of which he had taken part on the Circuit, were taken to the Supreme Court of the State, he would reinforce himself

with all the authorities he could find in the books. In this way he was doubly armed for the final contest. He had his forces well in hand, with principles in the fore-front of the battle and precedents for their support.

Lincoln was admitted to the bar in 1837. The Illinois Reports show that in the twenty-three years of his practice of law, he argued one hundred and seventy-three cases in the Supreme Court of the State. He also had a large practice in the United States District and Circuit Courts at Springfield and Chicago.

The best description of Lincoln as a lawyer that I have ever read was that of Thomas Drummond, who was Judge of the United States District Court of Illinois as early as 1850, and subsequently became Judge of the United States Circuit Court for this, the Seventh Judicial District, comprising the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin. Judge Drummond gives this characterization of Lincoln as a lawyer:

"Without any of the personal graces of the orator; without much in the outer man indicating superiority of intellect; without great quickness of perception; still, his mind was so vigorous, his comprehension so exact and clear, and his judgment so sure that he easily mastered the intricacies of his profession and became one of the ablest reasoners and most impressive speakers at our bar. With a probity of character known by all; with an intuitive insight into the human heart; with a clearness of statement which was itself an argument; with uncommon power and felicity of illustration—often, it is true, of a plain and homely kind—and with that sincerity and earnestness of manner which carried conviction, he was perhaps one of the most successful lawyers we have ever had in the State."

This is a true picture of Lincoln, the lawyer. No one who has ever seen and heard him at the bar can fail to recognize the likeness.

The Bloomington Pantagraph of May 14, 1856, published a call for a mass meeting of the voters of McLean County, favorable to the Anti-Nebraska movement, to select three delegates to a State Convention to be held in Bloomington on the twenty-ninth of May, 1856. This call was signed by John M. Scott, W. C. Hobbs, J. H. Wickizer, L. Graves, J. E. McClun, Z. Lawrence, James Vandolah, and Leonard Swett. The meet-

ing held in pursuance of that call was the first political meeting I attended in this State. At that meeting, Owen T. Reeves was one of the Committee appointed to select delegates. The delegates reported by the Committee and appointed by the meeting were, James Gilmore, Dr. Harrison Noble, and William W. Orme. The alternates were, Green B. Larrison, David Cheney, and A. T. Briscoe.

The first time I saw and heard Lincoln was at this Anti-Nebraska Convention of May 29, 1856, held in Major's Hall. I then and there received my first and lasting impressions of the logic and eloquence, the power and greatness of Abraham Lincoln.

A great speech requires a righteous cause, an inspiring occasion, and a man who measures up to the full height of the cause and the occasion.

What was the cause in whose support former members of all the old parties gathered together in that Convention? A clear understanding of the cause for which Lincoln spoke that day—the one cause for which he made all his political speeches—requires a brief historic statement.

About two years before the adoption of the Constitution, the last Congress, sitting under the Articles of Confederation, passed what is known as the Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi River, it being all the territory then owned by the United States. After the adoption of the Constitution, there were formed from this Northwest Territory, the Territories—and later, the States—of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The sixth article of this Ordinance of 1787, provided that “there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crime, whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted.” Each of the Acts of Congress for the establishment of territorial governments within this region northwest of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi, required the government to be in all respects similar to that provided by the Ordinance of 1787. The Enabling Act for the admission

of Illinois into the Union, passed by Congress in 1818, required that the Constitution and State government to be formed, "shall be republican and not repugnant to the Ordinance of 1787."

The Ordinance of 1787, the Act of Congress of 1809, establishing the Territory of Illinois, and this Enabling Act of 1818, saved our own State of Illinois from becoming a slave state; for slavery, without such barrier, had already taken possession of the Territory directly west of us.

In 1803 we purchased from France the Province of Louisiana, which extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the British possessions and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains. In March, 1818, the inhabitants of the Territory of Missouri, a portion of the Louisiana Purchase, applied for admission into the Union. Nearly all of this Territory lay directly west of the free State of Illinois, the Southern boundary being but a short distance farther south than Cairo, and the Northern boundary being as far north as Bloomington.

For two years the halls of Congress were the scenes of angry debates as to whether Missouri should be admitted as a free or a slave State. The bitter struggle was ended for a time by an Act of Congress, passed March 6, 1820, which enabled Missouri to be admitted as a slave State, and provided: "That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this Act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall be and is hereby forever prohibited."

This Act of Congress was known as the Missouri Compromise. It was confined to the territory purchased from France. It prohibited slavery in that portion of the Louisiana Purchase which was west and north of Missouri, and allowed it to go into the portion which was south of Missouri.

This Compromise was proposed by one of the Senators

from Illinois and voted for by both of them. The two Senators were Jesse B. Thomas (who proposed it) and Ninian Edwards.

In January, 1854, the Chairman of the Committee on Territories introduced in the Senate of the United States a Bill for the organization, out of that territory from which slavery had been excluded by the Missouri Compromise, of two new Territories to be named Kansas and Nebraska. The Bill as finally amended, declared that the Missouri Compromise was "inoperative and void." The Bill was discussed in Congress for four months. It was passed by the House, May 22, and by the Senate, May 25, 1854.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise—the removal of a barrier against slavery, which had stood from 1820 to 1854—was attempted to be justified on two inconsistent grounds.

The Southern advocates of the repeal claimed that the slavery restriction in the Compromise of 1820 was unconstitutional—that the Constitution of the United States gave to the citizens of a slave State the right to take their slaves into any part of the common territory of the United States, and hold them there as property—that their right to do this was equal to the right of the citizens of a free State to take and hold there their horses or any other kind of property. Said Senator Toombs, of Georgia:

"The Bill leaves with the people of the Territories all the power over their domestic institutions which the Constitution permits them to exercise. The Bill repeals an Act which excluded the people of the slave-holding States from the equal enjoyment of the common territory of the Republic."

The Northern advocates of the repeal based their arguments on what they called "The principle of popular sovereignty." Said Senator Cass, of Michigan:

"I have made the doctrine of non-intervention, or, in other words, the right of self-government of American citizens, so far as it is not controlled by the Constitution, one of the principal reasons for the adoption of this measure."

He said that by the term, "popular sovereignty" he meant,

“the right of the people to regulate their local and domestic affairs in their own way.”

From the day of its introduction in the Senate, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill had been debated almost continuously for over four months, and then on the day of its final passage, the leading Senators who had, throughout that long debate, fought against the advancement of slavery into the territory consecrated to freedom by the Missouri Compromise—the Senator from Ohio, Salmon P. Chase; the Senator from New York, William H. Seward, and the Senator from Massachusetts, Charles Sumner—during the closing hours of that fateful day, spoke unavailing, solemn, almost prophetic words, expressive of their intense solicitude for the great and precious interests imperilled by that Bill—intense solicitude for the peace and even existence of the Union.

Lincoln, in his brief Autobiography, written at the request of Jesse Fell, here in Bloomington, “at a desk in the old court room,” says:

“In 1846 I was once elected to the Lower House of Congress—was not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.”

We are now prepared to understand fully what was the cause that aroused and brought together, in Major’s Hall on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1856, so many of the great men of the free State of Illinois.

The cause can be stated in one word—freedom—the preservation of free soil for free men in all that territory which stretches from the west line of the State of Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and extends northward to the Dominion of Canada. It was declared in the Resolution of the Convention, which resolved:

“That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was unwise, unjust, and injurious . . . and that we will strive by all constitutional means, to secure to Kansas and Nebraska the legal guarantee against

slavery, of which they were deprived at the cost of the violation of the plighted faith of the nation."

This Resolution was drawn by Lincoln. It was the text of his great speech in Major's Hall—it was the text of all his political speeches. No one has been able to reproduce from memory the line of his argument, still less his forceful eloquence, on that occasion. This is not strange.

Some of you, now here, have heard in this city, as I have, able political speeches made by James G. Blaine, Benjamin Harrison, Lyman Trumbull, John A. Logan, Richard J. Oglesby, John M. Palmer, Owen Lovejoy, Robert G. Ingersoll, Leonard Swett, and Lawrence Weldon, yet I venture to say that none of you can, to-day, state the line of any one of those speeches.

But from Lincoln's other speeches—always on the same text—can be formed some idea of the clear statements of facts and principles, the convincing logic, the impressive manner, the power and eloquence of his Major's Hall speech.

Some of you, as I did, heard Lincoln speak in the Court House Square on the afternoon of September 4, 1858. The proceedings on that day were reported in the *Weekly Pantagraph* of September 8. Let me recall to your memory the long procession, formed under the direction of William McCullough, Chief Marshal, and Ward H. Lamon, Charles Schneider, James O'Donald, and Henry J. Eager, Assistant Marshals. You saw that procession march to the residence of Judge Davis, there receive Lincoln, and then counter-march down Washington Street to the public square.

You saw the banners bearing these mottoes, "Our country, our whole country and nothing but our country"; "The Union—it must be preserved"; "Freedom is national—slavery is sectional"; "Honor to the honest. God defend the right."

You then saw above the north door of the old brick Court House the representation of a ship in a storm and underneath the words, "Don't give up the ship—give her a new pilot."

The ship came safely into port, and now—this moment—

A Peckham sinister was
the chiefest man I ever
saw.

He could make out
Lenny's. Heve, was much.
-He often is nervous; there
have I am another who
never without so much more
and who looked into before.
and I am with such the
and the most sinister and
because of some are things,
Lenny is at his own place
as at those of others. I
did not wonder that
while actively engaged in
party politics, this oppo-
nents who had seen him
in their words, called them
have sinister a claim and
an eye.

Mr. Peckham sinister was
the most. Various men I
ever saw
after I heard from
his first against fighting

2

One must substitute with
the cause of human slavery,
in his debates with Sumner,
disputed, we in our could have
been more in earnest, more
more serious. In this and
I am of legal problems, that
in the practice of his pro-
fession or in the consideration
of the black people the the
same of history, absorbed in
his subject. Sometimes the
engaged with his own thoughts,
moving that was I am only one
about him with around,
when perhaps he moved in
the with a consideration of the
subject that has occupied
his mind, he perhaps took
not, with long and not take
a joke or story that sat the
table in a hour.

When I saw him at the
Lydney as he declared that
the true thing is that the
the cheap, that not from what
in the the that the nation that
under God, there is a new kind
of freedom and that the God.

3

Comment of the people, by the people, and, for the people shall not perish from the earth!" When I heard him declare in his second inaugural address "I solemnly declare to be personally at my prayer that 'his mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet, if God wills that it continue until all the weak kneel up by the bondsman and two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by an ~~other~~ drawn with the sword, it was three thousand years ago, in still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." "With malice to none, with charity for all, God gives us to see the right, as we looked upon him and heard him when his stern voice spoke against the sinners of Achanah. Since then the most valiant the most digni-

4

ried, the most majestic, and
at the same time the most di-
-gnified - manner being I ever
saw.

"G'raeviti is a very strong of the
body connected to conceal de-
pends of the mind." Some Shylos
boy says that "G'raeviti is the
very essence of impatience"
Mathiam a man had more
of this.

Man is the most serious of animals. Man is the most philosophical of animals. It is said that man is the only animal that can both laugh and cry. Abraham Lincoln gave me just such a definition. He went through life with no mistakes nor mistakes. Upon his face are written the great truths in the expression of his face, whether serious or otherwise, honest, with his manly features, honest with his manly features.

Galesburg Ill.

there flashes across your minds, the lines of Walt Whitman's best poem, "O, Captain, My Captain."

On that day, September 4, 1858, over fifty years ago, there were not less than seven thousand of you in and around the public square. The Court House, Phœnix block, Union block, and the sidewalks next the square were alive with people. Dr. Isaac Baker was the President of the Day, and Leonard Swett made the reception speech.

Lawrence Weldon, then of Clinton, and Samuel C. Parks, of Lincoln, spoke in the evening.

You who heard Lincoln then—listen again to a few of the words he spoke in regard to the irrepressible agitation of slavery and his own position as to slavery in the slave-holding States and freedom in the Territories. Said he:

"It is not merely an agitation got up to help men into office. . . . The same cause has rent asunder the great Methodist and Presbyterian churches. . . . It will not cease until a crisis has been reached and passed. When the public mind rests in the belief that slavery is in the course of ultimate extinction it will become quiet. We have no right to interfere with slavery in the States. We only want to restrict it where it is. We have never had an agitation except when it was endeavored to spread it. . . . The framers of the Constitution prohibited slavery (not in the Constitution, but the same men did it) north of the Ohio River where it did not exist, and did not prohibit it south of that River where it did exist. . . . I fight slavery in its advancing phase, and wish to place it in the same attitude that the framers of the government did."

This was a clear statement that the agitation of the slavery question, which had rent in twain the churches, would not cease until the public mind should rest in the belief that slavery was in the course of ultimate extinction—a clear statement that we of the North had no right to interfere with slavery in the Southern States, but should resist its further advancement into the national Territories.

Viewed from a political standpoint, this was the position of Lincoln—it was the platform of his party. But from the day he made his Major's Hall Speech, he never lost sight of the moral question as to whether slavery was right or wrong.

In his Alton speech, made on the fifteenth of October, 1858, he said:

"That is the real issue. . . . It is the eternal struggle between two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the 'divine right of kings.' It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

You will bear in mind that Lincoln's Springfield speech of June 17, 1858, his Bloomington speech of September 4, 1858, and this Alton speech of October 15, 1858, wherein he stated that the struggle between freedom and slavery was only one form of the eternal struggle between right and wrong, were all made before William H. Seward, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1858, at Rochester, New York, made his celebrated "irrepressible conflict" speech.

Perhaps the strength and force of Lincoln's reasoning powers and intense convictions is best shown by a brief extract from his Cooper Institute speech in New York:

"If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we (the North) cannot justly object to its nationality—its universality; if it is wrong, they (the South) cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. . . . Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories, and to overrun us here in these free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. . . . Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

From these extracts from his political speeches, and from his recorded words uttered in his two Inaugural Addresses and at Gettysburg, you know that here was a man equal to any occasion—a leader on all occasions.

Who were the men who were present on the twenty-ninth of May, 1856, in Major's Hall, and heard Lincoln's speech on that occasion? Several of them in after years received from Illinois her highest honors:—The President of the Convention, John M. Palmer, Governor, United States Senator; O. H. Browning, United States Senator, Secretary of the Interior, Acting Attorney-General of the United States; Richard Yates, Governor, United States Senator; Richard J. Oglesby, three times Governor, United States Senator; David Davis, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, United States Senator, Acting Vice-President.

The Convention was called to order at ten o'clock. As stated by General Palmer at the meeting of May 29, 1900, commemorative of this Convention, "The Convention was created by the intense hostility of the American people to the extension of human slavery into free territory.

Palmer and Cook spoke in the forenoon. Owen Lovejoy, Lincoln, and Burton C. Cook spoke in the afternoon. Palmer and Cook were old Democrats; Yates and Browning were old Whigs; and Owen Lovejoy was a Liberty Party man.

The next issue of the *Weekly Pantagraph* (June 4, 1856) gives the following editorial account of the proceedings:

"We never saw such unanimity and enthusiasm manifested in a similar assemblage. . . . Men were here acting in counsel and harmony, who have hitherto been antipodes in political parties. . . . Although six candidates were nominated for State officers, not a ballot was cast . . . all were unanimously nominated by acclamation."

Let me stop a moment to say that all the candidates of the new party then and there organized were elected—the gallant Colonel William H. Bissell for Governor, and, for State Treasurer, our own James Miller, in remembrance of whom Bloomington has named her beautiful park and lake.

Now, listen while I read the concluding part of the *Pantagraph* editorial—a statement so concise, so terse, so true:

"Several most heart-stirring and powerful speeches were made during the Convention; but without being invidious, we must say that Mr. Lincoln on Thursday evening surpassed all others—even himself. His points were unanswerable, and the force and power of his appeals, irresistible—and were received with a storm of applause."

Some of us, a few, heard that "storm of applause," at the close of Lincoln's Major's Hall Speech, and some of us, a few, four years later in the Wigwam at Chicago, heard the "thunderous" applause that followed the announcement of his nomination for the presidency of the United States.

Listen again while I read the editorial correspondence of *The Democratic Press* of Chicago, written that night at eleven o'clock (May 29, eleven p. m.):

"Abraham Lincoln of Springfield was next called out, and made the speech of the occasion. Never has it been our fortune to listen to a more eloquent and masterly presentation of a subject. I shall not mar any of its proportions or brilliant passages by attempting even a synopsis of it. Mr. Lincoln must write it out and let it go before all the people. For an hour and a half he held the assemblage spell-bound by the power of his argument, the intense irony of his invective, and the deep earnestness and fervid brilliancy of his eloquence. When he concluded, the audience sprang to their feet, and cheer after cheer told how deeply their hearts had been touched, and their souls warmed up to a generous enthusiasm."

Listen to the testimony of John G. Nicolay, one of the authors of Nicolay and Hay's, "Abraham Lincoln: A History":

"I had the good fortune to be one of the delegates from Pike County in the Bloomington Convention of 1856, and to hear the inspiring address delivered by Abraham Lincoln at its close, which held the audience in such rapt attention that the reporters dropped their pencils and forgot their work."

Governor Palmer in his "Bench and Bar of Illinois" (page 538) has put on record this statement:

"At the Bloomington State Convention in 1856, where the new party first assumed form in Illinois, Lincoln made the greatest speech in his life, in which, for the first time, he took distinctive grounds against

slavery in itself. Thenceforth he became the leader of his party in the State."

Again, at the meeting in 1900, commemorative of the Convention, Governor Palmer said:

"Mr. Lincoln made a speech before the Convention, which was of marvellous power and force and fully vindicated the new movement in opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise."

General Thomas J. Henderson was a delegate to the Convention, and afterwards for twenty years a member of Congress. This is what he said at the commemorative meeting in 1900:

"The great speech of that Convention was the speech made by Abraham Lincoln. His speech was of such wonderful eloquence and power that it fairly electrified the members of the Convention and everybody who heard it. It was a great speech, in what he said, in the burning eloquence of his words, and in the manner in which he delivered it. If ever such a speech was inspired in this world, it has always seemed to me that that speech of Mr. Lincoln's was. It aroused the Convention, and all who heard it sympathized with the speaker, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. I have never heard any other speech that had such a great power and influence over those to whom it was addressed. I have always believed it to have been the greatest speech Mr. Lincoln ever made, and the greatest speech to which I ever listened."

On the twenty-eighth day of January, 1865, Mr. Lincoln signed the Joint Resolution of Congress, proposing, in almost the very words of the Ordinance of 1787 and of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, whereby slavery was prohibited in every place subject to the jurisdiction of the United States. Then his part of the great work was done. By that Amendment the one object—freedom—for which he made all his political speeches, was fully attained.

His Bloomington Speech in Major's Hall made Lincoln the Illinois leader of a new party which, within one year, took possession of our State government, and four years later placed him at the head of the nation.

The roof and walls of Major's Hall have long since disap-

peared. The place where Lincoln stood is open to the free "currents of the air," beneath the glory of the sun and the "silent light of stars." That speech was never "lost." Its influence and inspiration went with the great men who heard it—men who had no small part in making this continental nation an "indestructible Union" of free States.

THE PEORIA COMMEMORATION

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THE PEORIA COMMEMORATION

NO feature, perhaps, of the universal celebration of the Lincoln Centenary so well indicated the wide-spread interest in the life and history of Lincoln, as the participation of the various foreign ministers to this country. At the celebration at Peoria, Illinois, the name of Baron Takahira, Ambassador from Japan, headed the list of prominent speakers and distinguished guests.

At noon, a special train conveying the distinguished guests from away was met by a committee of prominent Peorians, an elaborate luncheon being served at the Country Club at three o'clock in the afternoon, followed by a reception at the Crève Cœur Club from four to five o'clock. The Peoria observance took many forms (including exercises in all the schools, and at the churches), ending, in the evening of February 12, with a banquet at the Crève Cœur Club, where, in the big Coliseum building—starred with thousands of dazzling electric lights, and gay with red, white, and blue bunting—beneath a canopy of the Stars and Stripes, interwoven with the Sun Flag of Japan, the representative of the Island Empire spoke to seven hundred guests, of Lincoln's inauguration of "The American Diplomacy."

Among the other speakers were the Hon. Charles Magoon, former Provisional Governor of Cuba, the Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr., Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and Professor John Clark Freeman, formerly United States Minister to Denmark, also Counsel-General of Copenhagen, but now of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Freeman was a soldier and officer in the Civil War, serving from 1862 to the close of the great conflict.

LINCOLN'S DIPLOMACY

KOGORO TAKAHIRA

I FIRST received your invitation, if I remember right, as long ago as March last. You gave me ample time to make a good speech, but I confess I have spent the most part of it carelessly, as I have always thought that I had plenty of time to do it, but when I began to prepare my speech a few days ago, I found that Lincoln's greatness as a man and as a public servant has been exhaustively described in so many "Lives" and "Biographies" that all patriotic citizens of this country must be fully familiar with it. There is no room for any additional remarks from such a stranger as myself. If, however, I should be required to say what has impressed me most strongly in his life and character, I would mention that the nobleness of his heart and the generosity of his mind, amply verified in every detail by acts and conduct which leave no trace of personal motives in his management of public affairs, but abound in every proof of the sincerity of his desire for the good of his country and fellow-beings, are fully illustrative of the life and character of a statesman idealized by all men of every nationality. Lincoln left in his life a great example of a public man, not only for his own, but for all countries. So it is no wonder that his fame is world-wide and adorns the universal history of the modern age, as one of the greatest men that ever lived.

Another feature of his life which appears particularly interesting and instructive to me as a diplomat, was his method of conducting the foreign affairs of this country. The Civil War did so much to endanger the international position of the United States as to threaten the internal solidity of the Union, and in so great adversity it must have required extraordinary power of foresight and precision, as well as an unusual command of resolution and courage, to handle such intricate

questions of foreign affairs as the United States had to face at that time. It is true that Lincoln had a great, able man for his Secretary of State in the person of William H. Seward, but if his biographies which I have read are to be depended on, Mr. Lincoln himself had often to examine important diplomatic documents drawn by Secretary Seward with great skill and care, and to amend them in many particulars in order to communicate to the powers interested, the exact motives and intentions of the American Government in those straightforward and forceful expressions, coupled with a sense of moderation and dignity, which made the American diplomacy so famous at the chancelleries of those Powers. Those who learned to admire his method of diplomatic transaction, called it "Lincoln's diplomacy"—the diplomacy which upheld the dignity and interest of the United States when she still remained in a less important position and under very adverse circumstances. Mr. John Hay, who was once President Lincoln's private secretary, said, in speaking of American diplomacy, "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is perhaps the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule." The origin of the Monroe Doctrine as the policy to be observed in the affairs of this hemisphere is too well known to everyone to require any explanation. But Mr. Hay's expression of the Golden Rule as the rule of American diplomacy, attracted the great admiration of every student of international affairs when it was announced. The idea was not only plausible in expression, but irresistible in effect, and it was considered most adapted to this great country from the point of view of its dignity as well as its interest. I regret I did not ask Mr. Hay, when I had to see him so often, where he obtained that expression. It may be the result of his own conviction of American diplomacy. But it is possible that he conceived such an idea when he was so closely associated with the great President, from his method of handling international dealings with all the powers, the proudest as well as the humblest.

The history of the diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan and other Far Eastern countries is replete with incidents of friendly acts on the part of this country

which might be considered as an application of the Golden Rule; and there is every reason to believe that such application of the Golden Rule in your diplomatic dealings with those countries is being rewarded by the adoption of the same rule in their diplomatic attitude towards you.

Now, let me make a few remarks here about our relations, in order to show you how the Golden Rule has been observed between the two countries, and also why it must be observed.

I have necessarily to begin with the remarkable success of Commodore Perry's mission to Japan some half century ago, to open and introduce into the community of nations the country which was then only *terra incognita*. Not speaking of the great debt of gratitude Japan owes the United States for her friendly introduction into the international community, it is a noteworthy fact that the American Government has been particularly careful in the selection of its representatives in Japan in order to accomplish what has been left for them to do by Perry's mission.

Townsend Harris, your first Minister to Japan, was especially remarkable as a man of large heart and broad mind. In regard to his achievements in Japan, a certain writer says:

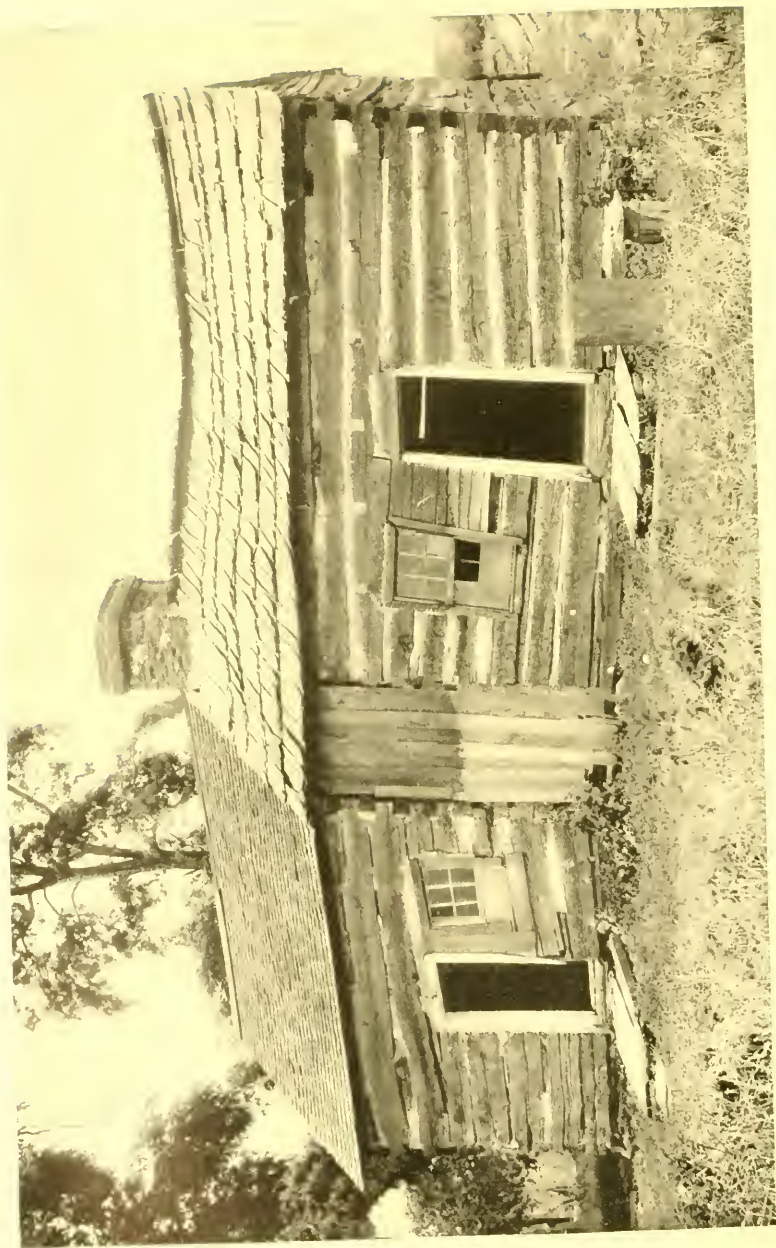
"It was thus that from the very outset, American diplomacy assumed in the eyes of the Japanese a distinctive aspect. They learned to regard the Washington statesmen as their country's well-wishers, whose policy no element of aggressive masterfulness disfigured or would ever disfigure."

The example thus set by Townsend Harris was followed by almost all American representatives who came to Japan thereafter, and it is interesting to look back at what has characterized their action and attitude in all the vicissitudes of life Japan has had to pass through since then. She had, from time to time, to meet complications of all kinds, to face revolutionary movements of her own people, to recognize the political system of the Empire, to remodel the administrative and judicial systems of the country, to introduce a representative form of government, to revise the treaties with the Western powers, and even to fight two great foreign wars.



Distinguished Guests on Centenary Day at the Tomb of Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois

(In the group are Ambassadors Bryce and Jusserand, Mr. Bryan, Senator Dolliver, and U. S. Judges, Grosceup,



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Thomas Lincoln's Home in Illinois, where He Died in 1851

In all these difficult and vexed works and undertakings the American Minister almost always sympathized with Japan, and often took our side, even by isolating himself from among his colleagues. It is through such friendly attitude taken by the American representative, of course supported by your Government, that the American people are deeply endeared to ours, and we want to reciprocate what has been done for us. We have never had an idea for a moment of displeasing your people, much less of waging war against you.

It was for this reason that when displeasure was manifested in this country in regard to Japanese immigration, we readily consented to the adjustment of the question under certain conditions, by limiting the immigration of laborers to the minimum number. As a consequence, emigration has been greatly reduced—notably since last July—and it is found that during the latter half of 1908 the number of Japanese immigrants who returned to Japan from continental United States was larger by twenty-one hundred than that of those who arrived in this country; and the number of those who returned to Japan from the Hawaiian Islands was also fifteen hundred in excess of those which arrived there from Japan.

While it is not certain how long this condition of movement will continue, it is possible that every half year hereafter for some years will witness the decrease of Japanese residents in this country in about the same proportion. It is said in some quarters that our laborers are coming to this country across the Canadian and Mexican borders, but we have already prohibited the immigration of laborers into those countries under certain conditions, and there is no ground whatever for the apprehension of their coming through those frontiers—except a smuggled few, if any.

Again, when there was some apprehension of a misunderstanding arising between us in regard to trademarks, copyrights, and other matters of kindred nature on the Asiatic continent, the two governments at once opened negotiations and concluded conventions with the view of protecting our mutual interests in this regard. We also signed a Treaty for the general arbitration of controversies between the two

countries, and, lastly, as you are undoubtedly aware, we exchanged, a few months ago, a Declaration defining the policy of the two governments in China and the Pacific Ocean, with a view to encouraging the free and peaceful development of the commerce of the two nations, and also to preserve the general peace in that region. Thus we have been using every effort not only to remove all possible causes of misunderstanding and conflict, but to bring about a clear and definite understanding between the two countries in order to cement the closest bond of friendship and good neighborliness. All this, I venture to say, is the result of the application of the Golden Rule in your diplomacy and of the adoption of the same rule in ours, and I most emphatically declare that so long as the Golden Rule is considered the guiding principle of our diplomacy, we shall be enabled to enjoy the benefits of peace and prosperity; and this must be, I dare say, in accordance with the high ideal forever fixed by Lincoln's diplomacy, and which is so energetically applied and propagated by another great President, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE *

EDWIN MARKHAM

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth—
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that falls for all;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

* Copyright, 1909, by Edwin Markham.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame, and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

THE HODGENVILLE COMMEMORATION

THE HODGENVILLE COMMEMORATION

A CELEBRATION which focused the attention of the country, as a whole, perhaps more than any other, was that at the Kentucky town of Hodgenville, within whose outlying country lies the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. There, on the farm upon which Lincoln was born, which has been purchased by a National Association formed for that purpose, largely initiated and made successful through the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of Mr. Robert J. Collier, the log cabin in which Lincoln first saw the light has been restored. Here was held a celebration national in character, and showing the unity, to-day, of the North and South of the American nation. With the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, laying the cornerstone of a memorial building being erected by popular subscription to protect the log cabin in which Lincoln was born, this gathering typifies, as well as any meeting could, the significance of the day.

Exercises were conducted under an immense spreading tent with open sides, sheltering the Lincoln cabin and the speakers' platform; while the cornerstone, a block of gray granite about three feet square, crowned with flowers, hung in the grasp of a great derrick, awaiting the signal of the President, when, at the close of the speeches of the day, it should be lowered into its place, and the first trowelful of mortar applied by the President of the United States. Beneath the cornerstone had been placed a metallic box containing copies of the Constitution of the United States and other documents of historic value, contributed by the President, by Clarence Mackay, Robert J. Collier, and Richard Lloyd Jones of New York.

In addition to the President, who spoke for the Nation, the speakers were:—Gen. Luke E. Wright, the Secretary of War, himself a soldier, who spoke on behalf of the Confederate soldiers; Gen. James Grant Wilson of New York, representing

the soldiers of the Union Army; Governor Willson of Kentucky, who, representing the native State of Lincoln, gave the address of welcome to the distinguished visitors present; and Ex-Governor Folk of Missouri, who made the address on behalf of the Lincoln Farm Association.

One of the features of the day was the reading of the Emancipation Proclamation by the "representative of ten million grateful negro citizens," Ira T. Montgomery, who though now of Mount Bayou, Mississippi, is nevertheless a native of Kentucky, and is said to have been a slave of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy.

The cabin and the Lincoln spring—over which a stone arch had been erected—were decorated with the national colors. Every visitor wanted to drink at the spring, and the crowd had to form in line, each awaiting his turn.

That the South is not unmindful of the cause for pride that may well be hers in that Lincoln is one of her sons, is evidenced by the beautiful statue designed by the sculptor Adolph Alexander Weinman, and erected through the action of the State of Kentucky and the Lincoln Farm Association, in the Court House Square of the village of Hodgenville. Here, Lincoln is shown a man of the people; and, standing pedestaled in the market place of the little town which gave him birth, he looks out down the sandy roads which lead into the simple country where nature first taught him the lessons of his life, and where soon will arise the exquisite marble memorial whose cornerstone has been laid by one President, Theodore Roosevelt, and whose dedication will be at the hands, and with the voice of a second President, William H. Taft.

A SON OF KENTUCKY

AUGUSTUS E. WILLSON

TO the President of the United States, the Commonwealth of Kentucky—one of the first twain daughters of the Union—and all of her people, give most cordial salute and welcome; and not less to Theodore Roosevelt, first citizen, loved, trusted and honored of the people. To all of the people of the Union here splendidly represented, our distinguished visitors and guests, and to the men of the Lincoln Farm Association, we give greeting, and rejoice to have you with us in Kentucky and to join you in this endeavor and in all the inspirations and associations of this time and place.

We have met here in memory of Abraham Lincoln, to know for ourselves and to prove to the world by a record made to endure, and deep-graven on these acres, that love of country and of its nobly useful citizens are not dreams nor idle words, but indeed living, stirring and breathing feelings. Abraham Lincoln is claimed by all humanity, and all time, as the type of the race best showing forth the best in all men in all conditions of life.

Our whole country claims him as the son of the whole Union. And Illinois says, "He was mine, the man of Illinois; here on my prairies he ripened into noble manhood and here he made his home."

Indiana, too, says, "He was mine. In my southern hills the little child grew strong and tall." And each is right and true.

But Kentucky says, "I am his own mother. I nursed him at my breast; my baby, born of me. He is mine." Shall any claim come before the mother's?

All over this land the people are meeting to-day to honor the one hundredth year's return of his birthday. And we

are met in his birthplace to pledge anew the love of all the people of our land for each other, and to show forth now, and year by year, our love and reverence for the man, the soul, the life, which more than any in all the lives of all the earth in all the ages, stands out as the very type and sight of human nature in its best loved, and its noblest vision.

He came from the rugged man-making school of poverty and hardship, with all man's lot of toil and trial, of sorrow and storm, unto the end that he, most kindly and homelike of friendly neighbors, should stand out, grand and alone, to lead a mighty people and a noble land safe through a storm of mortal strife and danger to the blessings of Union and peace under the Constitution and the law. He came to give liberty to every soul in all our broad domain, to the glory of God and all our land for all the ages.

As he said for the soldiers at Gettysburg, "We can not dedicate, we can not consecrate this ground." We meet here in Kentucky on the farm where he was born, to be consecrated and dedicated in the grace and beauty of his great spirit, to the work of upholding and keeping safe our Union, which he so nobly led and helped to save.

And when we try to tell the story of his life and work and his prophetic sayings, we find that nearly fifty years ago, as one inspired of God, he foresaw all and spoke all that we can say or think here, better and sweeter than mortal man could ever speak again.

To him more than any other man we owe—and shall for all time owe—the joy, the power, and the gift of grace of a mighty people joined together as they never were before, under one flag and one covenant of the law.

And at last all see, what only part could see at first, the vital truth of the text to which he turned at Chicago before the election, "A house divided against itself can not stand," repeated on the great seal of Kentucky, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Looking back now through nearly forty-seven years of mighty history, how strong, how wise, how clear, how prophetic, and how great are his inaugural words:

"In view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and . . . will constitutionally maintain and defend itself."

"This great country with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people."

For him there is no need of any memorial place or token. He lives and will forever live in the hearts of all the people of the earth as the man of the people, grand in simple, noble dignity, almost strange in wisdom and prophetic foresight as if it were a gift direct from God.

Simple and tender in life and feeling as a child, ready to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, yet brave as a spirit of truth, immovable from right purpose, blessed with a humor such as to no man else was ever given, which turned aside wrath and softened the rigor of mortal strife, his courage and his work breathed life and hope and faith until it came to pass that in the fiery furnace of a mighty war, hate and strife melted into the pure gold of Union.

Here are met to-day, with equal zeal to do him honor, soldiers of the War for and against the Union, heroes of the Union and the Confederacy, Americans all, no one less pledged than the other, not only by the bond of the covenant of our law, but alike by the dearest feelings of his heart and fervor of his blood, to our united country and its beautiful flag.

Oh, God of our fathers, look down upon our land and bless us all, strengthen the bonds of our affection and help us forever to keep the covenant of "peace on earth and good will to men."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WE have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter—this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor—lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fibre the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front—high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are, indeed, beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals—the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman—they were alike in essentials; they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed, also, all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others. There have been other men as great, and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism—without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man, and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist;

but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil, member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head—attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.



Statue of Abraham Lincoln by Adolph Alexander Weinman, Erected in
the Public Square of Hodgenville, Kentucky, by the State of
Kentucky and the Lincoln Farm Association
(Mr. Weinman was a pupil of Augustus Saint-Gaudens)

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong, and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing, as philosophy from which to learn wisdom, and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim, the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice and devotion to the right, as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will

grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race—Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN AND THE LOST CAUSE

HON. LUKE E. WRIGHT

WE are assembled to-day upon the spot where Abraham Lincoln was born, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth. When we look about us and behold a great and prosperous State, teeming with population and all the evidences of a highly developed and complex civilization, it requires an effort of the memory to recall how crude and primitive were his surroundings when his eyes first saw the light, and during his boyhood.

He was born of humble parentage, in a rude cabin of logs. His entry into the world was accompanied by no omens, and no seer prognosticated his future fame. Apparently his only heritage was to be a life of ignorance and poverty.

Still, it would be misleading to infer that the future could hold no prize for him. The hardy adventurers who swarmed out from the older States and crossed the Alleghenies were the offshoot of that older stock of English, Scotch, and Irish which had crossed the seas and had founded the first colonies upon American soil. They were a simple, God-fearing people, who lived their lives in field and forest, uncorrupted by wealth, strengthened in body and mind by hardships and dangers endured and overcome, with imaginations quickened by the thought that a continent was theirs.

Whilst there were instances among them of men of gentle birth and comparative fortune, yet all stood upon terms of perfect equality, and opportunity for all was practically the same. Any substantial distinction between the greatest and the humblest man, under such circumstances, could only be one created by individual prowess or worth.

There is perhaps in all the world no fairer land, no territory combining more natural advantages, and none more favorable

to the development of a virile race, than that vast area which gradually falls away from the western side of the Allegheny Mountains.

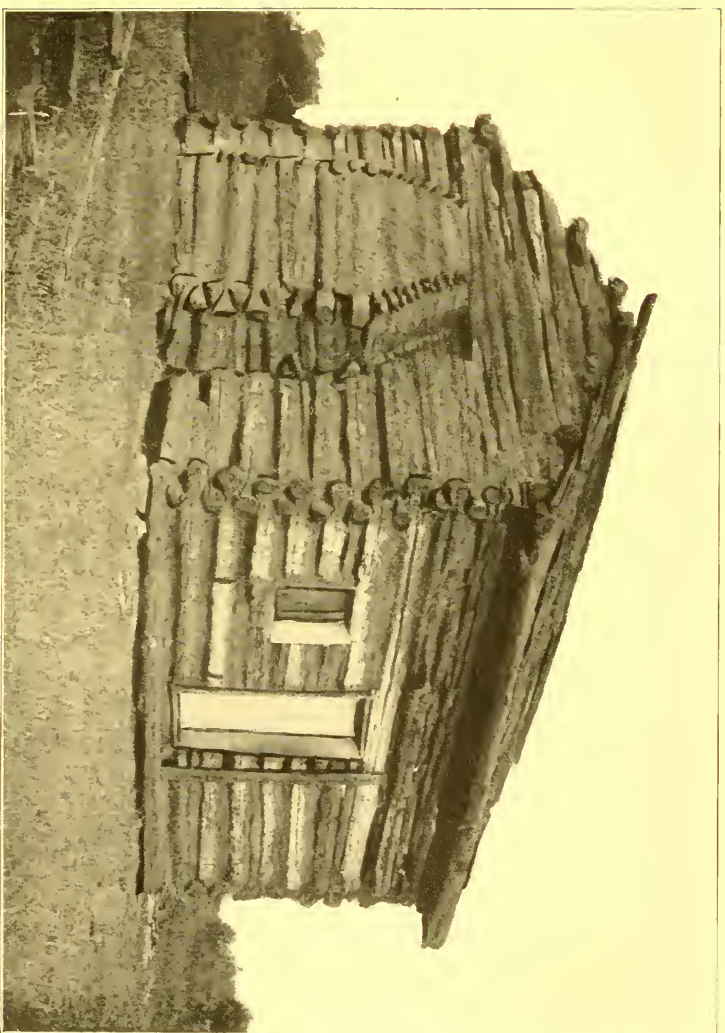
It is a curious fact that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born in the same State, that their parents were almost neighbors, and equally curious that in after life, in a great civil war, they should have been leaders on opposite sides. They began under the same environment, and yet how widely separated were they in their subsequent lives and fortunes!

In the Two-Ocean Pass, in the Yellowstone Park, is found a level spot hemmed in by surrounding hills, into which flows a stream which there divides, one part flowing into the Pacific and the other into the Atlantic; and this stream is typical of the careers of the two men. Davis in early manhood found himself living in a community in which slavery was a recognized institution, and himself became a slave-holder, as were his neighbors and friends; whilst Lincoln found himself in a free-soil State, where slavery was regarded as a crime.

From the foundation of the federal government, the right of a State to withdraw from the federal compact was more or less discussed. It is not too much to say that the founders purposely pretermitted any explicit declaration on the subject, and thereafter it was regarded as an open question, as to which intelligent and patriotic men might and did differ. This difference was for many years not sectional, but gradually became so after slavery became distinctly a Southern institution, and the agitation in favor of its limitation or abolition became a burning issue.

Yet it would be unfair to say that there was a complete unanimity of sentiment upon this subject on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. In the border States of the South especially, the majority of the people were opposed to the dogma of secession, as was demonstrated by the overwhelming majority against the Ordinances of Secession submitted to the people in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee a few months before the outbreak of hostilities.

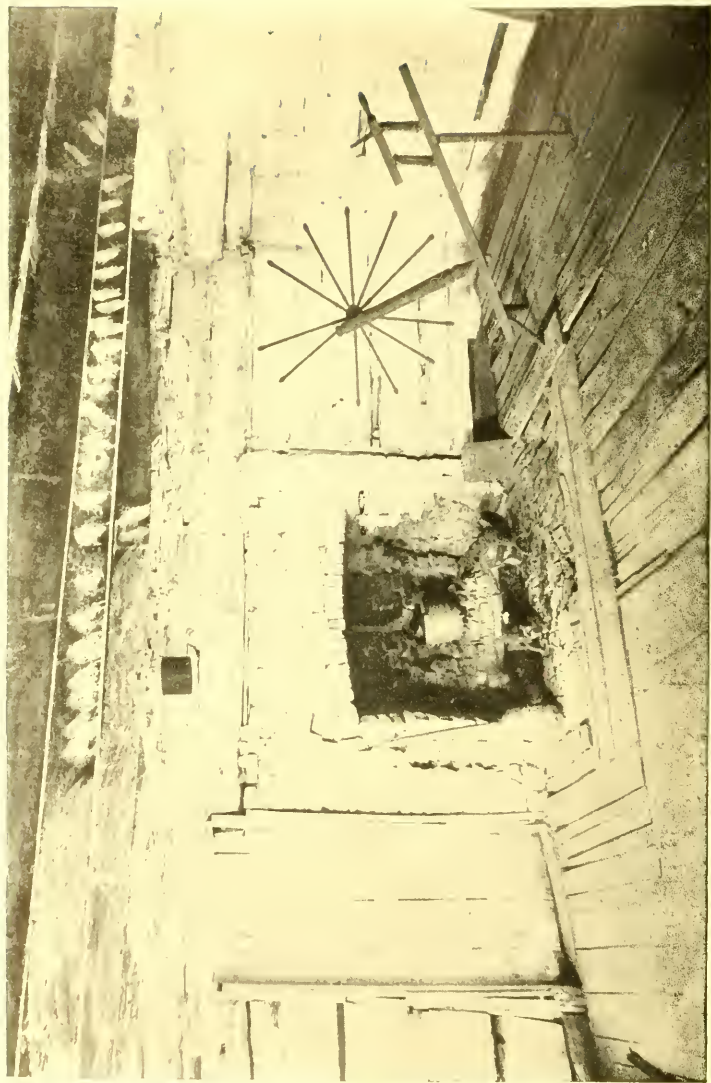
Moreover, in these same border States there was a class



By courtesy of The Chicago Tribune

The Lincoln Log Cabin near Hodgenville, Kentucky, where Abraham Lincoln Was Born

The Lincoln Farm has been purchased by an Association formed for that purpose, the Cabin restored, and a Memorial Building erected to contain and preserve it. The cornerstone of the latter was laid by President Roosevelt)



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Interior of Lincoln Cabin at Hodgenville, Kentucky

sentiment that slavery was morally indefensible, and that some means should be adopted looking to gradual emancipation. But the practical difficulty confronting those thus thinking was, what would be the status of the slave when freed? coupled with the feeling that to make him a free man dependent upon his own resources would, in a vast majority of instances, be inhumane and decree his ultimate extinction. Even in the North there was a large element of intelligent and conservative men who deprecated the agitation against slavery and who had not brought themselves to consent to the thought of coercion in the event of secession.

But the continued propaganda preached against slavery, and the extreme utterances of partisans on either side, unquestionably by degrees had the effect of drawing a clear line of demarcation between the North and the South, both as to slavery and secession.

I do not refer to this ancient history for the purpose of reviving discussions long since dead and buried, but merely to call attention to facts which have perhaps been obscured by the overwhelming events which followed. It can only be a matter of surmise and profitless speculation as to what would have happened had the Southern people been left to deal with this perplexing question in their own way. Perhaps slavery was too strongly rooted to be eradicated save by fire and sword, and it may be that in the mysterious movings of a Divine Providence the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children, and that the South paid the penalty for the violation of a great moral law.

But it ought to be remembered, and I believe is now being remembered more and more, that it was not alone the sin of the South, although its expiation fell heaviest upon her people.

In reading the public utterances of Lincoln during this period of bitter dissension, nothing has impressed me more than the singular clearness of his perception that the responsibility for slavery rested upon all our people and was a burden which should be borne by all alike. There was a temperance of statement, a respect for the opposite point of view,

and a moderation in his positions, which, when the excitement of the time is considered, is most extraordinary and must command our admiration.

Well would it have been for all our people had they been able to approach this burning question with the same conservatism and good sense. I have sometimes thought that this was to some extent due to the fact that his birth and early youth were in a slave-holding State, and that he understood the attitude and feeling of its people to a degree not possible for one born and reared in a community where slavery had long been unknown.

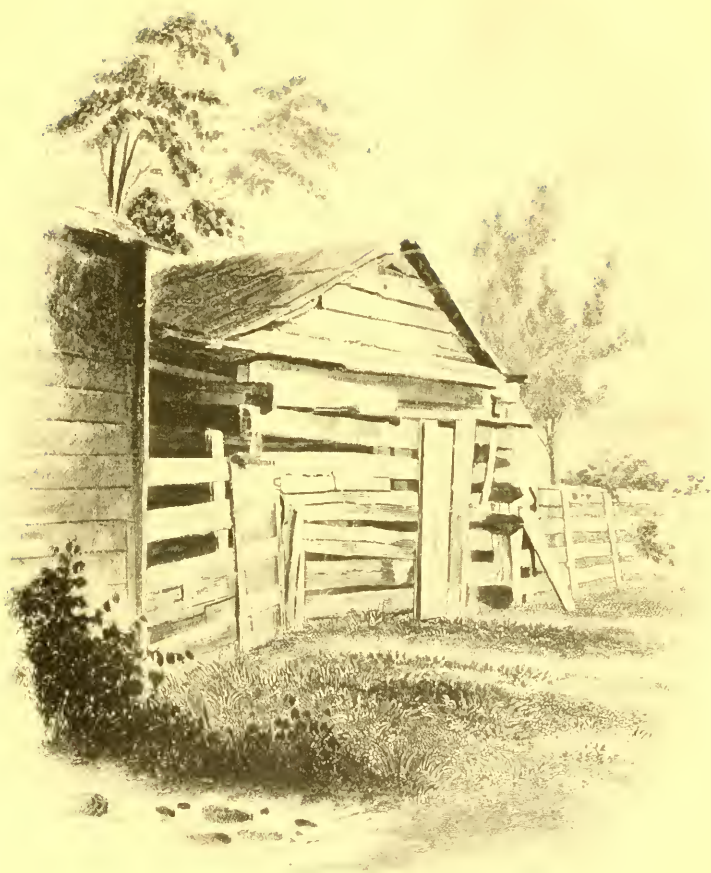
He sincerely believed in an indissoluble Union. He sincerely believed that slavery was a curse and a great moral wrong; and in believing thus he was right. He was opposed not only to its extension, but believed the gradual emancipation was a possibility worth striving for; and yet he respected the Constitution and did not believe in the right to extinguish slavery by force.

In all the speeches he made there can be found no word of ill will or malice toward the Southern people, and in reading his utterances no Southern man finds himself entertaining the slightest sentiment of resentment toward him, or aught save admiration for his sincerity, friendliness and broad humanity.

His First Inaugural Address, delivered at a time when passion was at its height and civil war was imminent, is pathetic in its appeals for peace and union. His great heart seemed rent in twain, when he finished by saying:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Alas, that the still, small voice of moderation and reason was drowned in the angry cries of determined men marshalling for a conflict, the magnitude of which few, if any,



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Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln near Hodgenville, Kentucky
(Showing cabin before its reconstruction)



with greetings to Chicago.
on the hundredth anniversary
of Abraham Lincoln's birthday,
from
Theodore Roosevelt
Jan 30th 1909

appreciated, and the consequences of which few, if any, foresaw. And yet there were among the combatants tens of thousands of men who felt the sweet reasonableness of his dispassionate statements, whose hearts were touched by his pathetic cry for peace, and yet who, caught up in the rising excitement of the time, aligned themselves under the stress of circumstances on the one side or the other; tens of thousands of men on both sides deploring war, yet when war seemed inevitable, ranging themselves with their neighbors.

It seemed the very irony of fate that so gentle a spirit, so sympathetic and kindly a nature, should be forced by the stern logic of events over which he had no control and for which he was in no way responsible, to assume the rôle of Commander-in-chief in a sanguinary civil war between men of the same blood and the same traditions.

The years of war and destruction during which he was President, whilst they plowed deep lines of care and grief upon his rugged face and wrung his gentle heart, provoked no expressions of bitterness from his lips. His many acts of personal kindness to Southern prisoners and Southern sympathizers demonstrated how free he was from the spirit of malice or vengeance.

As, in the progress of time, it became evident the Union arms would triumph, he evinced no feeling of exultation or sense of personal triumph, but only an anxious desire to restore the Southern States to their former place in the Union, and to heal the wounds of civil strife. He was opposed to extreme measures against the Southern people, and was prepared to stand between them and the radicals of his party who clamored for exemplary reprisals upon a conquered people whom the fortunes of war had delivered into their hands.

That he would have succeeded in carrying with him the great majority of the people of the North in his beneficent purposes does not, to my mind, admit of doubt; and that there would have followed speedily a union of hearts is equally certain. It was indeed cruel that at the moment when he had reached the point for which he had striven, he should have died at the hands of a hair-brained actor

who was in no way identified with the South or her people. Still more cruel was fate to the Southern people. They shuddered both at the dastardly act of his assassination and at the disastrous consequences to themselves as well, which they knew would follow.

The *dies ira* of reconstruction was the inevitable result, and reconstruction did more to postpone reconciliation than did war itself. It was direful in its results to both sections, and to the negroes in greater measure, if possible, than to the whites.

But time has brought healing on its wings. A new generation of men has been born since Lincoln died. The animosities of the old days are ended. As we look back across the dead years we see his homely figure standing out clear and large. He is not awesome or repellent. There is an expression of pathos, touched with humor, upon his face, which draws us strongly, and there is sunshine all about him. He seems to speak, and we again hear him say, "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

And thus hearing, the men of the South can not only look back upon a lost cause without bitterness, but recognize it was best that it did fail. And they can and do, without bitterness and in all sincerity, join with all the people of this nation, and all the people of all nations, in paying tribute to Abraham Lincoln—the liberator, the pacificator, the great American.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, LEADER AND MASTER OF MEN

GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON

WITH pride and unfeigned pleasure, I appear in this place and in this presence, as the representative of the survivors of almost three millions of Lincoln soldiers and sailors, who served in the army and navy of the United States during what is officially designated as the War of the Rebellion. Of the two million seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and four men who, on land and sea, fought for four fateful years that this nation should not perish from the earth, less than one-fourth are now living. In a few decades the last survivor who followed the dear old flag on the fields of Shiloh, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, and Mobile Bay, will have joined our great President in honor of whose gracious memory we are here assembled on this hallowed spot of his birth.

It is among the greatest mysteries of modern history that the child born in *annus mirabilis*, 1809, of illiterate and impoverished parents, in this unpromising place, and without any advantages whatsoever, should through life have been always a leader and master of men. For hundreds of years, scholars have in vain searched for the sources from which Shakespeare drew the inspiration that has placed him first among the sons of men. Lincoln biographers have been equally baffled in similar attempts to discover from whence came the truly wonderful power to control and lead all sorts and conditions of men, that was certainly possessed by the son of "poor whites" of Kentucky who occupied yonder rude log cabin.

As a youth, Abraham Lincoln's alertness, skill, and strength, easily made him a recognized leader among his rough com-

panions in their amusements and contests, including wrestling. When a company was raised in his County for the Black Hawk War, Lincoln, then but twenty-three years of age, was unanimously elected by his seniors their Captain, which gave him, he asserted, greater happiness than the presidency. At the Illinois bar he was early recognized by his integrity and ready wit, as the superior of his duller associates. As a political debater, Lincoln defeated one of the ablest speakers of the United States Senate, and but a brief period passed as President before the most gifted statesmen of his Cabinet unhesitatingly recognized him as their master. Grant praised Lincoln as being in military matters superior to many of his prominent generals, and your speaker heard Sherman say that the President was among the ablest strategists of the War. The *beau sabreur* Sheridan shared the opinion of his two seniors.

It was my peculiar privilege to hear several of the most famous speeches delivered during and before the Civil War by the great American, who stands second only to Washington. Abraham Lincoln was not only one of the wisest of men, but the English-speaking world is now aware that he was also among its very greatest orators. This fact was not appreciated during his life. The flowers of rhetoric are conspicuous by their absence from his speeches, but it may be doubted if Demosthenes, Burke, or Webster, could have found equally fit words to express the broad philosophy and the exquisite pathos of the Gettysburg Address of November, 1863.

Lincoln's Second Inaugural is among the most famous spoken, or written, utterances in the English language. Portions of it have been compared to the lofty lines of the ancient Hebrew prophets, and as being "Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme." As your speaker was seated within a few yards of the President when he delivered this immortal address, possibly he may be permitted to repeat to you, as nearly as he can, the concluding paragraph, in Mr. Lincoln's manner:



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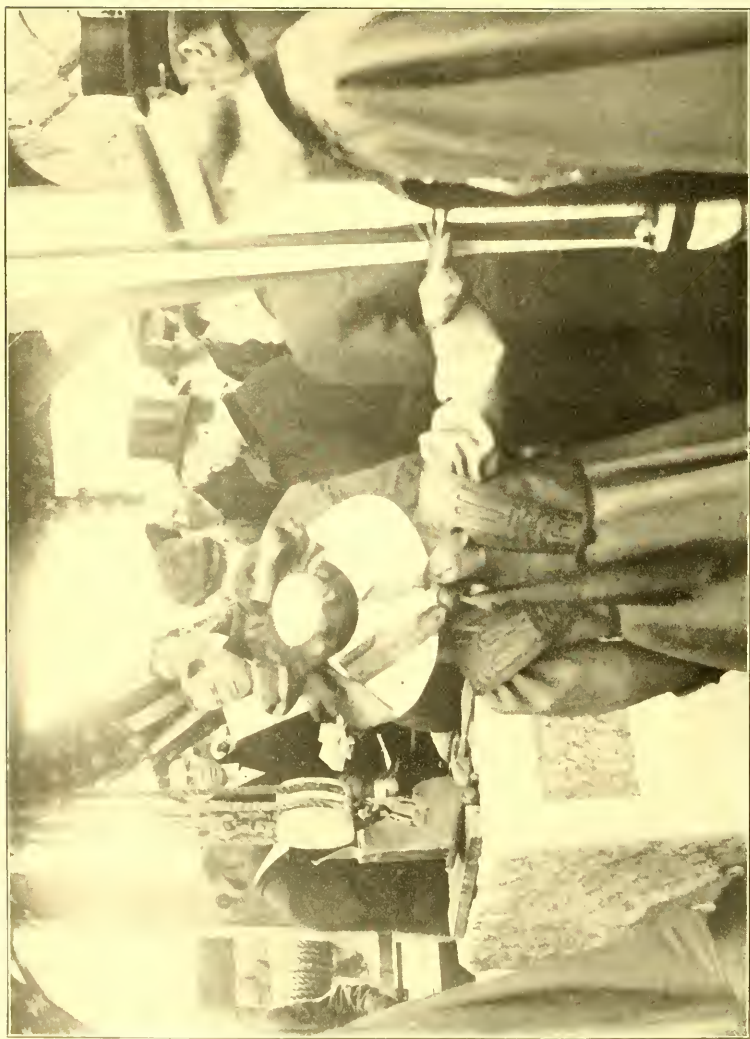
Arrival of President Roosevelt



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Gathering about the Lincoln Cabin

THE HODGENVILLE COMMEMORATION



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Laying the Corner Stone of the Lincoln Memorial Building at Hodgenville, Kentucky
(President Roosevelt in the centre; Governor Folk placing Lincoln documents in box; at the left, R. L. Jones, Secretary of the Lincoln Farm Association)

"Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work that we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

I well remember as a youth, the nation's grief over the death of Kentucky's distinguished son, Henry Clay; the widespread mourning occasioned by the departure of New England's majestic Webster, and the sorrow caused by the passing away of famous Farragut, and the illustrious triumvirate, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan; but never except in the death of Lincoln, did the country witness such sorrow among the plain people and the race that he had liberated, and also such numbers of sailors and soldiers shedding tears for the great Commander whom they never saw. Children were seen crying in our streets. Never before, it has been truthfully said by Lowell, was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman. Grant said to your speaker that the day of Lincoln's death was the saddest of his life. The great War President's was a life that made a vast difference for all Americans; all are better off than if he had not lived; and this betterment is for always, it did not die with him—that is the true estimate of a *great* life.

President Roosevelt, who is on this platform, said of his three most illustrious predecessors:

"Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as a soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln the statesman, were made good by those of Grant the soldier, and later Grant

himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed forever."

What would have been the history of our country without these three mighty men? It certainly may be questioned if we could have achieved independence without Washington, and it is equally open to doubt if the Republic could have maintained its integrity without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory, but a condition, and we are now united in fact, as well as name. In the words of the greatest of poets,

"Those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way."

It is perhaps the greatest glory of the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings, that they were alike spotless in all the varied relations of private life. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory far on in summers that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame, the stream of Time will beat without injury. The names of Washington, the founder, Lincoln, the liberator, and Grant, the saviour of our country, are enrolled in the Capitol, and they belong to the endless and everlasting ages.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

HON. JOSEPH W. FOLK

THE people of every great nation have in all times honored their heroes with memorials. In studying the history of other peoples we, in a large measure, judge them by these tokens of affection for the illustrious men that led them in some mighty crisis. This nation has had many men whose deeds have emblazoned the pages of history, but no name is now dearer in the hearts of the people than that of Abraham Lincoln. Washington fought to give us this nation, guaranteeing to the citizen, rights never obtained nor exercised by any other people; Lincoln struggled to keep it as a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people." Jefferson taught the simple truths necessary for the happiness of a democratic people; Lincoln applied these truths to the troubles of his time and steered the Ship of State into a peaceful harbor. Jackson thundered against and overcame the evils of his day; Lincoln, with a heart ready for any fate, breathed a new force into the doctrines of Jackson. We preserve Mount Vernon in memory of Washington. Monticello is still the Mecca for the followers of Jefferson. The Hermitage is kept as when Old Hickory lived and worked and wrought. Save for an occasional monument there is no suitable memorial of Lincoln, whose fame grows brighter as the years go by.

Here on this farm, one hundred years ago to-day, was born the strongest, strangest, gentlest character the Republic has ever known. His work was destined to have a more far-reaching influence than any that went before him. Until recently, this spot, which should be hallowed by every American, was unnoticed and abandoned. Inspired by the idea that a due regard for the apostle of human liberty who

sprang from this soil demanded the preservation of his birthplace, a few patriotic men organized the Lincoln Farm Association to purchase this property and to erect upon it a memorial to that simple but sublime life that here came into the world. This Association is purely patriotic in its purposes and the movement has met with a ready response from every section of the nation. The Governors of nearly all the States have appointed commissioners to coöperate in this work. The South has responded as generously as the North. In revering the name of Lincoln, there is now no North nor South nor East nor West. There is but one heart in all, and that the heart of patriotic America. So the memorial to be erected here by South as well as North will not only be in memory of Lincoln, but it will be a testimony that the fires of hatred, kindled by the fierce Civil conflict of nearly half a century ago, are dead, and from the ashes has arisen the red rose of patriotism to a common country and loyalty to a common flag. It will be a monument in the forward progress of a nation dedicated to the liberty and happiness of mankind.

It is appropriate that these dedicatory exercises, participated in by representatives of every part of the nation, should be held upon the centenary of Lincoln's birth. We have not come so much to dedicate this ground, but to set it apart as a gift to the American people as a lasting memorial to the Matchless American. The man born here has already consecrated this place. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task before us, that this nation shall not have been preserved merely to fall before the enemies of peace, but that it shall be made free from the things that dishonor and oppress. The inspiration of high citizenship must ever emanate from this spot.

THE NEW YORK COMMEMORATION

THE NEW YORK COMMEMORATION

NEW YORK, the metropolis of the nation, realized its opportunity, and that much was expected of it, and lived up to that expectation in its commemoration of the day. The New York Commemoration was directed by the Lincoln Centenary Committee of the City of New York, appointed by the Honorable George B. McClellan, Mayor of the city; of which committee the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was made Chairman. The active charge of the celebration was in the hands of an Executive Committee of which Mr. Hugh Hastings was Chairman, and Mr. Franklin Chase Hoyt, Secretary.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the Centenary day, a national salute was fired from all the forts in New York harbor, by the battleships in port, by the three National Guard field batteries, and by the vessels of the New York Naval Militia. In the forenoon, exercises were held in five hundred and sixty-one public schools in Greater New York, with the reading of the Gettysburg Address at noon precisely; while, during the day, exercises were held in each of the forty-six district schools of greater New York, at which prominent speakers delivered addresses on Lincoln. In the afternoon, a great central meeting gathered at Cooper Union, that famous hall where, in 1860, Lincoln delivered an address which made the people of the East realize that he had possibilities for the presidency. His audience on that occasion had been a distinguished one, and testified to his growing national importance at that time. It included William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, David Dudley Field, and, among the younger men present, Joseph H. Choate and Lyman T. Abbott.

On the occasion of the Centenary held in the same hall, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate acted as Chairman; and Lyman T. Abbott, editor of "The Outlook," gave the principal address.

In the evening, exercises were held simultaneously in Carnegie Hall, in the College of the City of New York, and in the New York State National Guard Armories of the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Forty-seventh, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first Regiments, the Second Battery Field Artillery, and the Seventeenth Separate Company. The exercises at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory were conducted by the Grand Army of the Republic of the City of New York, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivering the address. The exercises at the Seventeenth Separate Company Armory were also conducted by the Grand Army, and the address was delivered by the Hon. H. Stewart McKnight of Flushing, New York. At the American Museum of Natural History, a meeting was held at which Dr. John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York, presided; and Mr. William Webster Ellsworth, of "The Century Magazine," delivered an illustrated lecture—"Abraham Lincoln; Boy and Man"; while Booker T. Washington was the orator at a banquet given by the Republican Club at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Lithographic copies of the Gettysburg Address had been sent to eighty-five theatres in Greater New York, with the request that the address be read at both the afternoon and evening performances, and at a majority of the theatres this was done, some of them having in addition a special musical programme.

The Committee issued two hundred thousand pamphlets, finely illustrated, and full of interesting and valuable material concerning the life of Lincoln, which were distributed among the pupils in the public and private schools of the city. These were read throughout the city and kept as a remembrance of the Centenary.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT COOPER INSTITUTE

HON. JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

JUST forty-nine years ago, in this very month of February, on this very spot, before just such an audience as this, which filled this historic hall to overflowing, I first saw Abraham Lincoln, and heard him deliver that thrilling address which led to his nomination at Chicago three months afterwards and to his triumphant election in November. The impression of that scene and of that speech can never be effaced from my memory.

After his great success in the West, which had excited the keenest expectation, he came to New York to make a political address—as he had supposed at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, and it was only when he left his hotel that he found he was coming to Cooper Institute. He appeared in every sense of the word like one of the plain people, among whom he always loved to be counted.

At first sight there was nothing impressive or imposing about him. Nothing but his great stature singled him out from the crowd. His clothes hung awkwardly on his gaunt and giant frame. His face was of a dark pallor, without a tinge of color. His seamed and rugged features bore the furrows of hardship and struggle. His deep-set eyes looked sad and anxious. His countenance in repose gave little evidence of that brain-power which had raised him from the lowest to the highest station among his countrymen. As he spoke to me before the meeting opened, he seemed ill at ease, with that sort of apprehension that a young man might feel before facing a new and strange audience whose critical disposition he dreaded. Here were assembled all the noted men of his party—all the learned and cultured men of the city, editors, clergymen, statesmen, lawyers, merchants, critics.

They were all most curious to hear him. His fame as a powerful speaker had come out of the West.

When Mr. Bryant presented him on this platform, a vast sea of eager, upturned faces greeted him, full of intense curiosity to see what this rude son of the people was like. He was equal to the occasion. When he spoke he was transfigured before us. His eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly as by an electric flash. For an hour and more he held his audience in the hollow of his hand. His style of speech and manner of delivery were severely simple. The grand simplicities of the Bible, with which he was so familiar, were distinctly his. With no attempt at ornament or rhetoric, without pretence or parade, he spoke straight to the point. It was marvellous to see how this untutored man, by mere self-discipline and the chastening of his own spirit, had outgrown all meretricious arts and had found his own way to the grandeur and the strength of absolute simplicity.

He spoke upon the theme which he had mastered so thoroughly. He demonstrated with irresistible force, the power and the duty of the Federal Government to exclude slavery from the Territories. In the kindest spirit he protested against the threat of the Southern States to destroy the Union if a Republican President were elected. He closed with an appeal to his audience, spoken with all the fire of his aroused and inspired conscience, with a full outpouring of his love of justice and liberty, to maintain their political purpose on that lofty issue of right and wrong which alone could justify it, and not to be intimidated from their high resolve and sacred duty, by any threats of destruction to the government or of ruin to themselves. He concluded with that telling sentence which drove the whole argument home to all our hearts, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

That night the great hall, and the next day the whole city, rang with delighted applause and congratulation, and he who had come as a stranger, departed with the laurels of a great triumph.

Alas! in five years from that exulting night we saw him again for the last time in this city, borne in his coffin through the draped streets. With tears and lamentations a heart-broken people accompanied him from Washington, the scene of his martyrdom, to his last resting place in the young city of the West, where he had worked his way to fame.

The great events and achievements of those five years, seen through the perspective of the forty that have since elapsed, have fixed his place in history forever. It is the supreme felicity of the American people, in the short period of their existence as a nation, to have furnished to the world the two greatest benefactors, not of their own time only, but of all modern history. Washington created the nation and is known the world over as the Father of his Country. Lincoln came to be its saviour and redeemer—to save it from self-destruction, and to redeem it from the cancer of slavery which has been gnawing upon its vitals from the beginning. If it had been put to the vote of the forty-four nations assembled at the Hague for the first time in the world's history, representing the whole of civilization, Christian and Pagan, to name the two men who in modern times had done the most to promote liberty, justice, civilization, and peace, I am sure that with one voice they would have acclaimed these two greatest of Americans. Let their names stand together for all time to come.

LINCOLN AS A LABOR LEADER

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT

A BRAHAM LINCOLN won his reputation and achieved his service for the nation by the solution of the labor problem of his time—slavery. How can we apply the principles he inculcated and the spirit he exemplified in solving the labor problem of our time? This is the theme to which I ask your attention this afternoon. For it would be useless for me to attempt to repeat the story of his life, or essay an analysis of his character. This has been so eloquently done by the Chairman of this meeting in his address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1900, and by Carl Schurz in his well-known essay, that the repetition of their service would be needless if it were possible; and for me would be impossible if it were needed. I might as well attempt to reconstruct a Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln with my clumsy hand, as with my faltering tongue to re-sing the song or re-tell the story so often sung and so often told. Instead, I shall venture to repeat, from the well-known Ode of Lowell, his portrait of the Great Emancipator, and then pass on to my chosen field:

“Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;

One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 . . . standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Nearly half a century ago, a young man just entering on my professional career, I came to Cooper Institute to hear the Western orator whose debate with Douglas had given him a national reputation. Some of his friends had broached to him the subject of a nomination to the presidency. "What," he replied, "is the use of talking of me when we have such men as Seward and Chase, and everybody knows them, and scarcely anybody outside of Illinois knows me? Besides, as a matter of justice is it not due to them?" His friends, more sanguine than he was about himself, had resolved that he should be known, and had arranged for some Eastern speeches by him. This Cooper Union speech was the first given in this Eastern campaign. My recollection of the scene is little more than a memory of a memory. The long hall with the platform at the end, not at the side as now; the great, expectant, but not enthusiastic crowd; the tall ungainly figure, the melancholy face, the clear carrying voice, the few awkward gestures. I had been accustomed to the dramatic and impassioned oratory of Henry Ward Beecher. I was an admirer, not of the principles, but of the perfect literary finish of Wendell Phillips' rapier-like conversations with his audiences. I listened to a speech that night as passionless, but also as convincing, as a demonstration in Euclid's Geometry, as clear and cogent, but also as absolutely without oratorical ornament of any description. So much, with some effort, I recall. But no effort would enable me ever to forget the new impulse which that great personality imparted to my youthful imagination. From that moment I, who before that time had been a Seward Republican, became an enthusiastic Lincoln Republican, and have stayed converted

ever since. Subsequent study of his life and writings has enabled me to analyze the then unanalyzed impression which he produced on the young men of his generation. He was an embodied challenge to the conscience of the nation. He takes a place in American history which belongs to Amos in the history of the Hebrew people; like Amos, a son of the people; like Amos, with a plumb-line of righteousness by which he measured the institutions of his country; like Amos, bringing every political question to the test, What is right? and by that test insisting that all political questions should be determined.

Vague stories are told, some historical, some legendary, to illustrate Abraham Lincoln's faith offered to a God efficient in the affairs of this world. The first expression of such faith that I can find from Lincoln himself is in his Address to his fellow-citizens of Springfield as he starts on his eastward journey to his first inauguration:

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

From this simple faith in the God who watches over nations as over individuals he never departed. Subsequent events only served to deepen and strengthen it. But in his earlier life, before burdens too heavy for him to bear alone had driven him to look for help to the Helper of men, Lincoln was an agnostic. He wrote in his youth an essay against Christianity, which, fortunately for his reputation, a wise friend threw into the fire. But if that is the only indication of an anti-Christian faith, there is no indication in his youth of any religious faith, Christian or other. Says Mr. Herdon, "Mr. Lincoln had no faith. In order to believe, he must see and feel and thrust his hand into the place. He must taste, smell, or handle before he had faith or even belief."

Mr. Herndon's estimate is confirmed by that of Lincoln's wife. "Mr. Lincoln," she says, "had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . He first seemed to think about the subject when our Willie died, and then more than ever by the time he went to Gettysburg; but it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he was never a technical Christian."

What profounder religious faith than was expressed in Lincoln's Springfield Speech, Mrs. Lincoln looked for, I do not know; and what is meant by a "technical Christian" I am not quite sure. But if Lincoln had in the early part of his life no faith and no hope, it is certain that from his earliest years he had a conscience. Whether it was inherited from his mother, or acquired by education, or received by a susceptible soul from that mysterious Being in whom we have our life, it certainly dominated his whole nature and controlled his whole conduct. From his youth up he was known among his rough companions as "Honest Abe." They were accustomed to refer to him their controversies and accept his arbitrament, generally without question. If ever there is a time in the life of man when his conscience takes the second place and his passion comes to the front, it is when he is in love. I think Abraham Lincoln's letter to Mary Owens in 1837 a unique specimen in love literature, of love-making by conscience:

"I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you; and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would be, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say that you can now drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts (if you ever had any) from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered, without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. . . . Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so."

He was a man of eager professional ambitions; but his notes prepared for a law lecture in 1850, which was, so far

as I know, never delivered, show that in his innermost thought his professional ambitions were subordinated to his conscience. He says:

“There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.”

Lincoln was a man of strong political ambitions; but from the outset of his life his political ambitions were subordinated to his desire for public righteousness. In 1836 he was running for the first time for office. His defeat then would have probably been a permanent end to his political hopes. A Mr. Robert Allen had said that he was in possession of facts which, if known to the public, would destroy Lincoln's prospects, but through favor to Lincoln he would not divulge those facts. Lincoln writes him:

“No one has needed favors more than I, and, generally, few have been less unwilling to accept them; but in this case favor to me would be injustice to the public, and therefore I must beg your pardon for declining it. . . . the candid statement of facts on your part, however low it may sink me, shall never break the tie of personal friendship between us.”

It would be difficult to find a more striking illustration of the dominating power of conscience than in this declaration, that an act just to the public and destructive to the writer's ambitions would not sunder the ties of friendship between the writer and the man who had destroyed his political hopes.

A year later, at twenty-eight years of age, Lincoln delivers a Lyceum address in Springfield. He warns the young men to whom he speaks of impending national peril. He fears no attack of foreign foe. “As a nation of freemen,” he says, “we must live through all time, or die by suicide.” The

domestic peril which he fears is not intemperance, nor gambling, nor even slavery, but a lack of conscience, a disregard of justice, "the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgments of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice." He is nominated by the Republicans of Illinois against Stephen A. Douglas to be United States Senator. He prepares with care his speech of acceptance and reads it to his friends. It opens with these pregnant sentences, since become famous in the political history of America:

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

His cautious friends protest. One calls it a fool utterance. Another says it is ahead of the times. A third argues that it would drive away a good many voters fresh from the Democratic ranks. Even his Abolition friend, Herndon, doubts its wisdom. "This thing," replies Lincoln, "has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentences should be heard, and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth. Let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right." In his subsequent debate with Douglas he nails this flag to the mast and keeps it flying there:

"The real issue in this controversy . . . is the sentiment on the part of one class that looks upon slavery as a wrong, and of another class that does not look upon it as a wrong. . . . That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles which have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle."

Such was the man who came to New York, and in this hall forty-nine years ago issued his challenge to the sleeping conscience of the city. He was in the commercial metropolis

of the nation, the Corinth of America. All its life was centered in and dominated by its commercial interests. Its great religious societies and its most influential pulpits, with a few notable exceptions, were silent respecting the wrong of slavery. Cotton was King, and New York was his capital. Nowhere more than in New York was compromise popular, and uncompromising hostility to slavery abhorrent to popular sentiment; nowhere more than in New York might the woe have been pronounced against those that "close their eyes that they may not see, their ears that they may not hear, and their hearts that they may not feel, lest they should be converted." Even the most radical anti-slavery journal in the city damned the Western orator with faint praise. With a moral courage rarely exceeded, though happily not without frequent historic parallels, Abraham Lincoln, in this city and to this audience, reissued his challenge to the conscience of the nation.

"If slavery," he said, "is right . . . we cannot justly object to its nationality—its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy."

In that issue, so stated, compromise was impossible.

The slavery question seems so simple to us now; but it was not simple to the men of that generation. Let us go back and attempt to conceive it as it appeared to them. The year 1620, which saw the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, saw a vessel of slaves landing on the Virginia coast. For nearly two hundred years slavery existed in every State in the Union except Massachusetts, and some citizens of Massachusetts engaged in the slave trade. Partly from moral, partly from economic reasons, it was gradually abolished in the Northern States. But the invention of the cotton-gin created a greatly increased demand for cotton, and the greatly increased demand for cotton, created a greatly increased demand for negro labor, and this gave slavery

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Chicago, Ill.
January 3^d 1867.

Gentlemen:

The Medal which you
were delegated to present, has been
placed in my hands.

I cannot
express to you the emotion with
which I receive this manifestation
of the feelings of so many thousands
of your fellow countrymen. So grand
a testimonial to the memory of my
husband, given in honor of his
services in the cause of liberty, by
those who labor in the same great
cause in another land, is deeply
affecting, and I beg you to admit

a new life in the Southern States. It was first regretted, then excused, then justified, finally glorified. Other causes tended to promote radical differences between North and South, but they would easily have been overcome had it not been that slavery existed in one section and not in another. For a while a line was drawn across the continent, and an agreement was reached, that south of that line, slavery should never be interfered with, north of that line the territory should remain forever free. The abolition of this Compromise in 1854 opened Northern territory to slavery and threw the whole country into a ferment of passion and panic. In the light of subsequent history, arguments do not seem even specious now that seemed forceful then. They were such as these: Slave labor is necessary to cotton, and cotton is necessary to the world. Slaves have been made property, and interference with slavery is a violation of vested rights. Slavery is recognized by the Constitution; to interfere with slavery is to violate a solemn compact and to rend asunder the most sacred document ever written by human hands. Slavery is justified by patriarchal example, by Old Testament laws, and by Noah's curse of Canaan and his descendants; to demand its abolition is to deny the Bible and attack the foundations of religion. The continued agitation of the slave question destroys business prosperity, paralyzes industry, threatens the destruction of the Union, the last hope of democracy upon the earth; against such disastrous consequences the imaginary welfare of three million black men is not for an instant to be weighed. Thus economics, the rights of property, the Constitution of the United States, the Old Testament laws, the spirit of patriotism, reinforced by the inertia miscalled conservatism, were all combined in the endeavor to prohibit agitation of the slavery question. Eloquently did Lincoln sum up the condition of the negro in a speech delivered in Springfield a year before his nomination to the United States Senate:

"All the powers of the earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his

prison-house; they have searched his person, and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him; and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key—the key in the hands of a hundred different men, and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention, in all the dominions of mind and matter, can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is.”

In the confused and vehement conflict of passions and opinions which only the pen of a Carlyle would be adequate to portray, there emerged two parties, both of which justified the abolition of the Missouri Compromise and the opening of Northern territory to the incursion of slavery. One of these parties in the Presidential election of 1860 was represented by Breckinridge, the other by Douglas. The first demanded the constitutional right to carry their slaves as property into every State in the Union. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. The famous Dred Scott decision, that a slave was not converted into a free man by being carried into free territory, gave apparent, if not real support to the constitutional argument of the Breckinridge wing. The other party did not claim that slavery *must* go, but only that it *might* go, into Northern territory. As a compromise between North and South, Stephen A. Douglas invented the doctrine—which his friends called “popular sovereignty” and his enemies “squatter sovereignty”—the doctrine that the people of any State might determine whether it should be a free or a slave State, when they framed its Constitution. To both these doctrines Lincoln brought the plumb-line of practical righteousness. His answer to the Dred Scott decision was:

“It is singular that the courts would hold that a man never lost his right to his property that had been stolen from him, but that he instantly lost the right to himself if he was stolen.”

His answer to popular sovereignty was equally terse and equally unanswerable:

"The doctrine of self-government is right—absolutely and eternally right. . . . When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism."

And his answer to all the defences of slavery, economic, philosophic, humanitarian, and religious, was summed up in an appeal to consciousness that might have been derived from Darwin's "Emotions in Animals and Man," if that book had then been written. He says:

"The ant who has toiled and dragged a crumb to his nest will fiercely defend the fruit of his labor against whatever robber assails him. So plain is it that the most dumb and stupid slave that ever toiled for a master does know that he has been wronged. So plain is it that no one, high or low, ever does mistake it, except in a plainly selfish way; for, although volume upon volume is written to prove slavery a very good thing, we never hear of the man who writes to tell the good of it, being a slave himself."

And yet Lincoln was not an Abolitionist. Not because he was less just, but because he was more just; because he recognized rights which the Abolitionists did not recognize, and insisted upon duties which they ignored. The Abolitionists declared that slave-holders, slave-traders, and slave-drivers "are a race of monsters unparalleled in their assumption of power and their despotic cruelty." Never did Lincoln utter a word of bitterness or hate against the slave-owner. "I think I have," he said, "no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up." The Abolitionists declared that the existing Constitution of the United States "is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Lincoln believed in that Constitution, honored the men who framed it, solemnly swore to support it, and laid down his life in maintaining that solemn oath. The Abolitionists demanded "immediate, unconditional emancipation." One of Lincoln's first acts in going to Congress was to propose a Bill for the gradual emancipation of slavery in the District of Columbia, with compensation to

the slave-owners; and one of his last acts, before reluctantly consenting to issue an Emancipation Proclamation as a war measure, was to secure from Congress a pledge of national coöperation with the slave-holders of the loyal States, if they would consent to gradual emancipation with compensation. The Abolitionists proclaimed as a fundamental principle, "No union with slave-holders." Lincoln, in the midst of the Civil War, wrote to Horace Greeley, . . . "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; . . . and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Lincoln was not an Abolitionist: because he had charity for the slaveholder for whom the Abolitionist had no charity; because he honored the Constitution which the Abolitionists denounced; because he used every endeavor to persuade the nation to assume its share of responsibility for slavery, and its share of the burden involved in emancipation, from which the Abolitionists endeavored in vain to escape; and because he endured four as sad years as ever have fallen to the lot of any man in order that he might save the Union which the Abolitionists wished to destroy. And yet to the principle, "No further extension of slavery on American soil," he gave himself with uncompromising consecration. For that principle he hazarded his own political fortunes, the fortunes of his party, and the life of the nation. To all remonstrances urging compromise upon him after his election, his answer was the same, "On the Territorial question [that is, the question of extending slavery under national auspices] I am inflexible."

I have said that the slavery question was one phase of the labor question. So said Lincoln, nearly half a century ago. "The existing rebellion," he wrote to a Committee from the Working Men's Association of New York, " . . . is in fact a war upon the rights of all working people." To what conclusion would his principles and his spirit lead upon the Labor Question as it is presented to us in our times?

We may be sure that he who never denounced the slaveholder, who never did anything to intensify the profound ire of South against North or North against South, would enter

into no class war, would never denounce the rich to the poor or the poor to the rich. He who told the farmers of Wisconsin that the reason why there were more attempts to flatter them than any other class was because they could cast more votes, but that to his thinking they were neither better nor worse than other people, would never flatter the mechanic class to win for himself or his party a labor vote. He who, in 1864, held with workingmen that "the strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds," would not condemn labor unions. He who, at the same time, said to them, "Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself," would have condemned all lawless acts of violence, whether against the employer of labor or the non-union laborer who is employed. He who thanked God that we have a system of labor where there can be a strike—a point where the workingman may stop working—would not deny this right to the workingman of to-day. He who said, in 1860, "I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich," and who did believe in "allowing the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with any one else," would have found, not in war upon the wealthy, but in equal opportunity for all, the remedy for social and industrial inequalities. He who condemned the mudsill theory, the theory that labor and education are incompatible and that "a blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be, all the better for being blind, so that he could not kick understandingly," would be the earnest advocate of child-labor laws and industrial education. He who argued that "As the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should coöperate as friends, and that that particular head should direct and control that pair of hands," would believe in coöperation between labor and capital, leading on to the time when laborers should become capitalists and all capitalists should become laborers. He who held, in 1854, that "the legitimate object of government is 'to do for the

people what needs to be done, but which they cannot, by individual effort, do at all, or do so well, for themselves,' '' would neither believe in the night-watchman theory of government which allows it to do nothing but police duty, nor in the socialistic theory of government which leaves nothing for individual effort to do for itself.

Two solutions of the labor problem present themselves in our time for our acceptance. One is capitalism, or the wages system: that a few shall always own the tools and implements with which industry is carried on—these are capitalists—and that the many shall always carry on the industry with these tools and implements for wages paid by their owners. This makes the mass of men always wage-laborers, dependent upon a few. The other is State socialism: that the government shall own all the tools and implements of industry, and allot to the various members of the community their respective industries and compensations. This makes all individuals wage-earners employed by an organization, the City, State, or Nation, in the control of which it is assumed all will share. Neither of these solutions would Lincoln have accepted. Neither of these solutions did he accept. No solution would he have accepted which made the workingman, whether he works with brain or with hand, a perpetual wage-earner, fixed in that condition for life, and forever dependent for his livelihood upon any employer, whether private or political. He did not believe in a perpetual employment of the many by a few capitalists; he would not have believed in a perpetual employment of all by one capitalist—the State or the Nation. He believed in a fair field and an open door through which every workingman may become a capitalist, every wage-earner may become his own employer.

In his first Annual Message, Lincoln stated with great clearness his solution of the labor problem. To that statement he attached such importance that he repeated it two years and a half later in his letter to the Working Men's Association of New York. The importance he attached to this statement of his faith justifies my reading it at some length:

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital, producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation. . . . There is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in these States, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages awhile . . . and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress, and improvement of condition to all."

Many years ago I delivered an address to a deaf and dumb audience. The congregation fixed their attention upon the interpreter at my side. They looked at him. Through him they heard me. My ambition this afternoon has been to efface myself and bid you listen to the invisible orator who stands by my side with his sad face, his resolute conscience, his human sympathies, and his simple, sincere English. What he would say, if you could hear him, would be, I think, what he said in 1860 to the capitalists and workingmen of New Haven:

"I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have the chance—and I believe a black man is entitled to it—in which he can better his condition—when he may look forward and hope to be a hired laborer this year and the next, work for himself afterward, and finally to hire men to work for him. That is the true system. . . . Then you can better your condition, and so it may go on and on in one ceaseless round so long as man exists on the face of the earth."

This is Abraham Lincoln's solution of the labor problem.

ONE OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

IT is eminently fitting that the birthday of Abraham Lincoln should be celebrated by the Grand Army of the Republic. It was at his call, as President, that the first seventy-five thousand men enlisted to save the Union. Afterward, on other appeals, the cry, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," rang through every city, village, and hamlet in the land; and forth from the fields, the workshop, the factory, the store, and the office went these followers of Abraham Lincoln to fight for the preservation of the Union. In every way in which a great ruler can alleviate the horrors of war and care for his soldiers, Abraham Lincoln rendered to them, as a body and individually, all the service in his power. They were ever in that great heart of his, and an appeal on their behalf would cause him to lay aside every duty, no matter how great, to encourage, rescue or save.

We read much in these days of the lack of opportunity for young men. It is claimed that the difficulty of earning a living or of getting ahead increases year by year, but to all who despair, all who are discouraged, all who have a spark of ambition, the life of Abraham Lincoln is an example and inspiration. There is no youth in this audience to-night, and very few, if any, in all this land, who are surrounded with such discouraging conditions as those which were the lot and part of Abraham Lincoln from the time of his birth until he had passed his twenty-fifth year. He was born in a log cabin of one room with a dirt floor, on a farm so sterile that it was impossible for his father to make a living. When he was seven years old the family moved upon government land in the forests of Indiana, and at that tender age he assisted

his parents in constructing another rude habitation, which had neither doors nor windows, and through which swept the rains of summer and the snows of winter. He worked either with his father in an effort to make a clearing in the woods, upon which might be raised food for the family, or else tramped miles to work as a farm-hand for distant neighbors, giving his wages, which were ever so limited, into the family fund. Sickness carried off his mother, a good woman, but uneducated, who did the best she could and probably died from the privations of frontier life. Then, abandoning their farm, the family moved again to Illinois. Here he once more did his best to build a rude home for the family, and the rails which he split for a fence were thirty years afterward carried into the Illinois Convention which presented him as a candidate for President, and in the campaign after his nomination took rank with the things which captured the popular mind in the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of General Harrison, and the "Mill boy of the Slashes," which kept the name of Henry Clay a household word. At twenty-one, putting all his earthly belongings into a handkerchief tied to a stick, he tramped to the village of Salem to make his own way in the world. He became a clerk in a country store, at ten dollars a month. He, with other young men, built a flatboat and stocked it with some things on credit and floated down to New Orleans. That visit was one of the milestones in his career. He wandered one day into the market-place, where slaves were being publicly sold. There was a beautiful octoroon girl on the block. The auctioneer was calling off her physical perfections. A rough crowd of brutal men were exchanging, with their bids, lecherous jokes about her. Lincoln, a tall, ungainly, ill-clad flatboat man, shook his fist at the exhibition and said, "If I ever get a chance, I will hit that thing hard." The remark matured subsequently in the Proclamation of Emancipation.

He and a friend bought a grocery store upon credit. It was slimly stocked, and they were cheated in the bargain, in giving eight hundred dollars for the goods. His partner took to drink and became a confirmed drunkard, while Lincoln

neglected customers to read and study such few books as he could borrow. The goods disappeared and the firm became bankrupt without any assets. Then Lincoln studied surveying. He managed to secure the necessary instruments and a horse and buggy, and travelled the country, fixing boundary lines between farmers' lands and staking out streets of budding villages and towns. When he had paid for his outfit, misfortune again befell him. The notes which he and his partner gave for the store had been sold immediately at a tremendous discount, and then bought up subsequently by a Shylock money lender for a few dollars. This money lender now secured judgment, levied upon and sold Lincoln's horse, wagon, surveying instruments, and everything which he possessed. The neighbors were so shocked that they refused to bid, and a friend bought in the outfit, at a small price, and loaned it to Lincoln to pursue his profession. So that, at twenty-five, after all these sad experiences on the farm, the flatboat, and the grocery, he found himself in debt. It would have been easy to have escaped that obligation. He was so advised by his friends, but the answer, which was characteristic of his life and characteristic of one of the most honest of minds, was, "I promised to pay." It was many years before he was able to clear off that obligation.

About this time a young lady of beauty, family, and culture, to whom he was engaged, contracted a fatal illness, and died in his presence. His friends feared he would lose his mind with grief. It was a sorrow which pursued him for years, and from which he never entirely recovered. He now, burdened with debt and almost crushed with this pathetic tragedy, practically started anew at twenty-six to study law. In these days a young man, before he can be admitted to the bar, must have an education of the common school and high school or academy, which means years of study and opportunity for study. Before he can be admitted to the great law schools he must have received a degree in a college of liberal learning, and then before he can be graduated from the law school he must spend four years in hard work. Lincoln became a great lawyer, but think of his equipment when he

began to study! He had only about four months of schooling under five different teachers, scattered over several years, and at no period over three weeks at a time. None of these teachers was equipped beyond reading, writing, and simple arithmetic. During his life on the farm he had borrowed every book there was in those frontier neighborhoods. The family Bible he read over and over again. A Justice of the Peace had the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," and that he read with the same thoroughness. The family moved from Indiana to Illinois, where the settlements were closer, and when he came to the village of Salem, he succeeded in borrowing Shakespeare, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Æsop's "Fables," Weems' "Life of Washington," and a crude "History of the United States." He read while following the plow—to the disgust of his employer—on moonlight nights, lying upon his back in the fields, while going to and from his work, while on the flatboat, while a clerk, and while a merchant. He had no teacher of style or composition. There was little paper in the wilderness, but he wrote compositions on the wooden snow shovel with a piece of charcoal, and rubbed it off and re-wrote, until he had secured by these crude methods and by the teachings of the Bible, Shakespeare, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," that wonderful style in sinewy English which contributed to our literature two of its rarest gems, the Gettysburg Speech, and the Second Inaugural Address.

The following is an illustration of his difficulties in finding books for which he was hungry: The rain came through the roof of the log cabin and ruined Weems' "Life of Washington," which he had borrowed from a distant farmer. This is the "Life" now entirely out of print, in which is the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree—a story that has not found its way into the regular Histories or any other "Life of Washington." It is a story, though, which does more to keep alive in the schools the memory of the Father of his Country, and which has led to more humor, more or less good, than any other incident in his life. Lincoln, with a sad heart, returned the drenched volume to its owner,

who made him work in the fields at twenty-five cents a day until the price which it originally cost had been paid up.

Lincoln possessed one of the most logical of minds and a singular faculty of grasping all the facts, and so marshalling them as to be irresistible in debate. He had that rarest gift of the lawyer—the talent to sift vast accumulations of material, testimony, and precedents, until he had hit upon and elucidated the real point upon which rested the success or failure of the case. He impressed these readings upon his mind by making speeches to the horse or the oxen he was driving, to the woods through which he was walking to his work, and at the noonday hour in the fields he would mount a fence and spout his reflections to his fellow-workers.

A lawyer loaned him Blackstone's "Commentaries" in four volumes. Every odd moment from hard work of every kind, necessary to secure the money for a living, was given to the study of this and other elementary works, until he had thoroughly mastered them and the principles of law. He finally was admitted to the bar, but in training, culture, and equipment he differed from most of his associates. Not only that, but his ethics of practice were antagonistic to those of all with whom he came in contact. A case which he believed wrong, he would not take. If, during the course of his investigations, he learned that his client had deceived him, he would decline to proceed. He cared little for money, and his charges were only sufficient for his limited necessities. Much of his practice was on behalf of the poor whom he thought wronged and from whom he could expect no reward. Without the opportunities of the law school or the law office, without the reading of a well-equipped library, he was always deficient in ability to cite precedents and decisions upon which the bar and the bench so largely depend. But he knew by heart the principles of the common law, and, because of his years of communion with the plain people, he was more familiar with ordinary human nature than any man in his Circuit. With the ability to make difficult things plain to the humblest understanding, and to clarify the most murky atmosphere of conflicting testimony, he added humor and a

Bruxelles - 11 juillet
1865

mon cher Conington, J'ai
votre avoué à l'insu
de mon premier ami,
mais l'expression de
votre honorable desir
me parvient à Bruxelles
où je suis encore pour
une semaine ou deux.
Je serai charmé de
voir mon nom parmi
les autres et de respec-
ter votre singulière
liste. Votre belle proposition
d'une médaille à Lincoln

Facsimile of First Page of Victor Hugo's Letter Accepting Membership
on the Committee of the French Democracy

(Formed to commemorate the services of Lincoln to the cause of the Republic
and of liberal ideas)

ne pouvait mieux se
complaire qu'en se
connaissant à la France
au nom de la démocratie
francophile, à la république
universelle.

Je vous prie de
cordre les épreuves de

Paris.

1767
Victor Hugo

faculty for apt illustration cultivated by his Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Æsop's "Fables," and he possessed an exhaustless fund of anecdotes which nobody could tell so well or apply so happily as Abraham Lincoln. When he left the bar, after twenty-three years of practice, to become President of the United States, he stood among the first of the legal lights of the State of Illinois.

But it was in riding the circuit during that quarter of a century, that he was preparing unconsciously for the Presidency. He told me that at the County towns when Court was held, the judge, lawyers, litigants, witnesses, and grand and petit jurors would sit up all night at the hotel, telling stories of things which had happened in the lives of an original frontier people, and he said they were better, more to the point, and infinitely stronger for illustration and the enforcement of argument, than all the stories and anecdotes which were ever invented. Human nature is best studied, public questions are more keenly discussed, character is better exhibited, in the forum of the country grocery or drug store than anywhere else. There gather the elders, more or less wise, the lawyers looking for acquaintances, popularity and clients, and the young men listening and absorbing. Lincoln, with his wonderful gift of humor, anecdote, and argument, was for years the idol of that forum. It was there he learned the lesson, invaluable to him when dealing afterwards with mighty problems of state which required for their solution the support of the people, how to so state his case and make his appeal that it would find a response in the humblest homes in every part of the land.

Lincoln's characteristic as a lawyer was, if possible, to get his client to settle, to bring together antagonists, and to compose their differences. At that early time lawyers habitually encouraged litigation. Lincoln discouraged it, whenever possible. He believed in peace in the family and good will and good neighborhood in the town. He believed it to be a lawyer's duty, and that he was aiding the best interests of his client, to procure a settlement without the expense of litigation. He told an amusing story in this line. He said

that a farmer came into his office one day insisting on divorce proceedings being commenced at once. Lincoln said, "What is the difficulty?" The farmer answered, "We have got along so well that we are now rich enough to abandon the log cabin and we have built a frame house. When the question came about painting, I wanted it painted white like our neighbors, but my wife preferred brown. Our disputes finally became quarrels. She has broken crockery, throwing it at my head, and poured scalding tea down my back, and I want a divorce." Lincoln said, "My friend, man and wife should live together, if possible, for their own sake and for the children's, and endure a great deal. Now go back, keep your temper, and compromise with your wife. You could not have lived together all these years without learning some basis upon which you can compromise any difficulty; and don't come back for a month." At the end of four weeks the farmer returned and said, "Lincoln, you need n't bring that suit. My wife and I have compromised." "What is the compromise?" "Well," said the farmer, "we are going to paint the house brown."

Years of diligent study, and this habit, continued from early youth, of expressing his ideas aloud and making speeches alike to trees and to people, made him attractive to the local leaders of his party. His speech when nominated for the Legislature of Illinois, was a model of brevity. It was substantially this: "I am in favor of a protective tariff, a national bank, and internal improvements. If you like my principles, I should be glad to serve you." With the exception of the slavery issue, that speech, made in 1834, seventy-five years ago, has been practically the platform of the Republican party since its formation until to-day.

Lincoln was of slow growth. There was nothing precocious about him. He matured along fine lines, and each year added to his mental stature. He made little impression during his four terms in the Legislature, except for diligence and intelligence. He served one term in Congress. There he displayed the prevailing characteristic of his political life. He expressed his opinions regardless of consequences. The country was

afire for the Mexican War. The American people are always with the President against a foreign enemy. He knew that war had been provoked in order to take territory away from Mexico for the extension of slavery. He followed in the lead of Tom Corwin and made a vigorous speech denouncing the policy and purpose of the war. Corwin's speech retired him permanently from public life, and Lincoln was not again a candidate for the House of Representatives. This quality of his mind, and moral courage, were happily illustrated in the famous joint debates between Douglas and himself. Douglas was the most formidable debater, either in the Senate or on the platform, in the country. He was superbly prepared, equipped with every art of the orator, resourceful beyond anyone of his time, and unscrupulous in the presentation of his own case and the misrepresentation of that of his opponent. There was at that period a passionate devotion, among the people, to the Union, but very little sentiment against slavery. The Union was paramount above everything. There was no disposition to interfere with slavery where it was. The only unity on anti-slavery was against its extension into the Territories. Lincoln prepared his first speech in this debate with great care, and then submitted it to the party leaders who had put him forward and who constituted his advisers. When he came to the sentence, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free," they unanimously advised him to cut it out. They told him that Douglas would take advantage of it by appealing to the sentiment for the preservation of the Union as paramount to anything else, and that he would charge Lincoln with being in favor of dissolving the Union in order to free the negroes. Lincoln said: "We are entering upon a great moral campaign of education. I am not advocating Mr. Seward's higher law, but I am advocating the restriction of slavery within its present limits, and the preservation of the new Territories for free labor. That is more than immediate success, and on that question we will ultimately succeed." Douglas did attack Lincoln, making this point, as the advisers thought, his main

subject, and it was one of the principal elements in his election. Once more the moral quality and courage of Lincoln came out, when he submitted to his advisers, putting to Douglas the question whether the people of the Territories could exclude slavery by their territorial legislation. Douglas was claiming that it was a great chance for popular sovereignty to repeal the Missouri Compromise of 1820 which prohibited slavery in the Territories, by leaving the question to the people. Lincoln's advisers said, "He will answer, 'Yes.' " "Well," said Lincoln, "by answering 'No,' it will ruin his whole programme. If he answers 'Yes,' that will alienate the South, prevent his nomination for President, and split the Democratic Party." The results were as Lincoln predicted. Douglas was elected Senator. The South bolted the Democratic Convention, the northern half nominating Douglas, the southern half Breckinridge. But what Lincoln did not anticipate, the Republican Party nominated him and he was elected.

None of our Presidents have ever faced such conditions and problems as Lincoln encountered when inaugurated. Five States had already seceded. A Confederate government had been formed, and its whole machinery was in operation with a President, Cabinet, Congress, and Constitution. The arsenals were stripped of arms, the forts of guns, a large number of the ablest army officers were deserting to the Southern Confederacy, but his initial difficulties were with his own household. With the courage born of true greatness, he summoned to his Cabinet, statesmen who had been, for years, national leaders and who were his contestants in the national Convention. As far as possible, he drew them equally from those who had been Whigs and Democrats prior to the formation of the Republican party four years before, and who had come together on the question of the extension of slavery, though they differed upon every other matter of governmental policy. Seward, Chase, and Cameron were household words in the country. The President was hardly known. These strong, cultured, ambitious, and self-centred men, veterans in the public service, regarded with very little respect this homely, uncouth, and almost unknown frontiersman who had,

as they thought, become President by accident, when that great honor belonged to each of them. They thought that the President would be a cipher, and the struggle would be only between them as to which, as the stronger, would so dominate the administration as to be practically President of the United States. Lincoln understood this and them perfectly. After a month Mr. Seward presented a written proposition to the President which meant practically that, to unite the country, war should be provoked with England and France, and that he in those difficulties was quite willing to undertake the administration of affairs. There is no President, including Washington, who would not on such a letter have either surrendered or called for the resignation of his Cabinet Minister. But Lincoln's answer was the perfection of confident strength and diplomacy. He wanted the services of the best equipped man in the country for Secretary of State, and the idol of nearly a majority of his party, and so he said, in effect, "The European war will lead to their siding with the South and dissolving the Union. We are to have a civil war, and one is enough at once. You can perform invaluable service in your great department. I have been elected President and will discharge, myself, the duties of that office." He knew that Chase was disparaging him in conversation and trying to prevent his nomination in order to get it for himself, but he ignored these facts and supported Chase until his financial schemes, as Secretary of the Treasury, had given the country credit and money, and then promoted him out of the Cabinet and out of politics by making him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Seward early recognized the master mind of the President, and that behind an exterior of deference and extreme amiability was the confident judgment and giant grip of a natural leader of men. Thenceforth this most accomplished of the orators, rhetoricians, and dialecticians of his day, as well as one of its greatest statesmen, became the devoted assistant of his chief.

Mr. Greeley, one of the greatest journalists the United

States has ever produced, and possessing influence never since wielded by a single man upon public opinion, hated slavery and loved peace. In practical matters Mr. Greeley was very credulous, and some of the shrewd and unscrupulous Southern leaders made him believe that they were empowered to treat for peace upon honorable terms. Lincoln knew better. He suggested to Mr. Greeley that he find out by a personal interview, but soon discovered that the negotiations between these alleged Confederate Commissioners and the great journalist were part of a scheme on their part to gain time. He solved that problem in a characteristic way by suddenly issuing a proclamation, "to whom it may concern," saying that anybody authorized to treat on behalf of the Confederate Government would have safe conduct through the United States to Washington and return, and the Commissioners disappeared. The habit of tireless industry by day and night, patient research, and clear analysis, were applied by the President to the problems of the war. The great wars of Europe are carried on by the general staff—the civil government at home forwarding recruits and furnishing supplies—but we had no machinery or equipment for a great war. We had no general staff. Officers had to be tried at fearful loss of life upon the battle-field, and jealousies among them embarrassed operations; but in the White House was developed a great strategist and commander with neither partisanship nor prejudice. He sifted the claims of the different generals, and one by one eliminated them until he placed Grant in supreme command. He knew the position all over the vast region of the War, of both his own troops and those of the enemy. He studied the maps until the roads for marching, and transportation facilities for concentrating, were better known by him than by any of the military chiefs. His guiding hand and suggestive brain prevented many a disaster and turned many a defeat into victory. He familiarized himself with every department of the government, and, while giving full credit to his Cabinet, he was still the master in the despatches and negotiations finally

agreed upon by the Secretary of State, and in the operations of the Treasury, the War, and the Navy Department.

It was vital to the success of the Union that the Confederacy should not be assisted by foreign interference. He knew that it had been the object of European statesmen, since the Holy Alliance and the Monroe Doctrine, to divide, if possible, the United States, and prevent a great world power growing up in the Western Hemisphere. He might have declared war on account of the equipment of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* in British ports. England might have had a pretext for war when Captain Wilkes took the Confederate Commissioners from a British vessel. But in the one case he trusted to diplomacy and delay, and in the other he promptly decided that the American officer had no right to go upon the deck of a British ship, sailing under the British flag, and seize its passengers, and promptly surrendered the Confederate Commissioners. With the feeling that there was in the country, at that time, of bitterness and resentment against Great Britain, no man but Abraham Lincoln could have prevented a war. I have recently learned that unknown to his Cabinet he would many an evening drop into the house of the British Minister, and the effect of those consultations sent direct to the other side in confidence must have been of incalculable influence in causing British statesmen to keep hands off, and especially in so advising Queen Victoria and Prince Albert that they remained through all our revolution staunchly our friends.

Lincoln hated slavery, but his love for the Union was greater. If he could save the Union by freeing all the slaves, or part of them, or none of them, he would so save the Union. I remember the gathering, and then the full force, of the storm against him because he would not free the slaves. Thaddeus Stevens, Horace Greeley, Benjamin Wade, Henry Winter Davis, and all the old Abolitionists like Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison, were the mighty leaders of a formidable and an intelligent assault which few, if any, but him could have resisted. He knew that at least

one-half of the Union Army cared nothing about slavery, but were willing to die for the Union. He knew that New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey would be uncertain, if the issue were for slavery. He knew that the hundreds of thousands of soldiers from Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Missouri, and Virginia—who were among the best troops he had—might join the Confederate Army and carry with them their States if he attempted to free the slaves before they saw it was a necessity of war. The folly of these brilliant reformers is best exhibited by an incident which I knew, when they answered this statement by saying it would be a gain to the cause if the border States were all lost and their troops with them. When, however, with knowledge greater than all of them, with a wisdom surer than any of them, with a contact and understanding with the plain people of the country such as none of them possessed, he saw the time had come when the enemy must be deprived of the workers of the field who were supplying their armies, and the servants in their camps who were attending to their wants and relieving their fighting force, he issued the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation and the doom of the Confederacy was sealed.

Justice and mercy were Lincoln's supreme characteristics. He bore no enmities, cherished no ill will, and never executed any revenges. While the whole North was raging against those who had rebelled, and millions believed that the destruction of their properties, the devastation of their lands, and the loss of their slaves, which were their main property, was a just punishment for endeavoring to break up the Union, Lincoln appreciated thoroughly the conditions which had impelled them to rebel. In the early days of the War he argued earnestly with his Cabinet and the leaders in Congress for authorization to offer the South four hundred millions of dollars as a compensation for freeing their slaves. To the answer that the country could not stand the expense, he said, "The War is costing four millions a day and it will certainly last one hundred days." After he had visited Richmond when the War was over, and returned to

Washington, he again urged this proposition, saying that the South was completely exhausted and this four hundred million would be the best investment the country could make in at once restoring peace and good will between all sections, and furnishing the capital to the Southern people to restore their homes, recuperate their fortunes and start their industries. But in the bitter passions of the hour the proposition received no support.

A reputation for wit and humor or story-telling has been fatal to many brilliant Americans. The people of the United States prefer serious men, even if stupid and platitudinous in speech, to those who, no matter how brilliant in all ways, are nevertheless famous for humor and anecdote. Lincoln survived because this faculty and habit did not become known until after he was President. I heard him tell a great many stories and every one of them enforced and clinched the argument stronger than hours of logic. We must remember that there was no civil service, that there were more appointments to office in the creation of the internal revenue system and in the customs a hundred fold then, than had ever been before; and that an army of two millions of men had to be officered, and the question of the appointment and promotion of these officers come to the President; and the same of a large navy. The pressure of office-seekers who came in swarms led by their senators and congressmen, would have crushed him, except for his faculty of turning them off with an apt story or a joke. A political leader in Maryland at that period appeared nearly every day at the White House with a regiment of hungry applicants. Baltimore was only an hour away, and it was so little expense that they could descend like an army of locusts at frequent intervals at the White House. The President, wearied until even his patience was exhausted, directed one day that they should all be admitted at once. They filled the large room in which he stood. He was far from well and said, "Gentlemen, I at last have something that I can give you all." With one acclaim they commenced saying, "Thank you, Mr. President! Thank you,

Mr. President!" and their leader started to make a speech. The President said, "It is the smallpox. The doctor tells me I have varioloid!" The room was emptied in a second. A strong body of temperance people came to him after General Grant had won many victories and he was contemplating making him Commander-in-chief,—protested and even went so far as to demand Grant's dismissal on the ground that he was a hard drinker. Lincoln answered, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish you would kindly tell me the brand of whiskey General Grant drinks. I would like to send a few bottles to my other generals." He rarely, with all his wit, humor, and faculty for apt illustration, said anything which would hurt the feelings of his hearer.

He cared little for poetry, but in early youth he had found in an old almanac a poem which he committed to memory and repeated often all through his life. It was entitled "Immortality," and the first verse was:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor—a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in a grave."

He revered the sentiment of that poem. One day a Congressman with a delegation of constituents who wanted offices, came into the room very drunk, and commenced a speech to the President by saying, "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The President answered coldly, "I see no reason whatever," and dismissed them. Probably reminiscent of the loved and lost, he often repeated this verse from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb!"

"With malice toward none, with charity for all." This line, in one of his Inaugurals, summed up the philosophy of

his life. He was six feet four inches in height, with muscles of steel, and in early life among the rough, cruel, hard-drinking youth of the neighborhood was the strongest of them all; but his strength was always used to protect the weak against the strong, and to humble the bully, who is the terror of such communities. During his youth and early manhood he lived where drinking was so common that it was the habit, and the young men were all addicted to whiskey and tobacco-chewing, but the singular purity of his nature was such, that notwithstanding the ridicule of his surroundings, he never used alcohol or tobacco. When President, he so often reversed the sentences of court martials which condemned convicted soldiers to death, that the generals complained bitterly. I heard General Sherman at one of his birthday dinners, when asked by the generals present how he got over these pardons, as the findings of the Court had to be sent to the President for approval, answer grimly, "I shot them first."

The day before election, in 1864, when to the anxieties in the field were added those of the canvass, he heard of a widow whose five sons had enlisted and all been killed, and wrote to her in his own hand one of the most pathetic letters of condolence there is in such literature.

He is our only President who came to that great office from absolutely original American frontier conditions. Our early Presidents were landed aristocrats or the products of the great colleges of the country. Even the least equipped of our chief magistrates had opportunities for culture from the outside which amounted to a liberal education, but this man of the log cabin and the woods, having had the advantages of neither teachers, nor schools, nor guides in the selection of books, courses of reading, or curriculum of study, before death removed him from the presidency towered high among the cultured, the statesmen, and all the gifted genius of the country, in both ideas and expression.

I first saw Lincoln when he stepped off his car for a few minutes at Peekskill, while on his way to Washington for his inauguration. He was cheerful and light hearted, though

he travelled through crowds, many of whom were enemies, part of the time in secret, and all the time in danger of assassination. I met him frequently three years afterwards, when care, anxiety, and overwork had made him look prematurely aged. I was one of the Committee in charge of the funeral train which was bearing his body to his home, while on its way through the State of New York. The hostile hosts of four years before were now standing about the roadway with bared heads, weeping. As we sped over the rails at night, the scene was the most pathetic ever witnessed. At every cross-roads the glare of innumerable torches illumined the whole population, from age to infancy, kneeling on the ground, and their clergymen leading in prayers and hymns. The coffin was placed in the capitol at Albany that the Governor, State Officers, and Legislature might have a farewell look at the great President. The youthful confidence of my first view was gone, also the troubled and worn look of the closing years of his labors, but there rested upon the pallid face and noble brow an expression in death of serenity, peace, and happiness.

We are celebrating within a few months of each other the ter-centenary of Milton and the centenaries of Poe and Darwin. Our current literature of the daily, weekly, and monthly press is full of eulogy of the Puritan poet, of his influence upon English literature and the English language, and of his immortal work, "Paradise Lost." There are not in this vast audience twenty people who have read "Paradise Lost," while there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the United States who has not read Lincoln's "Speech at Gettysburg." Few gathered to pay tribute to that remarkable genius, Edgar Allan Poe, and yet in every school house in the land to-day the children are reciting or hearing read extracts from the address of Lincoln. Darwin carved out a new era in scientific research and established the truth of one of the most beneficent principles for the progress and growth of the world. Yet Darwin's fame and achievements are for the select few in the higher realms of liberal learning. But for Lincoln—the acclaim goes up to him to-day

as one of the few foremost men of all the ages, from statesmen and men of letters in every land, from the halls of Congress and of the Legislatures, from the seats of justice, from colleges and universities, and above and beyond all, from the homes of the plain people of the United States.

THE BOSTON COMMEMORATION

THE BOSTON COMMEMORATION

THE city of Boston had an elaborate official celebration under the direction of a Committee of Twenty-five, appointed by the Honorable Geo. A. Hibbard, Mayor of Boston, of which committee Mr. Bernard J. Rothwell was Chairman, and Colonel J. Payson Bradley, Secretary. The Committee was composed of the leading citizens, and under its auspices, special and numerous celebrations were planned and carried out throughout the city.

On the morning of the Centenary day, commemorative exercises were held in all of the schools, well-known speakers appearing upon the programmes; the general idea of the Boston Committee being—as was the prevailing desire elsewhere—to make the celebration not only a tribute and a memorial, but an educational force, disseminating among the younger generation knowledge of the life, the ideals, and the deeds of Lincoln. One hundred and thirteen thousand school children took part in the observances of the day.

Another feature of the morning celebration was the joint session, at noon, of the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, commemorative of the day—the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from Massachusetts, delivering the impressive oration.

The afternoon was given over to celebrations by the Grand Army of the Republic and the various other patriotic societies, while in the evening a great mass-meeting gathered at Symphony Hall. Here crowds stood in the streets for hours, waiting for the doors to open at 7:30 o'clock; and the big edifice was filled and overflowing in less than ten minutes, with twice as many people unable to get into the building and being turned away. Major Henry L. Higginson acted as permanent chairman of the meeting. Upon the platform, in addition to the speakers of the occasion, were seated Governor Draper, members of his staff, and representatives of practically every

line of City and State activity. Members of the Grand Army Posts of Boston were present, and their colors were planted on either side of the stage. A section of the auditorium was reserved for these veterans of the Civil War.

Here the oration was delivered by the Honorable John D. Long, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, a former Governor of Massachusetts; and the author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, read an original poem on Lincoln. Other features of the meeting were an address by Honorable Geo. A. Hibbard, Mayor of Boston, and the reading of the Governor's Proclamation by Colonel J. Payson Bradley, Secretary of the Lincoln Day Committee.

The city was dotted with flags; they hung from the immense public buildings, and waved from windows and balconies of private homes; while in the harbor the foreign and American vessels observed the day by flying their flags—tow-boats, ferries, and fishing boats joining in this silent memorial.

A VISION

JULIA WARD HOWE

THROUGH the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears:
A cabin of the western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear, can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed within that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread,
And thought, to noble issues led;
And courage, arming for the morn
For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways,
Yet he achieves the forum's praise,
And soon earth's highest meed has won,
The seat and sway of Washington.

No throne of honors and delights;
Distrustful days and sleepless nights,
To struggle, suffer, and aspire,
Like Israel, led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a sob of rest,
A martyr's palm upon his breast,
A welcome from the glorious seat
Where blameless souls of heroes meet;

And, thrilling through unmeasured days,
A song of gratitude and praise;
A cry that all the earth shall heed,
To God, who gave him for our need.

THE GREAT PACIFICATOR

HON. JOHN D. LONG

WE are here to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of Abraham Lincoln—a great and good man in the simple, fundamental sense of the words. We recall that supreme life, that magnanimous soul full of charity and without malice. His rugged face, his lank, homely figure, rise before us transfigured to a beauty beyond that of the statued Apollo in yonder niche, as the beating heart transcends the lifeless marble.

The personal appearance of the famous men of history is always a factor in our ideal of them. In the mind's eye we picture Richard, the Lion Heart, riding in his coat of mail and swinging his ponderous battle-axe, and George Washington, in the dignified costume of a gentleman of the old school. But there are no adventitious aids to the effect of the personal appearance of Abraham Lincoln, nor did he need any. He was six feet four inches high, a little bent in the shoulders, with large hands and feet, a frame of great joints and bones, a prominent nose and mouth, a high forehead and coarse dark hair, and was dressed, when President, in homely and loosely fitting black. His furrowed and melancholy face and sad eyes were suggestive of a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," yet were capable of quickest transition into an expression of infinite humor. What depths of feeling and tenderness lay under that rugged visage, what divine sympathy with his fellow men, and an enslaved or weak and erring brother! And beneath that proverbial wit which so often lighted it, there lay also the fountain of tears. An exquisite pathos breathed from the chords of a sympathetic, softly attuned nature, as if you caught from them the sensitive wistful tones of Schumann's "Träumerei."

It is an unfounded notion that the conditions of our frontier

life—alas! we no longer have any frontier—are to be counted unfavorable. On the contrary, they have been, from the days when Massachusetts was herself a frontier, the best soil for characteristic American ambition and growth. There are those who express surprise that Lincoln was the product of what they deem the narrow and scanty environment from which he sprang. As well wonder at the giant of the forest, deep rooted, bathing its top in the upper air, fearless of scorch of sun or blast of tempest, sprung from the fertile soil and luxuriant growth of the virgin earth, and rich with the fragrance and glory of Nature's paradise! I can hardly think of a life more fortunate. The Lincolns settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, a few years after the coming of the *Mayflower*. The family ranks with our early Puritan nobility of worth and character. One branch of it migrated to Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia. More than a hundred years ago Lincoln's grandfather went thence to Kentucky, built a log cabin, cleared a farm, and was killed by Indians. Lincoln's father was of the same sort—pioneer, farmer, hunter, uneducated, but in touch with the sturdy qualities that were the mark of the Kentucky settlers. His mother, dying in his early boyhood, was a woman of beauty, of character, and of education enough to teach her husband to write his name. His stepmother, saintly Christian soul, sheltered the orphan under her loving care, and, scanty as was her lot, allured him to brighter worlds and led the way. Compared with the luxurious profusion of to-day, it was wretched and hopeless poverty; but, compared with the standard of the then neighborhood and time—the only right standard—it was the independence of men who owned the land, who strode masters of the soil, who were barons, not serfs, who were equal with their associates, and among whom the child Abraham Lincoln, eating his bread and milk from a wooden bowl as he sat on the threshold of his father's cabin—one side of it wide open to the weather—was no more an object of despair or pity than the babe who, cradled among the flags by the river's brink, dreamed of the hosts of Israel to whom he should reveal the Tables of the Law of God,

and whom he should lead to the green pastures of the Promised Land. It is not because the same or like qualities of character do not still inhere in human nature, that America—nay, the world—will never again see the like of Lincoln, but because the circumstances of his early and later life can never be reproduced. America, alas! had already grown old—old with power, with wealth, with the exhausting ravage and absorption of her territory, and with the infusions of what we used to call the Old World. The frame-setting of Abraham Lincoln's youth is as absolutely gone as the great American desert, now a garden, or the buffalo and his Indian chaser, now ghosts of a dream.

Nor is it true that Lincoln had no education in his boyhood. He, indeed, went little to school, yet he learned to read, write, and cipher; and what more does any school-boy learn to-day? "Reading," says Bacon, summing up education, "maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." All these had the youth, Abraham Lincoln. With them he stood at the gate of all treasures, key in hand, as much master of the future as a graduate of Yale or Harvard. He knew the Bible thoroughly, Æsop's "Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," the "Lives" of Washington and Henry Clay; Burns, and later, Shakespeare. He not only read them with the eye, but made them a part of his mind. The list is small, but it is a range of history and poetry. Washington and Clay may well have been the spur of Lincoln's ambitious Americanism; the Bible and Burns, of his inspiration and sentiment and unexcelled style; Æsop's "Fables" and "Pilgrim's Progress," of his aptness of illustration.

The incidents of his early life are few, but suggestive. At nineteen he made a trip down the Mississippi River on a flatboat to New Orleans, and there sold a cargo—a trip of larger education than Thomas Jefferson had ever taken at the same age. A year later his father, who for four years had been living in Indiana, went to Illinois; and the boy, driving the ox-team which bore all the household goods, helping build the home of logs, and split the rails of the farm

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ANN ARBOR, OCT 25 1905

The lapse of time increases rather than diminishes the fame of Lincoln. No nation is so remote from us that it does not join us in admiration of him. As the tendency to adopt liberal governments even in the oldest monarchies is growing, so do peoples more and more couple his name with that of Washington and look to him and his great predecessor as the exemplars of the republican leaders. The memory of Lincoln's character and influence is a priceless endowment not only to us but to the world.

James B. Angell

fence—those rails so famous afterwards—was thus a resident of three States of the Union before his majority, three States representing the very growth of his magnificent country. Coming of age, he made a second flatboat descent to New Orleans. It was there he saw for the first time the chaining, whipping, and sale of negroes, and it may be that the impression then made, inspired those immortal words in his Second Inaugural:

“Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, ‘The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’”

Returning to Illinois, he was clerk in a village store, which meant again opportunities—by no means suffering—under comparison with those of a college graduate of to-day in a lawyer’s or broker’s office in the city. It meant constant discussion of political, religious, and social questions. It meant a struggle for mastery in physical exercise and grocery-store debate. At twenty-three, in the Black Hawk War, Lincoln was Captain of a military company—another step in large American life. Then he “kept store,” where his honesty won him the name of “Honest Abe.” At twenty-four he was Postmaster of the village—in other words, the centre and conduit of its intelligence. All this time he was absorbing every book he could get, learning law and mathematics, and, when his store became a failure, supported himself by surveying. He had already engaged in political life, often addressed his fellow-citizens with telling effect, was defeated as a candidate for the Illinois House of Representatives when twenty-three, and elected at twenty-five.

Review this first chapter, and tell me where can be found a better preparation for an American career. To what one of those whom we call the favored youths of the land have not his splendid advantages of social position and university education sometimes seemed an obstacle rather than a help

in the path that leads through the popular hedge to the popular service? Hard lines! Lincoln's is rather one of the illustriously fortunate careers of young men. The accidents of hard manual toil, scanty living, no money, splitting of rails, are only the paint and pasteboard of the scene, the tricks with which rhetoric loves to embellish the contrasts of a eulogy. "A man 's a man for a' that."

Lincoln was reelected three times to the Legislature, serving with Douglas and others who, like himself, became afterwards famous. He identified himself with anti-slavery measures, protesting with only one other associate, at a time when even a protest was almost political martyrdom, against the extremities of pro-slavery. Meantime he went into the practice of the law, where again his opportunity was large. Each County had its Court House, and this, rude as it might be, was always, in the absence of other attractions—and there were few other attractions—the centre of popular interest and attendance, the arena for advocacy and trial. From one to another the lawyers rode a circuit. Among them were some of the brightest men of the time, afterwards potent in national councils, among whom Lincoln's genius of homely power soon bore him to the front, a favorite alike with clients and the bar. With this came still further prominence in all public range. He delivered lectures on politics, temperance, literature, and inventions. He was a favorite on the stump. An ardent Henry Clay Whig, he was often pitted against Douglas and other Democratic leaders. He was a moving spirit in the Harrison campaign of 1840 and the Clay and Polk campaign in 1844, being on the Illinois Whig electoral ticket each time, the second time at its head. In 1848, as afterwards just before the War, he spoke in New England. When, therefore, either as a matter of reproach or apotheosis, his candidacy for the presidency in 1860 is referred to as that of an unknown Illinois rail-splitter, it is well enough to remember that some twenty years before that time he was the foremost popular champion of anti-slavery principles in the North-west.

In 1847 he entered the Thirtieth Congress of the United

States. There he introduced, and vigorously advocated, pungent Resolutions concerning the Mexican War, and a Bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia—a measure which afterwards became law by his Presidential approval. For the next decade he devoted himself mainly to the law, in which he earned a modest competence.

Had his life ended here, it would have been a fortunate and successful life, indeed, but we should not be celebrating it to-day. But it did not end here. This was only the vestibule opening into the temple of the Lord, where he was to be at once the high priest and the sacrifice.

Since our national independence began, there have been three great eras: first, the adoption of the Constitution under Madison and Hamilton; second, its construction by interpretation under Marshall and Webster, which gave the Federal Union a larger range of sovereignty than its strict letter; and, third, the exercise of that sovereignty, resulting in the entirety of the Republic, the abolition of slavery, and the equality of citizenship under Abraham Lincoln. Of this last era Lincoln was a typical spokesman and representative more than any other man. Other men may have at times more brilliantly illuminated the path. He, by force of circumstances and his own force, was the path itself. Seward stated, but Lincoln both stated and cut the Gordian knot of the “irrepressible conflict.”

The founders of our constitutional government expected the early extinction of slavery. Side by side Northerner and Southerner, Jefferson and Franklin, argued for its restriction. Their anticipations were not fulfilled. The cotton interest became identified with the possession and extension of slave labor. The slave power was the nerve centre of the southern half of the United States and, for a period, of our whole political system. It infibred Northern pecuniary interests in its mesh, and they became *pro tanto* sharers in the responsibility for it. For years it dominated the national government. It added new States to its circle. It fought to keep equal pace with the institutions of freedom. It repealed compromises that barred its loathsome efflux upon the fair

territorial lands on which the sunlight of liberty was dawning. It recaptured its fugitive slaves in Northern capitals. It threatened the Union when the eagle of freedom shrieked. And at last, under the Dred Scott decision, it claimed protection and the right of enslavement even in the Territories. There was but one step more, and that was that the slave-owner might marshal his slaves in the free States themselves—aye, even under the shadow of Bunker Hill. The crisis had come, indeed. In short, as Lincoln put it in those memorable words:

“A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it . . . or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.”

Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, one of the most forcible men in our history, had taken the ground—called the Doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty—that the people of a Territory should decide for themselves whether slavery should exist there or not. Plausible as it seemed, it ignored the slave, and Lincoln exploded it with the simple formula that it amounted simply to this, “That if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object.” Grant, as he did, that slavery had a constitutional existence in the slave States where it was established, yet the moment it sought to enslave any human being in the Territories of the United States, it became there an unwarranted crime against humanity, and the government was bound in conscience and in duty to resist it by every means in its power, and to keep the national Territories for the homes and shrines of freedom. From 1854 to 1861 the debate between these great gladiators raged. The gory battlefields of history are not so inspiring as this battle between conscience and crime. Neither of the men was fifty years old, both sons of the farm, makers of their own fortunes, leaders of the people, speaking

to millions of their countrymen, and standing, one of Northern birth for the right of extension of slavery, the other, Southern born, for its restriction and for a Union which should cease to be divided and thereby ultimately become all free.

It was not a matter of chance that Lincoln was the champion of freedom. That he was so, proves the steady preparation and the commanding talents which fitted him for the place. By the Illinois Legislature of 1855 he had come very near to be chosen United States Senator; and at the Republican National Convention in 1856 he received one hundred and ten votes as candidate for the vice-presidency on the part of the Republican party, of which meantime he had become one of the founders, and of which he was thenceforth in the North-west the undoubted leader. At its Conventions in Illinois he was its spokesman, and in 1858 contested with Douglas before the people the issue of the next United States senatorship. It was in this contest that Lincoln challenged Douglas to a series of six joint debates, which are the most remarkable and influential of their kind in American—if not in all forensic—history. Nor was it by any means a one-sided contest, either in the matter of the debate or of the men who debated it. Here, again, do not count Lincoln less than he was. He was now a master thoroughly equipped for the discussion. It is doubtful whether his superior for that work could have been found in the whole country. Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and other States were rich in material; but which of their orators—what Sumner or Seward or Chase—could have brought to that arena of the plain people the lance or mail that would have made or met the charge like his?

It is a time in Lincoln's life to be dwelt upon, because then was the formative process of public sentiment, of which his administration later was the expression. In this great debate he planted his feet on the rock of the Declaration of Independence, which had always been and always was his political philosophy and faith. Again and again, at this time and forever after, he returned to it. Its imperishable inspira-

tion to him was union and liberty—first, the entirety of an indissoluble Union, which must be either all slave or all free, but which, second, must be all free because “all men are created equal.”

Ah, those old anti-slavery days which, so swift is time, not many of you here recall! Not even the lustre of the Revolutionary period bursting into national independence shone with such beauty of holiness, such moral effulgence, such ardor for the enfranchisement, not of a nation, conscious only of general mild subjection to laws in the making of which it did not have direct representation, but of a proletariat of poor, despised, enslaved but fellow human beings. It is this which makes the anti-slavery crusade the era of our New England chivalry. Then its true knight couched his lance and its minstrel song. It nerved the iron will of Garrison, who would not equivocate and who would be heard. It rang from the lips of Phillips, that Puritan Apollo, more beautiful than the son of Latona and higher-bred, whose tongue was his lute and whose swift shaft was winged with the immortal fire of liberty. It pointed the rhyme of Lowell, and transformed a Boston Brahmin into a Down East “Bird of Freedom.” It made Whittier the expression in verse of New England’s intense and passionate impulse for freedom and for breaking all chains that bind the limb or mind of any brother man,—an unplumed knight in Quaker garb. It throbbed with magnetic fervor in the heart of Andrew. It inspired the pen of Mrs. Stowe. Electrified by her genius, the great popular heart thrilled with veneration and sympathy for the meek and lowly Christian in bondage, Uncle Tom. Its heroisms fired the student, and Harvard and her sisters were again the mothers of heroes. Its passion culminated in the immortal hymn of Mrs. Howe, and cried aloud—

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.”

But why name these and not also the dwellers in unnumbered homes of plain living and high thinking all over the land, under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, and along the sea,

and among the farms, as well as in the abodes of culture and wealth, peers of the exaltation of their leaders, kindled with equal enthusiasm for human rights, fired with the reformer's zeal, and later giving themselves and their sons a sacrifice upon the altar of their faith on the field of battle and of blood? As Christ died to make men holy, so they died to make men free. All honor to them and to you, their veteran surviving comrades here to-night!

It was, indeed, the era of the tumultuous upheaval of the moral sense. It was the burst of the thundercloud, and its lightnings fell and its rains descended and its floods poured, and the house built upon the sand of inhumanity fell, and great was the fall thereof. Of course there were extravagances and extremists. Bitterness and passion and sectional inflammations raged, but above them, as we look back, like Neptune rising above the tumult of the waves, the figure of Lincoln dominates the scene. His voice is calm, but reaches all abroad. He gathers the bolts of the storm into his hand. He gives utterance to the great underlying public sentiment of the time. He becomes the embodiment of the common sense. Others may have more passionately stirred and inflamed the popular heart. He stirred, but also guided it. Patiently, but surely, he led the way, and at the last his was the hand that struck the fetters from the slave. Well is it that Boston, through the munificence of one of her citizens, has in one of her busy public squares set up his statue beside which a kneeling slave, just set free, forgets the broken fetters at his feet as with adoring eyes he looks up into the face, and bends beneath the benediction of the hand, of his Christ and Saviour.

In the contest with Douglas, Lincoln won the popular vote; Douglas, the Legislature and the senatorship. But it meant for Lincoln the presidency. His fame was now national. In 1859 he spoke in Kansas, the daughter of the anti-slavery crusade, a virgin and beautiful Andromeda, whose rescue was the death-knell of the monster of slavery, to whom she had been exposed. In the same year he spoke memorably in Ohio. In February, 1860, he made his famous speech at the

Cooper Institute in New York City, and thereby won the presidency of the East. It is a picture worth recalling. The boy of the farm, the splitter of rails, the country store-keeper and postmaster, the peripatetic surveyor too poor to own his instruments, the circuit lawyer, the stump speaker and lank humorist of the prairie who had recently won his spurs in the open-air debate with Douglas, stood before the culture and enterprise of the metropolis of the New World. His presiding officer was Bryant, poet and patriot—our Bryant. His platform was arrayed with the most eminent merchants, scholars, lawyers, clergymen, business men, of the city. His audience was the critical intelligence of America. There was no doubt a kindly, half-patronizing curiosity to hear an uncouth champion of the West, who had crossed swords with the "Little Giant." If so, it quickly turned to the discriminating admiration which an Athenian audience might have felt and expressed as the orator rose to his theme, and in the pure and simple eloquence of candor, with an entire mastery of his subject, delivered an address which planted the Republican sentiment of the nation on an impregnable foundation. Lincoln's speeches became thenceforth the ready-at-hand material of every New England fireside.

Under these circumstances his nomination as the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1860 was the natural evolution of events. It was the selection of the one man who, in the popular mind, by and large, represented the national protest against the aggression of the slave power in the South and of the subserviency to it in the North, who could rally alike in East and West the strongest popular vote, and who could best hold together the patriotic sentiment of the free States themselves when the shock of war should come, not only rending apart North and South, but endangering even in the North the harmony of its common allegiance. At the Convention held in Chicago, May, 1860, Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot, and in the following November elected to the presidency.

Never in the history of the Union was there a more critical and gloomy time than the interval between Lincoln's elec-

tion in November and his inauguration in March. The attempted dissolution of the Republic had come. Webster's prophetic nightmare was now a living horror. The helm of state wavered in the palsied hand of Buchanan. State after State seceded. Faithless and dishonest Cabinet officers were honeycombing the military and naval strength of the federal government. Treason plotted in the capital. The very life of the President-elect was in danger when he left his home and made his way to Washington. His inaugural marked the new era of his life—a new departure, sometimes disappointing his friends, but approved by the result and signalizing the greatness of the man—a greatness sufficient to adapt itself to new exigencies, to comprehend the whole vast situation, and to direct the thunderbolts of the storm. Up to this time he had been the charging and resistless advocate and prophet. He was now the cautious and deliberate administrator. He had approved himself the genius of the spoken conscience. He was now to approve himself the wise master of situations, responsibilities, and expedencies. He had been among the foremost to court the peril of driving the Ship of State into the angry straits. Now at the helm, he was the careful pilot—shy of Scylla, on the one hand, and of Charybdis, on the other. He who had seemed the boldest was now often censured as timid and as withholding his hand from the plough. He had been the outspoken antagonist of the slave power. Now he seemed fearful lest he should invade its slightest constitutional right. For forever in his mind was the purpose of the Declaration of Independence—the Union of the States, with liberty its cornerstone. Of this Union he remembered that he had been elected President, and that on him—on him, perhaps, alone—was the awful responsibility of its preservation unbroken. To this duty he seemed to feel himself bound to sacrifice all else. The crisis that faced him was the crisis of that Union on the point of disruption, and to avert that peril he bent everything. Eleven States had seceded. If the border slave States, which with good reason he believed to hold the balance of power, should secede also, the breach would be irreparable and the

Union at an end. Because of this, caution and prudence, especially in dealing with the slave problem, were the characteristics of his early administration, sometimes exasperating his warmest supporters and the enthusiastic patriots of the North, but held to with serene and unflinching fidelity because they were the result of profound conviction.

In the light of succeeding events, especially of the early defeat at Bull Run, history justifies him. Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, were never lost, nor Tennessee or Virginia, except in part. The conservative element in the North, on which the Southern leaders counted confidently, was kept in line till that line was beyond breaking. I doubt if the world has a nobler or a more pathetic picture than that of President Lincoln in those days—that magnanimous soul, that spirit without guile or malice, that prophet among the anti-slavery crusaders, whose heart was still as loyal to their cause and as tender of the shackled slave as was that of Garrison or Sumner or Phillips, but consecrated to his great responsibilities as God gave him to see them, superior to the assault of enemies or the impatience of friends, single-eyed to the preservation of the Union, because the preservation of the Union involved every hope he cherished for his country, its destruction every calamity which for her he feared. I love to think that in the great providence of compensation God meantime gave him to know that he was right, as at the end he knew it when he walked the streets of Richmond one April day, Preserver of the Union, Emancipator of the Slave.

Disasters on the field came in those early months, thick and fast, like successive overwhelming waves. The unsuccess in command of many a soldier at the head of the army, inadequate to the task, seemed to waste years of agonizing suspense in the swamps of Virginia. But, as the glacier moves, so slowly the resistless forces of freedom moved on. From the West came the victories of Grant, and then Grant himself, who solved the riddle of war by striking the enemies' forces, not by withdrawing his own, but by moving on his adversaries' works immediately, by fighting his campaigns through, and by "fighting them out on that line if it took all Summer."

Complications with foreign nations had been wisely avoided. Seward, whose services as Secretary of State should never be forgotten, yet had found in Lincoln a more discreet hand than his own in the Trent negotiations, in which the United States, though clearly justified by British precedent and doctrine, yielded its contention hardly more to a prudent policy of conciliation than to its own traditional and more liberal theory of the rights of neutrals on the high seas. The patriotic sentiment of the North had already crystallized under Lincoln's wise prudence into coöperation. The border States were secured. Slavery, surely crumbling under his policy—more surely, it may now in his vindication be said, than if the first blow had been straight betwixt the eyes of the monster—was abolished in the District of Columbia. Colored troops were enlisted, and the freedmen, wearing the uniform of the country of which they were henceforth to be the equal citizens of the Declaration of Independence, were enrolling their names at Wagner and Olustee on the topmost scroll of the heroic dead. Meantime the emancipation of slaves in the loyal States, under a system of compensation, had been considerably urged upon their owners by the President. Indeed, every step was taken to conciliate whatever interest was at stake. And when, in September, 1862, he announced his Emancipation Proclamation, and on the first day of January, 1863, gave it life, the country was ripe for its reception and enforcement as the timely and consummate fruit of God's providence and of the administration's faithful execution of its evolving duty. Then came Gettysburg and Vicksburg and Appomattox; and then that sight—oh, so pathetic, so full of happy tears—the Illinois rail-splitter leading his little son by the hand, God's benediction on his homely face, angels of forgiveness and mercy hovering around him as he walked the streets of Richmond, capital again of the old State of Virginia, capital of the Confederacy no longer, a poor emancipated slave woman kneeling at his feet and showering on them all she had, her kisses and her tears. The Union was preserved. Freedom was the equal right of all its children, white or black. The Declaration of Independence was vindi-

cated. The house had not fallen; it had ceased to be divided; and Abraham Lincoln was forever enshrined in the heart of the Republic.

Must it not be said that Abraham Lincoln's war policy, his policy in dealing with slavery as an element in the Union affecting its preservation, was right? When, in time of crisis, God charges a wise man with a special responsibility above his fellows, does he not sometimes give him special wisdom above them also?

The Emancipation Proclamation is Abraham Lincoln's great fame scroll. To have at one stroke of the pen made four million slaves free—to have at one cut ripped the cancer from the Republic—there can be no greater glory in human history. Supplemented by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, which, as Mr. Mead has said, were "the reduction to law of Lincoln's gospel and Lincoln's life," it is his patent to immortality.

The colored race have every reason to cherish, as they do, the memory of Abraham Lincoln. All that man could do for them he did. They had unnumbered advocates, intense, devoted, true, but none who, in addition to all else, was so wise as he. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. But Lincoln not only laid down his life for them, but had already given for years the very fullness of it to their uplift. He struck the shackles from their limbs; he struck the more chafing shackles from their souls. He gave them manhood. He made them soldiers of the Republic. He pointed them to the paths of education and material thrift, and through these to the fruitions of equal citizenship. He was no fanatic. The Federal Constitution was to him no "league with hell," but the expedient instrument of a blessed union which with patience and wise pressure could yet be moulded into provision for the equal rights under it of all men, whatever their race or color. He did not shut his eyes to racial differences and to the social discriminations which have sprung therefrom. But from the first he held to the faith that the negro was entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, and

that, "in the right to put into his mouth the bread that his own hands have earned, he is the equal of every other man, white or black."

Beyond the first step of freedom he was too wise to press the negro forward too rapidly, either for his own good or for the good of the Republic. With what seems now the pith of common sense, he would give him, as he would have given men of any other race or color, training to fit him for the functions of citizenship. He would have given him education, whether of the school of military service, or of the primer or copy book or of industrial attainment, before conferring upon him suffrage during the War, thus making it the expression of an intelligent and responsible citizenship rather than a premature agency of social disorder and political corruption. He would have deprecated any tidal wave of ignorance and irresponsibility deluging the Southern States and retarding their return, not only to national prosperity, but to the sentiment of national union. Had he lived, would he not, with his rare tact, have saved us the blunder of unfitted, and swamping, immediate universal suffrage too early conferred? Would he not rather have laid the foundations of universal suffrage in such agencies as later have found expression in work like that of Booker Washington? Later, and in due season, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution would have followed the Thirteenth, which was adopted during Lincoln's administration, and the three would have been the consummation of his policy. He would have combined, as he always did, the natural rights, whether of the negro or any other citizen, with expedient development in the use and enjoyment of them. Had his policy prevailed, freedom would have meant to the enfranchised slave, not political office or its flamboyant badges and titles, but the bountiful fruit of the right to eat the bread which his own hand earns, to add to his intellectual and material acquisitions, to prove by his thrift, by his attainments in scholarship, and by his accumulation of property, as he is now so abundantly proving, his capacity for full participation in affairs. The colored citizen would have been

saved the humiliation of his early ejection from precipitant political occupation, and would sooner have secured, as he is now securing, that call to political service which comes, and will hereafter more and more come, to whatever man stands out with evident fitness for it. This is the true future and true aim for the colored race. And this is what Lincoln, their best friend and the best friend of their former masters, would have had them have. Would he could have lived to note their schools and colleges, their wide-spread industries, their men eminent in institutional, professional, and social life, their teachers and poets and novelists, their successful merchants, farmers, and manufacturers! Had he lived, is it too much to say that this rising tide in their affairs would have sooner set in? And, were he living, with what faith would they still turn to him in every contingency, sure of justice at his hands! His legacy to us is the duty of the same justice at our hands. Our tributes to him are but lip service, if we do not see to it that no tinge of black or red in any man's skin shall be permitted to discriminate him in his rights under the law as a citizen from any other citizen of the Union or of any State in it.

Two adjectives that seem especially to describe Lincoln's relation to the great work to which he was called are "apt" and "adequate." No man ever made less pretence. His integrity and truth were structural, born in him. His magnanimity, his superiority to personal feeling, are almost unparalleled in public life. It animated every impulse. It breathed in his repeated invitations to the Confederate government to personal interviews on terms of peace; in his dealings with his civil and military subordinates when unsuccessful or at fault; in his patience with McClellan, his consideration for Burnside, his wise counsel to Hooker, his self-effacing disinterestedness towards Chase. It made him quicker to take than to lay blame. And when, at his death, his record was recalled, that magnanimity the whole world recognized. He had conquered its admiration. He had shamed its prejudice and ridicule; and the "scurrile jester," penitent and atoning, was among the first—to his

honor be it remembered—to lay his garland on the martyr's grave. His gentleness and tenderness of heart allied him to the very springs of sympathy and opened his ear to the humblest that sought it. A quaint humor flavored his informal speech with a homely relish, and was, as he used to suggest, his safety-valve during those exacting years of the War. It had been exaggerated, no doubt, in the report of it, yet it always kept him in popular *rapport*. More than this, it was a keen instrument, purposely used as such, to carve his way to essential results, either in debate or in administration. It was the humor, not of a clown, but of a diplomatist. In this respect, as also in respect to a seeming waste of his attention in arranging petty details of official patronage with Congressmen and office-seekers who hounded him—a thing which so unfavorably impressed some men of distinction who sought him on the higher themes of State—I recall a remark of Mr. Root. It was to the effect that all this was largely the shrewd method, where no other would serve, of that conciliation of interests and that winning of congressional help, by means of which measures vitally necessary to the great work in hand were secured, and which with less tact and sacrifice would have been lost.

And with the country at large, with what consummate divination and wisdom Lincoln now led, now met, now followed, but always grasped and held—making it the mighty backing of his administration—the public sentiment! Thank God it never lost faith in him!

The literature of Lincoln in his political and State papers is of the highest order, unsurpassed, if equalled. In temper and tone, in convincing force, with at the same time regardful consideration of others' views; restrained in expression, never extravagant or offensive, and thus making his personal argument more effective, they are models at once of strength and tact and taste in the discussion of questions of State. The style of this graduate from a log cabin is consummate. His phrasing, his neat antithesis, his clearness of statement, his compelling argument, his choice of apt words, his telling metaphors and illustrations, and the exquisite framework of

his prepared speech—always simple, yet always complete—gave to his masterpieces the rare excellence of the King James version of Holy Writ. David sang not with a purer cadence or a more exalted vision.

But far above the style, is the spirit of that literature, the heart that inspired it beating for all his fellow men, even those who reviled him and said all manner of evil against him. His earlier public speeches, before his higher prominence, had often the broader flavor of the stump, and were attuned to attract and convince the popular environment to which he appealed. But in the great debate with Douglas, and in the speeches of that time, he began to strike higher chords. And, beginning with his Cooper Institute Address and all through his State papers and formal utterances, he rose to the height of the benediction and charity of the divine Master. The State papers of no other publicist in tone and spirit are so responsive to the pattern of Jesus. His appeals were forever to justice and fairness. He never lost sight of the other side. He gave full credit to its argument, its claims, its rights, its temptations, and its extenuations, whether he contended with it in debate or fought it in battle—yea, even in the very stress of the angry fire of treason and war. You cannot read, then, that there sounds not in your ear the sweet accompaniment of a heavenly voice saying, “As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise,” “Judge not that ye be not judged,” “Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you,” “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

And yet this man was untutored in schools of divinity—save in the great school of Nature’s open providence, and the Bible of the lowly fireside—caring for no theology save that of love to God and to his fellow men. I love to think that in one of his successors the force of example in this respect is manifest—in the State papers, as also in the spirit, of the lamented McKinley, who, as those who were in close touch with him were always conscious, made himself a disciple of Lincoln and patterned him—like him, alas! even in his martyr’s death. May the same high and inspiring ideal be

always the guiding star of those who rule this our beloved land!

In that terrible struggle which involved the outrooting of human slavery, Lincoln never forgot that neither side was innocent of its existence among us, or that the people of the South believed in their cause, and in their construction of their rights under the Federal Constitution. To him they were the erring, not the malevolent, brother; and the moment they laid down their arms their sins were forgiven them. In the Cooper Institute Speech, in the two nobly generous Inaugurals—and, indeed, always—what charity, what reaching out of the welcoming hand, what appeal to every sentiment of brotherhood, what pleading for righteousness and peace and good will! To-day the South knows and feels all this. The mists and passions of half a century ago have faded away, and the memory of Lincoln shines like a star in the serene heaven of our Union in which it is our brightest link.

And shall not we of this new century rise as a nation to the ideal of that lofty time of which he became the incarnation—the ideal of a Republic not lost in material interests, great and important as they are; not blinded with the glare of prosperity, wide and comforting as it is; not bent on becoming a defiant world power, large as are the responsibilities that come with it; but devoted to righteousness as a people, to the eradication of every root of misery and wretchedness and injustice in our soil, and to the elevation of the humblest and poorest and weakest? Our apotheosis of Lincoln, even if exaggerated, should lift us out of the murk and stress and tumult of our time, and bring the jarring elements of our social and industrial life to a better understanding.

Had he lived, who does not feel that the reunion of the national heart would have far more speedily followed the reunion of political bands! Reconstruction was a most difficult problem, and the utmost respect is to be had for the convictions of the great and patriotic men who differed as to its solution. But I cannot doubt that the ultimate verdict of disinterested consideration, free from the intense feeling

of his time, will be with Lincoln. To him it was a practical, not a theoretical, or sentimental question. He did not regard it as worth while to determine nicely whether by their rebellion the Confederate States had lost their statehood in the Union, or had remained in it. If the former, it is difficult to see why they had not accomplished all that they attempted. We fought to keep them in, and, if the victory was ours, as it was, they were logically, and in fact, still States in the Union, though their relations with the national government were of course so disturbed and chaotic that legislation was necessary to readjust those relations and to safeguard all the interests involved. Such was, undoubtedly, Lincoln's view; but he was looking to conditions, not to theories. Beginning with Louisiana, as soon as a reasonably large portion of its citizens organized a State government, adopted a free Constitution, confirmed the Thirteenth National Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, provided public schools for white and black, and empowered their Legislature to give the suffrage to the colored man, he would have restored that State to its harmony in the Union. The example would have been followed in other States. No doubt the process of such reconstruction would have been accompanied by injustices to the freedmen; but the triumphant loyal majorities of the North would have safeguarded them, so that, whatever their hardships in the transition, these would probably have been small compared with those that came under the course adopted after Lincoln's death. Ten years of a reconstruction rule that is a melancholy and disastrous period in our history would have been mitigated. The enmities of the War would have been quieted rather than accentuated. The increased prejudice against the negro, arising from the natural bitterness of his former masters at being made his political subject, and rankling even to this day, would have been checked. Had Lincoln lived—with his hold on popular sentiments, with the prestige of his triumph over disunion, with his sagacity and persuasiveness, with his knowledge of the South, and its responding appreciation of his charity towards it—it is not too much to believe that he would have made his policy the

country's policy of reconstruction. Where he could not have wholly carried his point, he would have modified it without wholly sacrificing his views to those of the leaders of the more radical wing. But the result would have been, in the main, the carrying out of his. We should have been saved the bitter contentions of Congress with his successor, and the Ship of State would have ridden into safe harbor with no mutiny on board and the captain in command.

Indeed, could Sumner have been conciliated to Lincoln's views, it would have been comparatively smooth sailing. Personal friends, their one main difference in the matter of reconstruction was as to the immediate bestowal of suffrage upon the negro. No plan would Sumner accept that did not give it. Any plan would Lincoln accept that would restore peace, and the Union, and insure the rights of the negro in due season. To utilize his own homely illustration of the egg and the fowl, he would make sure of the fowl by hatching the egg rather than by smashing it; while Sumner, uncompromising in his high sense of supreme duty, and single-eyed to what he regarded as absolutely right, would sooner smash the egg than have a chicken not fully fledged. It is interesting to think what would have been the course and outcome of the struggle between these two great leaders—the great doctrinaire, who was contented only with the consummation of his convictions, though the heavens fell, and the great pacificator, who would secure the same ultimate justice, though he gave time to the heavens to clear. Again, it can hardly be doubted that the same patient tact, the same hold on the popular sentiment, the same persuasive appeal, the same winning sympathy with the plain people which had won the debate with Douglas—which, through the War, had gathered to Lincoln's support the constantly rising volume of the nation's faith and confidence—would have given him the guidance in the reconstruction of the Union.

The juster verdict of lapsing time recognizes the honest purpose of Lincoln's immediate successor in his views on reconstruction, which were, perhaps, not far removed from Lincoln's own. And yet there could be no more striking

illustration than the contrast between the two men of that marvellous sense and wisdom which Lincoln never failed to bring to the solution of every entanglement. Not of him could it be said, "*Vis consili expers nolle ruit sua.*" His not the tomahawk of Metacom, but the persuasiveness of John Eliot.

You all know the story of Lincoln's death, that tragedy of the War. The Rebellion was crushed, the War over, the slave free. The great prophet and magistrate had fought the good fight and kept the faith. The pistol bullet of a drunken, mad assassin cut the thread of life, and Abraham Lincoln was dead, a martyr on the altar of his country.

As we read history—thank God, it is true rather of the past than the present—what vice, what filth, what insolence, what grinding of the poor, what indifference to human suffering, what contempt of human rights, what rot and shame and meanness, have been the personal characteristics—though sometimes associated with great qualities and achievements—of most of the rulers of the world! What wonder that revolution has so often come in riot and rivers of blood! What a relief to turn to this chosen of the people, without stain or spot, this pure in heart and blessed of the Lord! I love to picture in my mind's eye not more the ruler than the man. I fancy him at the consummation of his glory—the crown of honor lifted to his head, not only by his country, but by the world—yet simple and unaffected still. I fancy him standing beneath the stars on the heights of the Soldiers' Home, gazing over the roofs of Washington and across the historic Potomac, alone and lonely, dreaming not of his fame and prestige, but of the early pioneer days, the meagre honest home, the mother's devotion, the early struggles, the first revelations of the printed page, the first thrills of ambition for larger life, the growing consciousness and exercise of natural powers, the free, unconventional life of the prairie, the steady elevation to higher service, the people's tournament of debate, the long four years of chief magistracy of the nation, years tumultuous with war and intricate with statecraft, a nation in convulsion, an earthquake of rending forces, a fire sweeping

the land, but after and above all, the still small voice of an approving conscience at peace with God.

Not his that saddest of all historic destinies—the fate of that mighty dynamo that once shook the world, but at last stood an inert lump on a lone rock in mid-ocean—“*coelum undique, et undique pontus*,”—his glories and principalities and powers now only dust in his hands, and his heart broken.

And how truly it may be said of Lincoln, he still lives! He lives in bronze and marble and canvas; he lives in the memory of a grateful country. His sympathy with the plain people, felt by him and by them, yet indescribable in words, has given him a place in their hearts closer than that of any other public man. He will stand with Washington, foremost among our great ones. We lack discrimination when we say of this or that man that he was the greatest. But this may be said of Lincoln, that of all Americans, if not of all men of the nineteenth century, he achieved the most enduring, the greatest and purest fame. With neither the culture of Sumner nor the might of Webster—yet either of them in Lincoln's place, you instinctively feel, would have fallen below him in the discharge of his trust. No doubt his growth upward was largely due to his presidential culture and pruning, and that he was a greater man at its close than at its beginning. And, when we speak of him as great, we mean great in the general impressive sense. There is a greatness of pure intellect, of pure force, independent of circumstances, like some tall memorial shaft springing from the earth to the sky. There is another greatness that is like some mountain-side rich with foliage and verdure, towering above the plain and yet a part of it. Lincoln, no doubt, in marvellous variety of talent comes short of Franklin; in quick fertility of genius, of Hamilton; in philosophic vision, of Jefferson. But in impressiveness on his time, and in his stamp on history and public sentiment, Lincoln leads. He is the great American of his age,

“New birth of our new soil, the First American.”

There is an element in this kind of popular greatness without which the title of great is never at last conferred. It is the moral element of sincerity and truth. There have been men who rendered inestimable services to their country, whose words were patriotic fire, whose shoulders upheld the Republic, and yet there goes with their names the unspoken consciousness of a lack of entire faith in them. It is the singular glory of Lincoln that with all his ambition we feel he was true to the profoundest moral instincts. God be praised that amid all doubt, and in spite of so many crumbling idols, there be now and then—aye, often—a soul that mounts and keeps its place! Our tributes are not more to him personally, than to the ideal of moral character which we have taught ourselves, and are teaching our children, that he stands for. There lie the true significance and value of our exaltation of him.

Honor to your memory, homely rail-splitter President, that no act or motive of yours has ever been counted in derogation of the integrity of your life or example! Good and faithful servant, stand forever forth in the people's hall of fame, crowned with their undying love and praise—sainted—immortal!

LINCOLN: "VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH"

HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

YOU have asked me to address you upon this, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; to express for you and to you some of the thoughts which ought to find utterance when, on the completion of the century, we seek to pay fit homage to the memory of that great man.

I know not how it may be with the many others, who, in these days of commemoration, will speak of Lincoln, but to me the dominant feeling, as I approach my subject, is a sense of helplessness, and a sharp realization of the impossibility of doing justice to such an occasion. To attempt here a review of his life would be labor lost. Ten stately volumes by those who lived in closest communion with him, and who knew him best, were not more than adequate to tell fitly the story of his life. That story, too, in varying form, is known to all the people, "familiar in their mouths as household words." From the early days of dire poverty, from the log cabin of the shiftless pioneer, ever moving forward in search of a fortune which never came, from the picture of the boy working his sums, or reading his Bible and his Milton by the red light of the fire, the marvellous tale goes onward and upward to the solemn scene of the second inaugural, and to the burial of the great chief amid the lamentations of a nation. We know it all, and the story is one of the great treasures of the American people.

Still more impossible would it be in a brief moment here to draw, even in the barest outline, a sketch of the events in which his was the commanding presence, for that would be to write the history of the United States during the most crowded and most terrible years of our existence as a nation.

Yet if Lincoln's life and deeds, by their very magnitude, thus exclude us from any attempt even to enumerate them, there is, nevertheless, something still better which we can do upon this day, forever made memorable by his birth. We can render to him what I venture to think is the truest homage, that which I believe he would prize most, and compared to which any other is little more than lip service. We can pause to-day in the hurry of daily life and contemplate that great, lonely, tragic figure—that imagination with its touch of the poet, that keen, strong mind, with its humor and its pathos, that splendid common sense and pure character—and then learn from the life which the possessor of all these qualities lived, and from the deeds which he did, lessons which may not be without value to each one of us in our own lives, in teaching us the service which we should render to our country. Let me express my meaning, with slight variation, in his own immortal words: The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what [he] did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which he who fought here has thus far so nobly advanced.

In his spirit, I am about to suggest a few thoughts among the many which have come to me as I have meditated upon the life of Abraham Lincoln, and upon what, with that great theme before me, I should say to you to-day.

I desire first, if I can, to take you back for a moment to the living man, and thereby show you what some of his trials were, and how he met them, for, in doing so, I believe we can learn how to deal with our own problems. I think, too, that if we thus look upon him with considerate eyes, we shall be inspired to seek, in public affairs, for more charitable and better instructed judgments upon public men and public events than are common now. We are apt, unconsciously and almost inevitably, to confuse in our minds the Lincoln of to-day—the Lincoln of history, as he dwells in our hearts and our imaginations—with the actual man who was President of the United States in the dark days of the Civil War, and

who struggled forward amid difficulties greater, almost, than any ever encountered by a leader of men.

Mankind has never lost its capacity for weaving myths, or its inborn love for them. This faculty, or rather this innate need of human nature, is apparent in the earliest pages of human history. The beautiful and tragic myths, born of the Greek imagination, which have inspired poets and dramatists for three thousand years, come to us out of the dim past with the light of a roseate dawn upon them. They come to us alike in the great verse of Homer, and veiled in the gray mists of the north, where we descry the shadows of fighting men, and hear the clash of swords and the wild screams of the Valkyries. The leaders of tribes, the founders of States, the eponymous and autochthonous heroes in the infancy of civilization were all endowed by the popular imagination with a divine descent and a near kinship to the gods. We do not give our heroes godlike ancestors—although I have seen a book which traces the pedigree of Washington to Odin—but when they are great enough, we transmute the story of their lives into a myth, just like the Greeks and the Norsemen. Do not imagine from this that I am about to tell you of the “real” or the “true” Lincoln. Nothing would be more alien to my purpose, or more distasteful, for I have observed that, as a rule, when these words are prefixed to the subject of a biography it usually means that we have spread before us a collection of petty details and unworthy gossip which presents an utterly distorted view of a great man, which is, in substance, entirely false, and which gratifies only those envious minds which like to see superiority brought down to their own level. Such presentations are as ignoble and base as the popular myth, however erroneous, is loving and beautiful—a manifestation of that noble quality in human nature which Carlyle has described in his “Hero Worship.” I wish merely to detach Lincoln from the myth—which has possession of us all—that his wisdom, his purity, and his greatness were as obvious and acknowledged in his lifetime as they are to-day. We have this same feeling about the one man in American history who stands beside Lincoln

in unchallenged equality of greatness. Washington, indeed, is so far removed that we have lost our conception of the fact that he was bitterly criticised, that he struggled with many difficulties, and that his words, which to us have an almost sacred significance, were, when they were uttered, treated by some persons then extant with contempt. Let me give you an idea of what certain people, now quite forgotten, thought of Washington when he went out of office. On the sixth of March, 1797, the leading newspaper of the opposition spoke as follows:

“‘Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,’ was the pious ejaculation of a pious man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing in upon mankind. If ever there was a time that would license the reiteration of the ejaculation, that time has now arrived, for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington ceases from this day to give currency to political insults and to legalized corruption. A new era is now opening upon us—an era which promises much to the people, for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect has been taken of the Washington administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of Republicanism in an enlightened people just emerging from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, the day ought to be a jubilee in the United States.”

How strange and unreal this sounds to us who know not merely that George Washington led the army of the United States to victory, but that his administration established our Union and our government, which Lincoln, leading the American people, was destined to preserve. The myth has grown so powerful that it is hard to comprehend that actual living men were uttering words like these about George Washington.

The same feeling in regard to Lincoln began to take form

UNITED STATES SENATE
COMMITTEE ON THE PHILIPPINES

To give in a few lines a fit estimate
of Lincoln is impossible. Ten volumes
are hardly sufficient to tell the story
of the great years in which he saved
the Nation. The period was that of the
Nation builders, when political
boundaries were made to conform
to nationality, when great States were
made by consolidation of small
ones, when the ^{Nation} supreme over
local interests & individual ambitions.
It was the age of Denmark & Norway.
In the great time, in the great
movement Lincoln discerned a purpose
for the first only succeeded, others had
succeeded, but he gave to the world an
example of beauty of character & of
unselfishness of purpose for which we
in any Christian work in our own
United States, now as then, can look
to his Enduring Monument.

Henry Cabot Lodge

The politician considers only what policies will win the next election. The reformer demands the immediate realization of his ideal without being able to suggest any steps toward its realization. The statesman combines the practicality of the one with the idealism of the other. He sees a great ideal to be accomplished; he also sees the first steps toward its accomplishment. In 1850-1860 the abolitionists demanded "immediate, unconditional emancipation", but could suggest no steps toward securing that result except the overthrow of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Union. The able and democratic politicians could suggest nothing but temporary compromises between slavery & freedom framed for the purpose of winning the next election. Abraham Lincoln declared his expectation that the Nation would become wholly free, and he expected to accomplish that freedom by prohibiting in the Union and under the Constitution any extension of slavery. His splendid idealism, his indomitable force, his practical common sense combined to make him the great statesman of the war between slavery & freedom.

Lyman Abbott.

June 1909.

Facsimile of Manuscript Tribute from Rev. Lyman T. Abbott,
Editor of "The Outlook"

even earlier than in the case of Washington. The manner of his death made men see, as by a flash of lightning, what he was and what he has done, even before the grave closed over him. Nothing illustrates the violent revulsion of sentiment which then occurred better than the verses which appeared in "Punch" when the news of his death reached England. He had been jeered at, abused, vilified, and caricatured in England to a degree which can be understood only by those who lived through that time, or who have turned over the newspapers and magazines, or read the memoirs and diaries of that epoch. In this chorus of abuse "Punch" had not lagged behind. Then came the assassination, and then these verses by Tom Taylor, written to accompany Tenniel's cartoon representing England laying a wreath on Lincoln's bier:

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

"Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true born king of men."

How, at a glance, we see not only the greatness and nobility of the man, forcing themselves upon the minds of men, abroad as at home, but how keenly these remorseful verses make us realize the storm of abuse, of criticism and defamation through which he had passed to victory!

From that day to this the tide of feeling has swept on, until, with Lincoln, as with Washington, we have become unable, without a serious effort, to realize the attacks which he met, the assaults which were made upon him or the sore trials which he had to endure. I would fain show you how the actual man, living in those terrible years, met one or two of the attacks.

Lincoln believed that the first step toward the salvation of the Union was to limit the area of secession. He wished above all things, therefore, to hold in the Union the border

States, as they were then called. If those States were added to the Confederacy, the chances of saving the Union would have been seriously diminished. In those same States there was a strong Union feeling, and a very weak anti-slavery feeling. If they could be convinced that the controlling purpose of the War was to preserve the Union, the chances were that they could be held, but if they were made to believe that the real object of the War was the abolition of slavery, they would probably have been lost. Lincoln, therefore, had checked Fremont in issuing orders for the liberation of the slaves, and in the first year of the War had done nothing in that direction, for reasons which seemed to him good, and which, to all men to-day, appear profoundly wise. Abolitionists, and extreme anti-slavery men everywhere, were bitterly disappointed, and a flood of criticism was let loose upon him for his attitude in this matter, while at the same time he was also denounced by reactionaries, and by the opposition as a "Radical" and "Black Republican." Horace Greeley, an able editor and an honest man, devoted to the cause of the Union, but a lifelong and ardent opponent of slavery, assailed the President in *The New York Tribune*. Here is Lincoln's reply:

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will

help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

What a reply that is! Using his unrivalled power of statement he sets forth his policy with a force which drives opposition helpless before it and renders retort impossible. He strips the issue bare of every irrelevant consideration and makes it so plain that no one can mistake it.

This was a case of specific criticism. There were others of a more general nature. A few months after Greeley wrote, Lincoln received a letter from Mr. Carl Schurz. Mr. Schurz, who has been a familiar figure to the present generation, was an able man and a very eloquent and effective speaker, especially upon economic subjects. He was also fond of criticising other people who were doing work for which they were responsible and not he. His system of criticism was a simple one. He would depict an ideal President, or Cabinet officer, or Senator; put him in an ideal situation, surrounded by conditions as they ought to be, and with this imaginary person, he would then contrast, most unfavorably, the actual man who was trying to get results out of conditions which were not at all as they ought to be, but which, as a matter of fact, actually existed. This method of discussion, of course, presented Mr. Schurz in a very admirable light, and gave him a great reputation, especially with people who had never been called upon to bear any public responsibility at all. When Mr. Schurz was in the Cabinet himself he fell easily into the class which he criticised, and, naturally, bore no relation to the ideal by which he tried other people, but that fact never altered the opinion of his greatness entertained by his admirers. They liked to hear him find fault pointedly and eloquently with their contemporaries, but they forgot or overlooked the fact that in the past he had applied his system to Lincoln, and in that connection the process seems less convincing.

Here is Lincoln's reply to Mr. Schurz's criticism :

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1862.

GENERAL CARL SCHURZ,

"MY DEAR SIR: I have just received and read your letter of the 20th. The purport of it is, that we lost the late elections, and the administration is failing, because the war is unsuccessful, and that I must not flatter myself that I am not justly to blame for it. I certainly know that if the war fails, the Administration fails, and that I will be blamed for it, whether I deserve it or not. And I ought to be blamed, if I could do better. You think I could do better; therefore you blame me already. I think I could not do better; therefore I blame you for blaming me. I understand you now to be willing to accept the help of men who are not Republicans, provided they have 'heart in it.' Agreed. I want no others. But who is to be the judge of hearts, or of 'heart in it'? If I must discard my own judgment and take yours, I must also take that of others; and by the time I should reject all I should be advised to reject, I should have none left, Republicans or others—not even yourself. For be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have 'heart in it' that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine."

In these two letters which I have quoted lie great lessons. There is not a man to-day, whose judgment would be of any value, who does not know that Lincoln, in these instances, was absolutely right, and his critics hopelessly and ignorantly wrong. They teach us that a great executive officer, dealing with the most momentous problems, cannot do everything at once; that he must subordinate the lesser to the greater if he would not fail entirely; that he must do the best he can, and not lose all by striving vainly for the ideally best. He must steer, also, between the radical extremists on the one side and the reactionary extremists on the other—no easy task, and one which Lincoln performed with a perfection rarely seen among men. Lincoln could have said, with absolute truth, as Seneca's Pilot says, in Montaigne's paraphrase:

"Oh, Neptune, thou mayest save me if thou wilt; thou mayest sink me if thou wilt; but whatever may befall I shall hold my tiller true."

As we look at this correspondence, and see how Lincoln was criticised by able men on a point where the judgment of

events and of history alike has gone wholly in his favor, is it not well for us, before passing hasty judgment and indulging in quick condemnation, to reflect that the man charged with great public duties may have a knowledge of conditions and possess sources of information which are not known to the world, or even to those who criticise? Both for men in public life, and for those who criticise these men, I think this correspondence contains many lessons in conduct and character which, if taken to heart, will make the public service better and the judgment of the onlooker less hasty.

The thought and the admonition which these glimpses of the past bring to us, have been put into noble verse by a poet of our own day, and it is to the poet that we must always turn for the best expression of what we try to say with the faltering words of prose:

“A flying word from here and there,
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered;
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.”

Consider, also, the result. Lincoln's paramount purpose was to save the Union, and he saved it. His critics thought he was sacrificing the anti-slavery cause. He thought otherwise, and he was right. At the accepted time he emancipated the slaves and signed the death warrant of human slavery. Had he struck at the wrong moment he might have ruined the Union cause and thereby left the slaves in bondage. He was a great statesman, and he knew all the conditions, not merely a part of them. He therefore succeeded where his critics would have failed.

Turn now from the difficulties and the criticisms with which Lincoln contended upon his own side, and which surrounded him like a network, through which he had to cut or break his way as best he might, and look with me for a moment at the force with which he was doing battle, and see whether we can

also find a lesson there. Lincoln's purpose was to save the Union; the object of those with whom he fought was to destroy it. I am not going to waste time upon that emptiest of all questions, whether the States had the right, under the Constitution, to secede. The purpose of the Constitution, if it had meaning or purpose, was to make a nation out of jarring States, and that it had succeeded in doing so was stated by Webster, once and for all, when he replied to Hayne in the greatest speech ever made in the Senate. Secession was the destruction of the Union, whether the Constitution provided for such a contradiction as the right of secession or not. Secession was revolution, and revolution is not to be stopped, or to be provided for, by paper constitutions. This particular revolution, however, found its reason and its excuse in the doctrine of State rights. Under cover of maintaining the rights of States, the Union was to be destroyed. On this issue the War was fought out. The Union was victorious, and the rights of States emerged from the conflict beaten and discredited. The result brought with it a new danger in the direction of a disproportionate growth in the power of the central government, and this peril the fanatics of State rights, and no one else, had brought upon themselves and upon the country. In the first public speech which I ever delivered—some thirty years ago, alas!—I said:

. . . "The principle of State rights is as vital and essential as the national principle itself. If the former, carried to extremes, means anarchy, the latter, carried to like extremes, means centralization and despotism.

"Two lessons are clearly written on the pages which record the strife between the inborn love of local independence and the broader spirit of nationality created by the Constitution. One is reverence for the Constitution; the other, a careful maintenance of the principle of State rights."

To these general views I have always adhered, and I repeat them now because I do not wish to be misunderstood in what I am about to say in regard to State rights at the present time. The subject is one of deep importance and ought never to be neglected. The growth in power of the central government is inevitable, because it goes hand in hand with the

growth of the country. There is no danger that this movement will be too slow; there is danger that it will be too rapid and too extensive. The strength of our American system resides in the fact that we have a Union of States, that we are neither a weak and chaotic confederation, nor one highly centralized government. It is of the highest importance that the States should be maintained in all their proper rights, and the Constitution scrupulously observed, but when the Constitution is thrust forward every day, on every occasion, serious and trivial alike, whether applicable or inapplicable, and for mere purposes of obstruction, the government of the Union is not injured, but the Constitution is brought into contempt, and the profound respect which we all should feel for that great instrument is impaired. In the same way, the rights of the States—the true rights—are again in danger at this time, not from those who would trench upon them, but from those who abuse them, as did the advocates of secession. Nothing can accelerate the growth of the national power to an unwholesome degree so much as the failure of the States, from local or selfish motives, to do their part in the promotion of measures which the good of the whole people, without respect to State lines, demands. No such reproach, as far as I am aware, lies at the door of Massachusetts. The President of the United States has said, not once but many times, that if every State had adopted corporation and railroad laws like those of Massachusetts there would have been no need of much of that national railroad legislation which he has advised, and which has been largely enacted. He has also said, in regard to our laws relating to health, that if every State had the same system there would have been but little need of the Pure Food Act. There are other States which have a record like that of Massachusetts in these directions, but there are many which have not. The result of this neglect, and of local selfishness, has been national legislation and a great extension of the national power, brought on directly either by the failure of the States to act, or by thrusting State interests and State rights across the path of progress.

Take another and far more serious phase of this same question. We can deal with foreign nations only through the United States. By the Constitution, a treaty is the supreme law of the land. No State can make a treaty, and yet a treaty is worthless if any State in the Union can disregard it at pleasure. The people of the United States will not long suffer their foreign relations to be imperilled, nor permit the peace of the country to be put in jeopardy, because some one State does not choose to submit to the action of the general government in a matter with which the general government alone can deal. They will not permit a Legislature or a City Council to disregard treaties and endanger our relations with other countries. Those who force State rights into our foreign relations, will eventually bring on a situation from which those rights will emerge as broken and discredited as they did from the Civil War. They were the enemy, powerful in their influence upon the minds of men, with which Lincoln grappled, and which he finally overthrew. The danger to the rights of States does not arise now, any more than it did in 1861, from the incursions of the national government, but from the follies of those who try to use them as a cover for resistance to the general government in the execution of the duties committed to it. Congress alone can declare war. The President and the Senate alone can make peace. It is not to be tolerated that one or two States shall assert the power to force the country into war to gratify their own prejudices. Their rights will be protected by the general government sedulously and fearlessly, but if they venture to usurp or to deride the national authority they will be forced to yield to the power of the Union, and the State rights which they have wrongly invoked, and their indifference to the interests of the nation, will meet the punishment they deserve. The day has passed when one State, or a few States, could interfere with the government of the Union in its own field. Lincoln smote down that baleful theory when he crushed secession and saved the Union. But if we are wise, it is to the States themselves that we ought to look for the preservation of the rights of the States, which are so essential to our

system of government, and the States can preserve their rights only by doing their duty individually in regard to measures with which the welfare of the people of all the States is bound up, and by not seeking to thwart the general government in the performance of the high functions entrusted to it by the Constitution. If the advocates of the extreme doctrines of State rights use them not for the protection of local self-government, but to promote selfish interests hostile to the general welfare, or still more to embarrass and paralyze the national government in the performance of the duties for which it was created, the people will not endure it, and State rights will be unduly weakened, if not swept away—a result greatly to be deplored.

In the Civil War the fighting champions of State rights bound them up with the cause of slavery, which was not only an evil and a wrong, but which was a gross anachronism—a stumbling block in the onward march of the Republic. They and their allies, the Copperheads, the Southern sympathizers, and the timid commercialism of the North, proclaimed that they were conservatives, and denounced Lincoln as a revolutionist. “Radical,” “Black Republican,” “tyrant,” were among the mildest of the epithets they heaped upon him. Yet the reality was the exact reverse of this. Lincoln was the true conservative, and he gave his life to preserve and construct, not to change and destroy.

The men who sought to rend the Union asunder in order to shelter slavery beneath State rights, the reactionaries who set themselves against the march of human liberty, were the real revolutionists. Lincoln’s policy was to secure progress and right by the limitation and extinction of slavery, but his mission was to preserve and maintain the Union. He sought to save and to create, not to destroy, and yet he wrought at the same time the greatest reform ever accomplished in the history of the nation. Let us learn from him that reaction is not conservatism, and that violent change and the abandonment of the traditions and principles which have made us great is not progress, but revolution and confusion.

One word upon one other text and I have done. In Au-

gust, 1864, Lincoln one morning asked his Cabinet to sign their names on the back of a sealed and folded paper. After the election, in the following November, he opened the paper in the presence of his Cabinet, and these words were found written therein:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 23, 1864.

“This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

“A. LINCOLN.”

Was there ever a nobler patriotism shown by any man than is contained in those few lines? What utter forgetfulness of self, what devotion to the country do they reveal! Then, as at the beginning, we see him driving straight forward to his one mighty purpose—the salvation of the Union. No criticism, no personal defeat, nothing could change that great intent. There, indeed, is a lesson to be learned and to be repeated from day to day. We none of us can be an Abraham Lincoln, but we all can try to follow in his footsteps. If we do so, the country will rise to ever new heights, as he would fain have had it.

That nation has not lived in vain which has given to the world Washington and Lincoln—the best great men, and the greatest good men, whom history can show. But if we content ourselves with eulogy, and neglect the teaching of their lives, we are unworthy of the heritage they have left us. To us they offer lofty ideals to which we may not, perhaps cannot, attain; but it is only by aiming at ideals which are never reached that the great victories on earth are won. Yet, when all is said, it is not Lincoln's patient wisdom, his undaunted courage, his large abilities that should really sink deepest into our hearts and minds to-day. Touch, if you can, as he touched, the “mystic chords of memory.” Think of that noble character, that unwearied devotion to his country, that gentle heart which went out in sympathy to all his people. No one can recall all this and not feel that he is lifted up

and made better. Remember him as he lay dying, having offered up the last great sacrifice on the altar of his country. Then, indeed, you feel his greatness, and you cry out, in the words of Bunyan, "So Valiant-for-Truth passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

THE CINCINNATI COMMEMORATION

THE CINCINNATI COMMEMORATION

AT Cincinnati, preparations for the celebration began as far in advance as October, 1908, when, at a meeting of the Cincinnati Schoolmasters' Club, it was suggested that steps be taken to properly observe the Lincoln Centenary. A Committee was appointed by President E. D. Lyon to confer with the various civic, business, educational, and other bodies of the city. At the conference held to form the plans, there were present representatives from over fifty organizations. This joint conference formed an organization, and adopted the name "The Lincoln Centenary Memorial Association," and under its auspices, with Mr. W. C. Washburn as the able President, the Centenary celebration was planned and carried out. The funds necessary for carrying out the elaborate plans of the Association were provided by the organizations represented in its membership.

On the Centenary day, memorial exercises were held in all the schools; and special exercises were held by order of Archbishop Moeller in the Catholic parochial schools of the Cincinnati diocese; all the municipal buildings, and many of the business houses, were fittingly decorated, and the whole atmosphere of the city breathed the spirit of tribute and commemoration.

The principal meeting of the day was held in Music Hall, in the afternoon. At two o'clock members of the Grand Army of the Republic, four hundred strong, marched to the hall and took seats in the section especially reserved for them. Dr. J. M. Withrow, President of the Board of Education, presided, and a choir of seven hundred and fifty school children, accompanied by an orchestra of fifty pieces, rendered the patriotic airs and War-time melodies which have come down to us from the day of Lincoln. One of the special features was an ode—"Our Lincoln"—by W. C. Washburn, rendered by this children's choir, under the direction of Professor Joseph

Surdo, composer of the music. The orator of the day was Bishop William Fraser McDowell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, who delivered to an enthusiastic audience, "An Appreciation of Lincoln."

In the evening, members of the Loyal Legion gave a banquet, with commemorative exercises, in their quarters at Masonic Hall, where Judge Frederick A. Henry, of Cleveland, acted as the speaker of the occasion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN — AN APPRECIATION

BISHOP WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN was an American product. The world itself has seen nothing finer. America has not done it twice. When one speaks of Lincoln he speaks of something that only happened once. He is one of the surprises of history. No land but America has produced his like. When he was born, a hundred years ago, we had about seven millions of people. When he died, forty-four years ago, we had thirty-five millions of people. To-day we number ninety millions.

Those who knew Lincoln are few in number now, but he is enshrined in the nation's heart as no one else is. He died at the end of a civil war whose passions were bitter, whose bitterness is not wholly gone, but we can honor this leader of that war without awakening bitterness anywhere. His name is the symbol of peace, his character an inspiration to union, his life a perpetual call to charity and fraternity.

That life began in Kentucky, continued in Indiana and Illinois, and flowered out in splendor at last upon the nation and the nations. His parents were so poor that life was all they could give their son; so poor that they could give the world nothing except their son. We praise him to-day, but can not forget his mother, Nancy Hanks—

"O soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
Under the ground;

"Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew;

"To you at last
Our praise and tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years!

"Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
And the victor's bays!"

Abraham Lincoln was not a youthful prodigy. He was neither precocious nor angelic. He had neither luck nor circumstance in his favor. He had as poor a chance as ever greeted a boy under our flag. It was not a fair chance. He made it turn out right. He did not complain of luck, or seek excuses for failure. He put his foot on adversity and rose to opportunity. There were not many books in all that region. He read them all. There was not much going on. He got into contact with every sign of life about him, whether it was Circuit Court or country store. He had five school teachers, and went to school less than a year. But all his life he had the long arms of his mind out in every direction for information, and "he never finished his education." He did not know what many others know, but he knew what he knew, and was not uneducated. He mastered a limited list of books. The Son of the Nazareth carpenter, like the son of the Kentucky carpenter, had one small collection of books, but from them he got a training in literature, in history, in insight, in patriotism, and in religion. The son of the Kentucky carpenter had a small list—Æsop's "Fables,"

"Robinson Crusoe," the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," Pilgrim's Progress," Parson Weems' "Life of Washington," The Bible, Shakespeare, and a "History of the United States." And these he read by day and night, with a slow mind but a sure one—a mind he declared to be like steel, hard to scratch but retaining every scratch made upon it. And from these books he got a training in literature, in history, in philosophy, in patriotism, and in religion. Such a man is educated.

He was not divinely gifted nor inspired. He was just an American boy, born in poverty, in a locality where life was hard and meagre; and without genius he rose to the heights by hard work. Poverty did not do it. Anyhow, poverty has never done it again. Ancestry did not do it. Hardships did not do it. He did not learn the language of the Gettysburg Speech at the country stores of Indiana or Illinois.

"The little farm that raised a man, was not enchanted ground." Circumstances neither created him nor hindered him from working out his life. He did what any American boy can do, ought to do—made the most of life's chance.

He came into the world with a great company. Lowell once declared that the sixteenth century was spendthrift of genius, that any family might expect an attack of greatness as it looked for measles and whooping cough. "Hamlet," Newton's "Principia," Bacon's "Novum Organum," were all in danger of teething at once. The single year 1809 was prodigal to the point of recklessness in producing great men. That year saw the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, William E. Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Mendelssohn, and Abraham Lincoln. It must have seemed a strange planet that had on it, at the same time, Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln.

Compared with the great men of his time or the great men of all time, Lincoln does not suffer or grow small. Washington was rich; Lincoln was poor. Both nobly served the Republic and freedom, showing at two supreme crises how the country can be greatly served by rich and poor alike. Washington piloted the young Republic through its first days,

Lincoln through the days of its fiercest testing. One pushed the door of liberty ajar, the other opened it wide and "saved the last best hope of earth." One led the colonies to the Declaration of Independence, the other fulfilled that early declaration by these immortal words, "In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free." One set a nation out on its wide way among nations. The other taught us that a nation worth creating is worth saving, and worth saving all the time. Of each it can be said, "His palms never itched for a bribe, his tongue never blistered with a lie." Each came when he was needed, and each met the need fully. Need alone does not produce such men. Barrenness, want, selfishness, or ambition can not bring to a nation men like these. Washington rose not because our fathers needed a soldier who could win battles, but because the colonies needed a man of truth and tranquillity, "a standard to which the wise and just should repair." Lincoln arose, not because our later fathers needed a debater, but because they needed a truth teller; not because they needed a conqueror, but because they needed one to whom peace was a sacrament and mercy a divine force; not because they needed a man who could win an election or finance a war, but because they did sorely need in a day of strife one who could show "charity for all and malice to none."

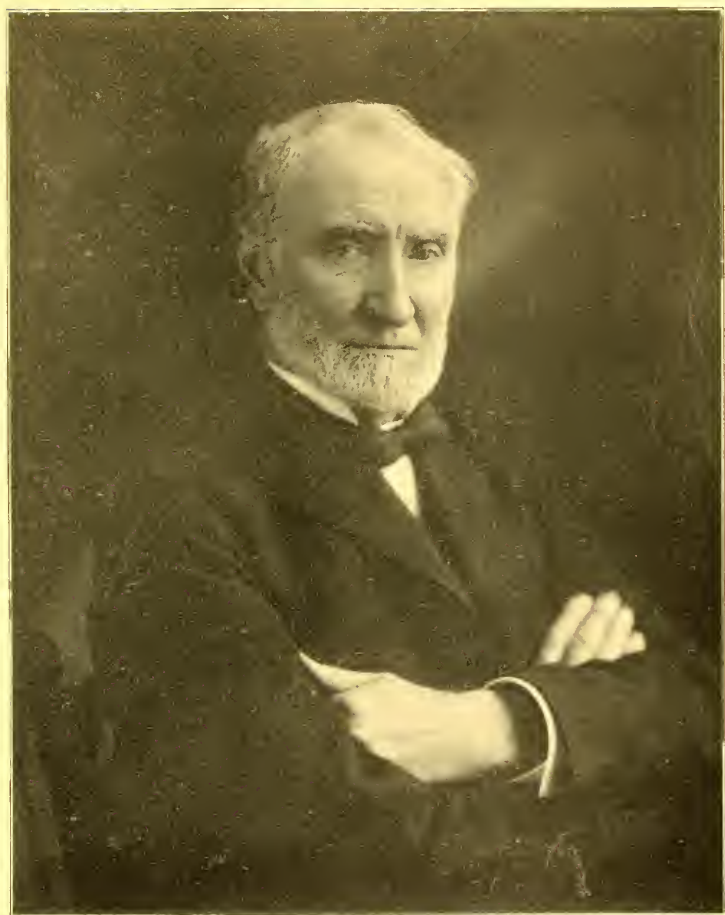
Thus William of Orange arose in the Dutch Republic, Washington and Lincoln in the American Republic, each of them "tranquil in the midst of raging billows."

Measured by any of the real tests, our Abraham, friend of God like the old Abraham, appears to be one of the mightiest figures seen in a thousand years. He was a real leader of men—not a tyrant driving them, nor a weakling following them, nor a visionary getting out of touch with them. He perfectly knew the average mind and the strong mind. He knew how valuable were men like Seward, and Stanton, and Chase, and many others who did not agree with him. Many strong men abused him, many tried to override him. He was silent under abuse and always master of his own soul and his own policies. Men said his clothes did not fit him, that

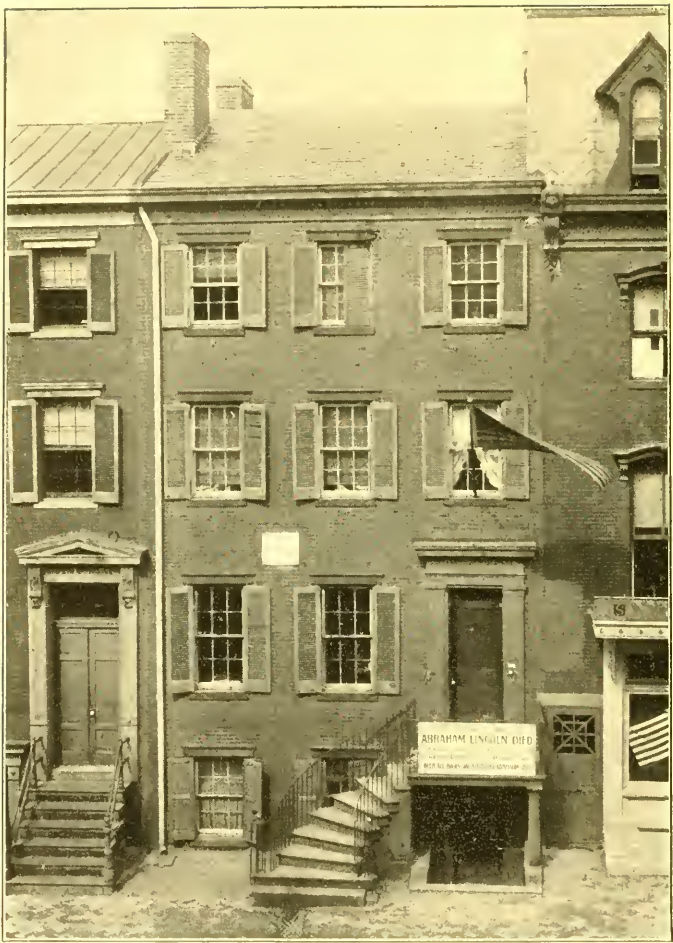
he did not know what to do with his hands, but they learned at last that his mind fitted him perfectly, and he used his hands for his supreme tasks.

We are obliged to go back to the Bible for the words to describe him, "He was a shepherd who had led his flock according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands." He kept in close touch with the common people, and kept ahead of them. He kept in touch and moved on. He used all the strong men in all parties, and was used by none of them. He has been called by one biographer, "The Master of Men." But never was any man less of a tyrant. His mastery was due to that gentleness which made him great. He could neither be a tyrant nor a tool, a slave driver nor a slave. He led, not because he wanted to be served, but because he wanted to serve. His secrets were few because his purposes were great. Without arrogance, without vanity, with eternal charity, and without malice, as God gave him to see the right, he held on his steady way. Men were impatient; his Cabinet was vexed; he was assailed by the radicals and by his compromisers; he endured the storms of ridicule, of slander, of scorn; insult and accusation were heaped upon him like a mountain; news from the front broke his heart, scramble for spoils cursed his days; he lived through passion and prejudice, relieving his melancholy soul with stories that brought more criticism, and at last "he heard the hisses turn to cheers" and stood alone in a glory no man could endure.

He had a genius for stating eternal matters in such a way that men felt as under a call to battle. Away yonder on the plains of Palestine, the saddest man of history declared that a "house divided against itself shall not stand." Long afterward, on the plains of Illinois, this Lincoln reached back to that other's word and said: "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this government can not permanently endure half slave and half free." Friends urged him not to say it. It was too clear, too plain and unmistakable. It was not good politics to say it. But Lincoln replied, "It is true, and I will deliver it as written." There



With my compliments
March 11, 1890 J. H. Cannon



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The Peterson House, in which Lincoln Died. Washington, D. C.

never was any answer to it. It became a standard to which men rallied. And truth appeared the best politics. Mr. Ingersoll calls this "a victorious truth whose utterance made Lincoln the foremost man in the Republic." That sentence stated the clear principle. On that he will not compromise, but on all the minor matters he will be yielding and conciliatory—and always go ahead.

He summarized the Dred Scott decision in the fierce words, "If any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object!" "The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy," was another rifle shot in his First Inaugural.

At no time did he satisfy the extremists on either side. Many times he was thought to be drifting and without a policy. He was not omniscient. Only a few men are. But it is an unspeakable mercy that this man was willing to learn from current events, to use his discretion according to circumstances actually existing; that the only consistency he had was the consistency of principle, and he would find his goal by any path he could. And his own eye was so single that at last the whole body was full of light.

In two crucial respects he stands nearly alone—in his power to keep still, and his power to speak. We are a speaking people. Good talkers are always at a premium with us. Nowhere else is the right word more effective than in a Republic. And Lincoln had the national gift, as we shall see. But in certain supreme crises the final test is not only what a man says, but what he refrains from saying.

A civil war does not develop careful and dainty speech. Men—and women—on both sides incline to invective and vitriol. Our Abolitionists knew a lot of hard words. The South did not measure its terms by the rule of gentleness. When there was nothing else men could do, they pitched into Lincoln. Men here, who were boys then, heard him called by all the names that were bad. I have always been wanting to atone to him for the names I heard him called in my youth.

Not only so, but the North and the South were abusing

each other. "Rebel" and "traitor" were about the gentlest terms we used. And it was a talking time. But in all that flood of acrimonious speech, not one word of malice escaped his lips. He was reviled and slandered, but "as a sheep before her shearer is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." Other men stung and goaded him, but he replied only in some quaint story that acted like oil where others used acids. And in all the forty-four years since "the lilacs bloomed" as he died, we have not had to take back one word of bitterness toward the South, or pull out one sentence from festering sore. He won a victory over the South, and is to-day our strongest appeal to the South. "His entire administration was one protracted magnanimity. He was as great in his forbearance as in his performances."

But what shall be said of his power to speak? His silence and his speech alike were golden. Men were scared when he began the debates with Douglas, for Douglas was indeed a "Little Giant." When the debates were over, the air was cleared for a thousand years. Douglas won the senatorship, but Lincoln won the shining victory for truth. An old man said, "You always felt that Abe was right." "I am not bound to win," he said, "but I am bound to be true." So "he did not say the thing which was best for that day's debate, but the thing that would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice."

Gladstone, born the same year as Lincoln, was the speaking marvel of England during many years. British oratory has hardly ever been richer or nobler than his. He was educated at Oxford. All that culture could do had been done for him; but his supporters declare that he has left not a single masterpiece of English, and hardly one great phrase that clings to the memory of men. Lincoln has given a new meaning to oratory and a new dignity to public speech. His utterances have the quality of finality. George William Curtis declares that there are three supreme speeches in our history: "The speech of Patrick Henry at Williamsburg, of Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg—three, and there is no fourth." I think there was a fourth

—Lincoln's Second Inaugural. He gave a new and embarrassing definition to the words "principal address." At Gettysburg, Edward Everett spoke magnificently through many thousand noble words—a masterly oration. Lincoln spoke three minutes, two hundred and fifty words, and this is the principal address of that day or many days. The Second Inaugural is only seven hundred and fifty words in length, but while liberty lasts, while charity survives among men, while patriotism lives under any flag, these few words will be on men's lips like prophecy, psalm or gospel. How did this man, born in poverty, reared in poverty, untrained in any schools, come to do this miracle? It is not a trick of expression, it is the miracle of supreme truth, supremely stated. "Back of the orator is the man." Behind the matchless President is the matchless personality.

He had the faith that saves, without the bigotry that blights. He had insight like a prophet's, a sense of the Almighty Person like a mystic's; no theology, but the life of the spirit; an unwavering belief in the Providence that was often silent and perplexing; moral courage born of moral conviction; a sense that right is right, since God is God; a devotion that planted a cross in his heart; a trust that kept his hands clean and his heart pure. When he called the Cabinet to hear the Emancipation Proclamation, they found him reading a chapter from Artemus Ward. He said, "I made the promise to myself and to my Maker that I would do this. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself"—and read the immortal document which freed the slave. His sense of destiny was not fatalism, but faith. He thought of himself and the nation as in the guiding care of God. He thought more of his duties than of his rights, more of his burdens than of his honors. He incarnated the simplest and greatest virtues. He was above all a man of truth. "I am nothing, truth is everything." His life did not belie the language of his lips. "Whatever appears to be God's will, I will do it." And he put the loftiest at the service of the lowliest.

I know what I am saying, and must not be betrayed into

extravagance, but I can not refrain from saying, that of Abraham Lincoln, more than of any merely human man of history, are certain inspired words true; to him, more than any other save One, are they to be applied: "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "We hid, as it were, our faces from him." "He trod the winepress alone." "The chastisement of our peace was upon him." "He saved others, himself he could not save." "The common people heard him gladly." "The government shall be upon his shoulders. His name shall be called Wonderful"—and, after war—"the Prince of Peace."

He was murdered on Good Friday, and, as when William of Orange was slain, "the little children wept in the streets."

It is not for us to mourn that we have lost Lincoln, for he is our finest inspiration and "gentlest memory" forever. It is rather for us to be glad that we have had and still have him. The mention of his name makes poverty look less odious and depressing. The story of his life is enough to make any youth under the flag put his feet upon difficulties and hardships in a royal purpose to rise above them all. The picture of his character should call us again to the love and practice of those simple, majestic virtues of which Lincoln was the living definition. A thousand things we can live without, but we cannot live without truth and honesty, courage and kindness, self-denial and patriotism, faith and charity, liberty and law. In the face of an old conservatism and a dangerous radicalism we need again the truth and independence of this tall rail-splitter, leader of the sons of men. In the face of greed and graft we need to learn again that a good name like Lincoln's is infinitely better than any riches, however great.

Once in the darkest days of the War, after many defeats for our armies, one of our poets addressed Lincoln in a poem called, "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man." This still is America's call to manhood and youth. "The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity." "It is a glorious thing to see a nation saved by its youth." It is our high chance to show whence we have sprung; ours to add to Lin-

coln's glory by carrying his work forward to perfection; ours to make a new Republic in which all men shall have life's fair chance; a Republic in which no one shall be a tyrant and no one a slave; a Republic in which poverty shall be full of hope and wealth full of modesty; a Republic in which the color of the skin shall not make men forget the color of the blood; a Republic which shall not be a white man's land or a black man's land but all men's home; a Republic in which there is always a new birth of freedom; a Republic true to the son of Kentucky grown large, true to the undivided house, true to both Inaugurals, true to the Emancipation Proclamation, true to the Gettysburg Address, true to Abraham Lincoln—finest product of a new nation, foremost citizen of the world, friend of God, liberator of humanity, tallest white angel of a thousand years!

THE ROCHESTER COMMEMORATION

THE ROCHESTER COMMEMORATION

THROUGHOUT the State of New York celebrations were held in the various cities, but one which attracted widespread attention was that at Rochester, where His Excellency, Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Governor of the State of New York, was the speaker of the occasion.

LINCOLN: THE TRUE AMERICAN

HON. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

ON the twenty-third day of August, 1864, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, penned these words, which he laid aside for future reference, "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reëlected."

It was within eight months of the close of a career which has made his memory a priceless treasure of the nation. He had risen from the humblest conditions to the highest place of influence and power. For three years and a half he had borne the awful burdens of leadership in the struggle to preserve the Union. He had proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves, and delivered the immortal Address at Gettysburg. The logic of events had demanded his renomination for the presidency, and as yet the candidate of the opposing party had not been named. Yet in those dark days of the Summer of 1864, it seemed that he would be buried under an avalanche of hostile criticism. He was misconstrued, maligned, and reviled. He was charged both with weakness and with usurpation. It was his painful lot to bear the heavy assault, not simply of the enemies of his armies or their sympathizers, but of sincere and high-minded men who should have been his stoutest supporters. He later described

those days to his Cabinet as a time "when as yet we had no adversary and seemed to have no friends." The most astute advisers told him that his reelection was an impossibility, and it appeared as if the American people were to write the word "failure" over the administration which gives to the day we now celebrate its undying significance.

It was precisely at that hour of uncertainty and foreboding, that Lincoln displayed the finest qualities of his character. Unshaken in conviction, secure in the peace of an undisturbed conscience, he looked into the future with a keen and honest eye, and resolved that even were he subjected to humiliation and defeat, even were he scorned and thrust aside by those for whom he had so severely labored, yet, if he could, he would still save the Union. In the private memorandum of that August day, the opening words of which I have already quoted, he thus registered this determination, "Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterwards."

This is the Lincoln whom we honor to-day!—not the Commander-in-chief of a victorious army; not the triumphant political leader; not the master of debate, or the inspired orator, but the hero of patriotic self-sacrifice, the great-souled servant of the people.

The story of Lincoln's rise will ever be the finest inspiration of American youth. The surroundings of his early life were not only obscure, but depressing and disheartening. It was not simply that he was the child of poverty—that may be a blessing. The real deprivation was not in the rudeness of the home or in the lowliness of the estate, but in the lack of those incentives to endeavor, and stimuli to ambition, which are the heritage of most of our American boys.

Lincoln was not without opportunity. The event proves that. And the glory of his career is that he so nobly used each opportunity that he had, and made it provide another. The marvel is that he was not a victim to inertia; and that, in such conditions, may be found such talent and such dis-

position to use it. With each review of his career we renew our confidence in humanity and pledge our faith, not to circumstance or station, but to the divine fire of reason, and truth, and conscience, constantly flaming out in unsuspected places—which the Power that makes for righteousness and progress will not permit to be quenched.

Lincoln performed each task as well as he knew. As a boy he learned to write, and he did it so well that he became the favored scribe of an unlettered community. He had access to but few books, but instead of neglecting these because they were few, he mastered them, and he became rich in the strength of their wisdom. He was willing to give his day's labor to secure a coveted "Life of Washington." He had little schooling and none of the advantages of academy or college. But he seized what was within his reach, and the fact that for a time he was denied, made his pursuit the more eager. And so he was constantly growing and developing, with a sense of power which comes by the exercise of the will in constant achievement. That part of our educational methods is really worth while which develops the sense of intellectual conquest, and Lincoln, from his early years, despite his apparent disadvantages, had a fine curriculum of victories.

He was nourished in patriotism, learning at the feet of Washington. As soon as there was opportunity he enlisted, and reënlisted, to protect the safety of the State, in the Black Hawk War. When he returned, he went into politics.

According to the practice of the time, Lincoln became a candidate for the Assembly by simply announcing his candidacy and declaring his principles. He was defeated in his first campaign, and, turning to the simple activities of a village life, he devoted himself more earnestly than ever to the increase of his store of knowledge. He had acquired no little information as to men and affairs; and his earlier trips, by boat to New Orleans, and his experiences in the Black Hawk War, had widened his horizon. In 1854, Lincoln was again a candidate for the Legislature, and was elected by a large majority. He was reelected in 1836, 1838,

and again in 1840. Meanwhile he had been encouraged to study law, and in 1836 was admitted to the bar. His great adversary, Douglas, said of him, "Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything they undertake." But he was peculiarly fitted for the bar. His keenness and analytical precision, his good humor and democratic ease, his passion for study, and his rugged honesty, equipped him for high place in a profession whose best prizes are not won by those who are mere masters of chicane.

It is said that he left the Legislature in 1840 with the reputation of being "the ablest man in it, the recognized leader of his party in the House and in his State," and "with a reputation for honesty and integrity which not even the bitterest of his political opponents had the hardihood to asperse." He rose rapidly at the bar and particularly excelled in the arts of advocacy. Meanwhile he was not without his disappointments. As he failed in his first candidacy for the State Assembly, he also failed in his first candidacy for Congress, but was elected to Congress in 1846. Retiring after his first term, he devoted himself to his legal practice. But he was equipped and destined for political activity.

The discussion of the great questions which related to the extension of slavery furnished the opportunity, and soon he became the protagonist in the debate which challenged the attention of the country and marked him as a national leader. His nomination and election to the presidency were the natural result of the contest in which, although Douglas through the apportionment of districts won his election to the Senate, Lincoln had the best of the argument, and the prestige of popular victory. Thus he was elected not to honors, but to burdens. And from his accession to the highest place in the people's gift, to the time when he laid down his life a martyr to the cause of liberty and union—at last one and inseparable—he bore a weight of care and responsibility greater than that borne by any other President, and for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in history.

There is no day so eloquent to me as the day on which we commemorate the birth of Lincoln. In him we recognize the

representative of those qualities which distinguish American character and are the sources of our national power. Lincoln is the true American.

Abraham Lincoln was an acute man. But we erect no monuments to shrewdness. We set aside no days for the commemoration of mere American smartness. Skill in manipulation, acuteness in dealing for selfish purposes, may win their temporary victories. But the people reserve their memorials for the ability that finds its highest display in unselfish devotion to the public good.

Lincoln was an expert logician. He brought to bear upon his opponents the batteries of remorseless logic. But he thought honestly and scorned the tricks of sophistry. He had a profound confidence in the reasoning judgment of the American people. He disdained all efforts to capture the populace by other means, or to employ his great talents in other than fair disputation. He treated opposing arguments with an extraordinary power of analysis. He eviscerated the subject of discussion and laid it bare. He presented not abuse, not appeal to the emotions of the multitude, but cogent reasoning, and thus appeared before the American people representing their ideal of straightforward, honest representation of the truth, applicable to their crisis. Loyalty was commanded because reason exerted its sway. Whenever you are tempted to think in a discouraging manner of the future of the American Republic, you should read the annals of those times when the Union itself was in the balance, and you should realize how inevitable is the final response of the American people to the demands of reason.

Lincoln was a man of principle. Said he on one occasion, "I have no sentiments except those which I have derived from the study of the Declaration of Independence." He ever sought for the foundation principle, and built upon it with sure confidence that the house which was founded upon the rock could not be destroyed by the storm. He was profoundly an apostle of liberty, but for liberty under the law, developed and applied in accordance with constitutional principle. Rarely has the doctrine of the relation of the

Nation to the States, and of the government to the individual been more lucidly expounded than in those simple sentences in which he said, "The Nation must control whatever concerns the Nation. The State, or any minor political community, must control whatever exclusively concerns it. The individual shall control whatever exclusively concerns him. That is really popular sovereignty." But he was a progressive man. He was sensitive to the demands of his day. Three years, I believe, after the outbreak of the War, he said, "I have not controlled events, and I confess events have controlled me, and after three years we find ourselves in a situation which neither party, and no man, devised or expected." He was a man who met each demand as it arose—to the radicals he was too conservative; to the conservatives he was too radical. Few men have been so severely criticised and so mercilessly lampooned. But while he sought to deal with each situation as he found it, he dealt with it as illumined by the principles which were the light to his path and the guide to his feet.

Lincoln was a man of poise. Beset with difficulties and bowed with grief, frequently without the sustaining encouragement even of those who were close to him in his official family, he was still able to exercise the judgment which history commends, and display the extraordinary talent for analyzing perplexing situations which is the marvel of our later day.

Lincoln was a humble man, unpretentious, and genuinely democratic. Honors did not change him and pride could not corrupt him. He was a stranger to affectation. He was a humane man, a man of emotion well controlled; a man of sentiment and deep feeling. No one who has lived among us has been so much a brother to every man, however lowly born or unfortunately circumstanced. He was a lowly man who never asserted himself as superior to his fellows. Yet he could rise in the dignity of his manhood to a majesty that has not been surpassed by any ruler of any people under any form of government. When Lee sent to Grant suggesting an interchange of views, and the communication

was forwarded by Grant to the President, the President instantly wrote the following instructions for Secretary Stanton to transmit to General Grant:

"The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

Thus did the simple democratic ruler of a free people assume the responsibilities, and assert the prerogatives, of his high office. It was not a desire to claim any superiority which he felt over his brother man; it was simply, to him, the discharge of duty in a supreme crisis, and the assumption before the American people of a responsibility which he dared not shirk, and of which his intellectual strength and sturdy conscience made him unafraid.

Despite the vicissitudes of the stormy period in which he played so important a part, he retained his confidence in the people. "Why," he said, "should we not have patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the American people?" Why not, indeed! They have abundant opportunities for education. If we can only feel as Lincoln felt, and derive our political sentiments from a study of the Declaration of Independence, and proceed as Lincoln did with inexorable logic and high purpose to the consideration of every exigency, there can be no question but that each problem will be solved, that every decade of American history will witness a fresh advance, and that the prosperity of the future will far transcend anything that we have realized in the past.

The strength of the nation lies in the influence of the highest ideals of character. We cannot become sordid or base so long as we cherish the memory of Washington who won our liberties, and of Lincoln who preserved them. But we must see these men in a true perspective, not as demigods, splendid with power and victory, but as men, vigorous and

alert, struggling against tremendous odds, perplexed with difficulties, embarrassed by conflicting voices, assailed by calumny, but still able unflinchingly to adhere to profound conviction, steadfastly to pursue great aims, and in their self-sacrificing devotion to display those virtues of character which may inspire all of us in our lesser spheres to the noble conduct of our lives. And in commemorating their achievements and inculcating the lessons of their efforts, we may conserve those moral resources without which free institutions would become a mockery.

THE MADISON COMMEMORATION

THE MADISON COMMEMORATION

AT Madison, Wisconsin, the first important commemoration of the day consisted of the exercises held in the special session of the Senate and House of Representatives. Here, a large audience filled all available places on the floor of the Assembly hall, and overflowed the three visitors' galleries. The hall and galleries were richly decorated with the national colors. Governor James O. Davidson presided, and the speakers were Senator E. P. Fairchild, of Milwaukee, and Professor John Charles Freeman, of the University of Wisconsin.

School exercises were held in all the districts of the city, one notable one being that at the Lincoln School, where the pupils presented to the school a brass memorial tablet of the Gettysburg speech—the unveiling of the tablet being one of the features of the day's programme. Another presentation to this school—made by W. W. Warner—was an autograph letter from Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby, who had seven sons in the War. The exercises at the school were followed by a general reception to the public, under the management of the teachers of the school and the educational department of the Woman's Club.

Later in the day, five thousand students and members of the Faculty of the University of Wisconsin gathered in the gymnasium of the University, there to hear the announcement by President Van Hise, that to the University of Wisconsin had been granted the privilege of securing the only replica of the heroic bronze statue of Lincoln, by Adolph Alexander Weinman, being erected by the United States and the State of Kentucky, jointly, at Lincoln's birthplace, Hodgenville, Kentucky. This replica was secured for, and presented to, the University by Mr. Thomas E. Brittingham, of Madison, Wisconsin.

The address of the day was delivered by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the well-known Lincoln enthusiast and authority, head of Lincoln Center, Chicago.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

PRESIDENT C. R. VAN HISE

THROUGH the coöperation of the United States and the State of Kentucky, a heroic bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln is to be unveiled at his birthplace, Hodgenville, Kentucky, on Decoration Day of this year. This statue is by Mr. Adolph A. Weinman, a pupil of Saint-Gaudens. Photographs of the statue show that this sculptor is a man of the first rank; that he has truly caught the spirit of his great master. Requests for replicas have come to the Commission that has the Lincoln statue in charge, from Providence, Philadelphia, Champaign, St. Louis, Lincoln, Seattle, and, on behalf of Oshkosh, from Mr. Hicks, United States Ambassador to Chile.

After much discussion, the commissioners voted to permit one full-sized replica of the statue to be cast, provided it was placed at the University of Wisconsin. This decision came in consequence of the great interest in the University of Richard Lloyd Jones, one of the commissioners, associate editor of "Collier's Weekly," alumnus of the University, and son of the speaker of to-day, the Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones. When the chance to secure the Lincoln replica for the University came, the question at once arose as to the source of the necessary funds. The situation was placed before Mr. Thomas E. Brittingham, of this city. With largeness of view he appreciated the fortunate opportunity which had come to him to serve the University and the State, and gladly agreed to furnish the required funds. Upon behalf of the Regents, the Faculty, the students, and the people, I wish from my heart to thank Mr. Brittingham for his generosity.

The statue of Lincoln will be unveiled during the coming

Commencement. It will be placed in the centre of the future Court of Honor of the University, a short distance in front of University Hall, facing the east.

It will be remembered that a lad named Ernest, created by Hawthorne's imagination, growing up in a village set in a broad and deep valley, had his attention called by his mother to the noble lineaments of a Great Stone Face on a mighty buttress of one of the surrounding mountains. Among the people there was a tradition that some time a native of the valley would appear with a face like the gigantic one in stone. The growing boy continued his life among the villagers, and each morning he looked out upon the strong and benignant Great Stone Face and hoped that he might some day see the man who was its image. The boy reached manhood and middle age, doing the work of a villager, and lending a hand to his neighbors. Gradually he became a source of strength to the people with whom he was in contact, and very slowly as age grew upon him, his fame extended far beyond his native valley. Several times a celebrated man, born in the valley, returned from the outer world. Each time Ernest looked eagerly forward to his coming, hoping that he would resemble the Great Stone Face. Each time when the noted man appeared, Ernest was profoundly disappointed, but still hoped that before he died he would see in a man the likeness of the face of stone. One evening, while addressing the villagers, as had become his habit, a poet visitor saw the truth, and cried, "Behold, behold, Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!" During his many years of deep reflection upon the inner meanings of things, and of faithful service to his fellows, his features had become the counterpart of his ideal.

It cannot be doubted that the bronze face of Abraham Lincoln will modify the spiritual faces of the students of the University who are to view daily the sad, calm, sagacious, determined, and rugged face of our great President of the Civil War. What this Lincoln statue will do in the way of developing nobility of character and sustained courage to carry forward the fight for the advancement of the people of this country, no one may foretell; but that it will be perpetu-

ally one of the great and high educational forces of the University, no man may doubt. From it, during the centuries to come, many hundreds of thousands of students will gain at least a reflection of the spirit of service to their country that animated Abraham Lincoln. They will persist to the end in the great fight for right and equal justice to all, even as did this man of sorrow. This spirit will pass in some measure to the millions with whom they come in contact, and gradually the widening influence for good of the Lincoln statue will extend throughout the world.

THE GREAT DEBATE; or, THE PROPHET ON THE STUMP

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES

CENTRAL Illinois, seventy-eight years ago, represented, in the main, an unstaked and untracked wild. Its combination of prairie and forest, its broad stretches of waving, wild grass, were rimmed by ferny glens and brush-protected creeks. The great forests yielded logs and rails for the pioneer fences and cabins, and their branches sheltered the partridges, quail, raccoons, opossums, and deer that fed the pioneer and his family while he was hurrying the hominy and beans that would meet the game on the table, making the fare of the pioneer toothsome as well as wholesome, varied as well as vigorous.

Into this wild country a tall, unkempt stripling drove the four-ox team that carried his father and step-mother, step-brothers, sisters, and cousin, with their simple household equipment, out of Indiana into Illinois. He had scarcely reached his majority. He tarried with the family long enough to help house his aging parents, and then, with the characteristic independence of the true American lad, struck out for himself; for at twenty-one the true pioneer youth accepted the responsibilities of life, became responsible for his own bed, board, and clothing, literally became the architect of his own fortune. In these pioneer days the true American parent recognized the boy's right to his time—come twenty-one—and, without any sickly distrust or sentimental regret, gave him his dollar and said to him, "Your time is your own; the world is before you; go seek your destiny."

Thus it was, a few months after the arrival with the ox-team and the hand-made wagon, shaped out of the sycamore, hickory, and oak of Indiana by the deft hand of Thomas

Lincoln, the father carpenter, that the bare-footed stripling, tronsered in buckskin and capped with coonskin, struck out for himself, and, in the adjoining counties of Macon and Sangamon, entered upon that great career that is the most picturesque as well as the most profoundly significant story in American history. It is a story as charming as it is inspiring, as poetic as it is profound. It is the story of the Odysseus of the Western World. The material pegs upon which this story is hung are those of chopper, flatboatman, storekeeper, postmaster, Captain of militia, surveyor, legislator, lawyer, President, martyr.

The more inward traces of the early parts of this great journey from the log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky to the President's chair—the President of a distracted people, the Commander-in-Chief of the noblest army that was ever marshalled on this footstool of the Eternal, the martyred emancipator, who, by the stroke of his pen, enabled four million slaves to stand up as freemen, and made human slavery in these United States under sanction of the law impossible forever more, making at last the boast of our Republic real—are those that point to the tireless student, the matchless storyteller, the sad humorist of the Sangamon and the invincible lawyer on the circuit.

Twenty-eight years after, this driver of oxen, whose efficient weapons were only the ox-goad, the axe, and the oar, took the leading part in a great intellectual joust, a tourney of intellect, a memorable political debate. Of this I would speak this morning, on the centennial anniversary of his birthday.

Abe Lincoln, the ox-driver, was easily the champion wrestler when he entered Illinois. His long arms, sinewed with steel, his giant legs, framed as of iron, were more than a match for whoever dared grapple with him. When, twenty-eight years afterwards, Abraham Lincoln came to try his strength in the great intellectual wrestling match of history, he was to clinch a veritable giant of intellect, an adept on the platform, and a master of that great tester of brain which we call the American Stump.

The details of that story are not for me to tell; they should

be told by some competent eye and ear witness. It was not only a battle of giants, but it was a testing ground of truth, a sifting mill of the Almighty, whereby dark problems were beaten into clear, holy issues forced to the front, and the banners of progress borne forward by virtue of the mistakes and the crudities, the fallacies as well as the truths, then enunciated.

The contestants were mortal; many of the arguments were temporal and transitory; but immortal justice broke through the subterfuges and the sophistries, the passing passion, the unworthy ambition, and the flippant applause that so filled the foreground of those days that the grim but sublime figures of Truth and Right in the background were so obscured that, at the end of fifty years, we are just beginning to see through the dust and to distinguish between the passing, and the permanent notes, in the boisterous turmoil.

The great debate began at Ottawa, August 31, and closed at Alton, October 15, 1858. Seven times was the trumpet blown, summoning the giants to battle; seven times did vast multitudes of feverish, distracted, perplexed voters seek to champion their chosen leaders; others, perhaps the majority, sought for light, hoping for some solution of the great perplexity.

This battle of giants in Illinois fifty years ago, represents one great climacteric in the history of the United States. There democracy was fought to a finish, so far as two mighty men could fight it, on the true battle field of democracy—the political stump. Here was waged the war of the new regime, with ballots—not bullets—for weapons. The parry and thrust in this contest were with wit and not with bayonets; here blood flowed freely indeed, but through unsevered arteries; the red currents tided with increasing potency through enkindled brains and flaming hearts.

We turn the pages of history in vain to find anything comparable with the popular enthusiasm, the civic awakening, the political revival, which culminated in the great debate between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in Illinois in 1858.

Draw a line from the prophetic heights upon which stood the great reformers of Jewry in the eighth century B. C.—Amos, Micah, Hosea, and Isaiah—to the peaks of prophecy whereon stood the rail-splitter of Illinois in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and there is no leader in civic agitation, no champion of just government, high enactments, and progressive legislation, whose head rises to break the line.

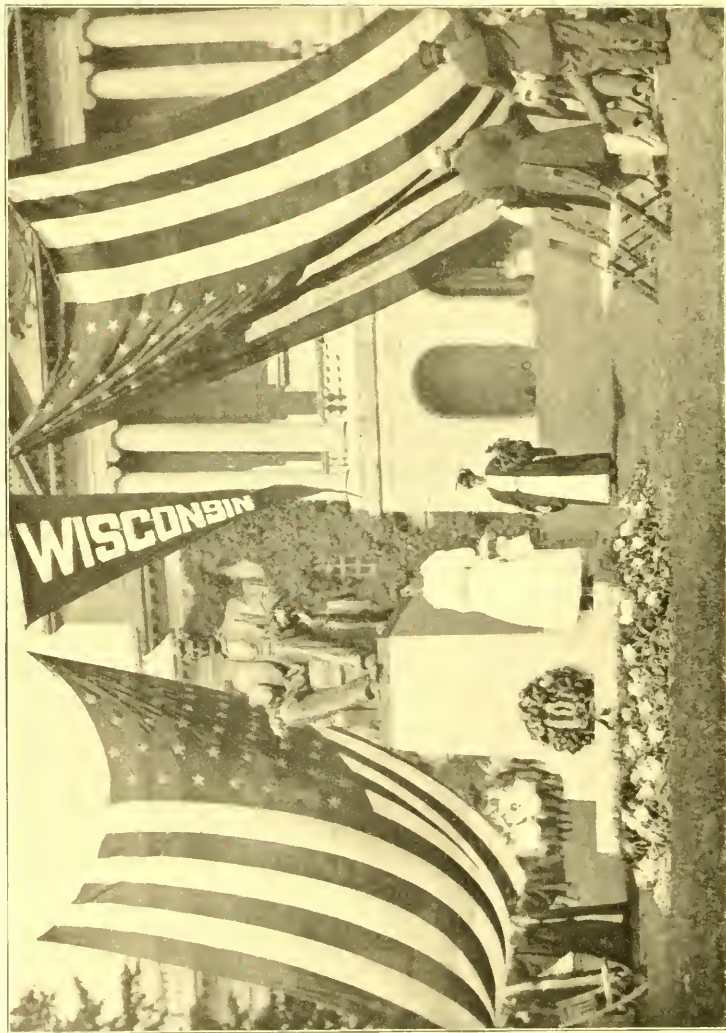
I am not unmindful of the political revolutions that followed in the wake of Benedict, Charlemagne, Luther, and Cromwell; I am not speaking of the saintliness and spiritual clearness reached by individual souls, such as Socrates, Paul, St. Francis, Fox, Channing, and their fellows. What I mean to say is, that from Amos and Isaiah to Abraham Lincoln and his fellows, no political issue, no legislative problem, was found so ethical—none was so freighted with principle, so identified with the cause of justice and progress—as that beaten out and brought to the high issues of popular suffrage by the great debate, the semi-centennial of which was celebrated with fitting pomp, oratory, and song in the State of Illinois last Autumn.

The cause of freedom, the rights of races and religions, were often challenged in the intervening centuries, and such causes have always found inspired spokesmen; but in such crises the appeal, for the most part, was made to crowned heads; the fate of justice was in the hands of an aristocracy, either civic or ecclesiastic. Such appeals, for the most part, were to dukes or to bishops, convocations of priests or of nobles. But this appeal was to the people, the common people; the question was submitted, not to the decision of clerics or of warriors, but to voters.

We talk of “the War of ’61 to ’65,” and, at this distance, the younger men and women may think of it as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, an unexpected cloud-burst in the heavens that were otherwise serene. Not so. One of the latest and most philosophic studies of the great conflict is entitled “The American Ten Years’ War, from 1855 to 1865.” This author, Denton J. Snyder, finds the beginning of the conflict at least as far back as the first invasion of Kansas by five



Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin, Reading his Address
at the Madison Commemoration



Unveiling of the Bronze Replica of the Statue of Lincoln by Weiman at the University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Commencement Day, 1909

thousand and more armed men, well named "Border Ruffians," for they came from slave-holding territory for the express purpose of extending the boundaries of the same. This army was met by a force, equally picturesque and intense, but far more lofty in character and purpose. It came from the north and east to hold "bleeding Kansas" to liberty. Grim, dauntless "Old John Brown of Ossawatimie" is not an unworthy representative of this other army. In the presidential campaign of 1856 battle lines became more defined when the friends of freedom and haters of slavery found a not unfitting standard-bearer in the dashing path-finder of the Rocky Mountains, John C. Fremont. Two years later, here in Illinois, the other side was marshalled into battle line by its brilliant Senator, the "Little Giant," who met the comparatively obscure champion of a new and unpopular movement in high debate.

To adequately tell the story of this debate would be to write the history of American slavery; to trace its origin, breadth, strength, decay, and death would be to discuss the perplexities that gathered around it from beginning to finish. It would further be to discuss the ethics of expediency and to test the logic of compromise.

In this great debate the prophet and the politician met face to face, not only in the persons of Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, but in the internal arrangement, the spiritual equipment, the conflict within the breasts of both Douglas and Lincoln; for politics and prophecy wrestled with each other in the utterances of both these men. To use Lincoln's own figure, as remembered by Carl Schurz, "These wrestlers worked themselves almost into one another's coats."

Here two theories of government, two criteria of action, two tests of what is true and wise in human conduct and State enactments, clutched in deadly combat.

Never did two knights, haloed in poetry and romance, meet in tournament more picturesque or with more striking contrasts. One came, boastful of superior ancestry, conscious of a noble New England lineage, a proud son of Vermont, stocked with sufficient learning to give him prestige among the un-

schooled pioneers—the prestige of a schoolmaster had given way to the successful lawyer, the triumphant politician who had already won with honor the senatorial toga—short, fat, a master of sarcasm, a debater of national repute. The other came, as he and his neighbors supposed, a child of humble, illiterate, obscure parentage, the story of which he modestly condensed into the single line of poetry—“The short and simple annals of the poor.” In appearance they were as diverse as they were in their origin and their pretension; it was five feet two *versus* six feet four. It seemed, again, to be a cavalier *versus* a plebeian.

Already the University of his native State had invested the favored son, Stephen A. Douglas, with academic honors. He was LL. D. Lincoln's literary fame and scholastic attainments consisted only in the reputation of being the champion story-teller of the Sangamon district, the Æsop of the prairies, the Merry Andrew of the Illinois bar. There were no academic honors for him. His idiom was provincial; his pronunciation was that of a rustic. The scholars deplored the lack of that something called “culture,” but the farmers greeted one another with, “Have you heard Abe's last?”

These are points of contrast, but there were points of agreement equally interesting, which points were well stated by Douglas in the opening speech at Ottawa as he manœuvred for an advantageous start in the great tournament:

“I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points of sympathy between us when we first got acquainted. We were both comparatively boys, and both struggling with poverty in a strange land. I was a school teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was more successful in his occupation than I was in mine, and hence more fortunate in this world's goods. Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything which they undertake. I made as good a school teacher as I could, and when a cabinet-maker I made a good bedstead and tables, although my old boss said I succeeded better with bureaus and secretaries than with anything else; but I believe that Lincoln was always more successful in business than I, for his business enabled him to get into the Legislature. I met him there, however, and had a sympathy with him, because of the uphill struggle we both had in life. He was then just as good at

telling an anecdote as now. . . . I sympathized with him because he was struggling with difficulties, and so was I. Mr. Lincoln served with me in the Legislature in 1836, when we both retired, and he subsided, or became submerged, and he was lost sight of as a public man for some years."

At the outset, "Little Giant" was a happier phrase to conjure by than that of "raftsman," "ox-driver," or "rail-splitter." There is evidence that Douglas and his friends were loath to accept the challenge from this rustic, lest it might lower the dignity of a United States Senator and give undue publicity to an obscure rival. But the careful historian also discovers that the man from Vermont realized the quality of his foeman; he shrank from putting his astuteness over against the homely frankness of the man from Kentucky; he felt, if he did not know, that the common people were more familiar with principle than with diplomacy, and more susceptible to the appeal to the heart and the conscience than to the logic of prudence and the intrigue of politicians.

On the other hand, the friends of Lincoln feared that his unschooled oratory would be no match for the more brilliant rhetoric of the Senator; that he would be cornered and confused by the dexterity of his opponent. But, most of all, they feared that Lincoln's intensity of conviction and frankness of aim would undo him, even if the brilliancy of his opponent failed, and the sequel shows how well founded were these anxieties.

This battle of giants began at least as far back as that motley gathering in Bloomington on the twenty-ninth of May, 1856, where the Republican party of Illinois was born. It was a convention of discontents, the disturbed, detached, and semi-detached fragments of all the old parties: the old Whigs, who were ready to confess the imbecility and inadequacy of their party; the uneasy Democrats, who were beginning to face the problem which the party, honestly, in the main, tried to evade; the out-and-out radicals, those who had heard the moan of the slave-mother, the crack of the slave-driver's whip, those who, with the eye of the spirit, had seen what the Mississippi River boatman had seen with his bodily eyes in

New Orleans nearly a quarter of a century before—a woman on the auction block—and could understand and approve the exclamation of the boy Lincoln to his cousin, John Hanks, “Great God, look at that! If power is ever given me I will hit that accursed thing hard!” Here were Abolitionists proud of the name, successors of Lovejoy, followers of Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker, those to whom the ringing measures of Whittier and Lowell were as psalms of the sanctuary; and those who were ill at ease in their presence, who dreaded their vehemence and disclaimed the incendiary title. History calls it a convention, but it was rather an unorganized and incoherent mass without vision; they were as sheep without a shepherd, and in their imbecility they cried “Lincoln!” “Lincoln!” “Lincoln!” And the man whose political ideal had always been Henry Clay, who had grown weary in waiting for the Whigs, his political party, to rise to the occasion, whose spirit chafed within its bonds, at last broke loose in a speech, the very excellence of which threatened to annihilate it. A young newspaper reporter on *The Chicago Tribune*—subsequently to become the editor and proprietor of that paper in its ascendant era—Joseph Medill, said:

“I began taking notes but I soon forgot myself, joined with the convention in cheering and stamping and clapping to the end. When the calm had come I awoke out of an hypnotic trance and thought of my report for the *Tribune*, and there was nothing written. It was some sort of satisfaction to find that I had not been scooped, as all the newspaper men present had been equally carried away by the excitement caused by the wonderful oration and had made no report or sketch of this speech.”

Forty years after, the famous “lost speech” was partly rescued from oblivion by the energy of “McClure’s Magazine.” A skeleton of the speech, elicited from the memory of H. C. Whitney and others, was printed in the September number of 1896, and we discover in this ragged remnant that all the logic, pathos, and appeal of his subsequent career were anticipated in that explosion of the spirit. It created a political Pentecost, and, however diverse the vernacular, all

understood the Evangel, yielded to the gospel appeal, and were lifted up above the trammels of expediency, halting policies, and that black beast—the bugaboo that has demoralized and degraded so many Conventions—“What will they say?” “What will they say?” “They” will say, of course, the idlest thing that is going in an earnest world; “they” will put shortest meaning on long sentences; “they” will interpret noble utterances meanly; “they” will parry, qualify, discount, distrust, hold back, using the breeching instead of the collar in the harness that is attached to the car of progress.

There at Bloomington, as Whitney remembered, Lincoln said:

“The battle of freedom is to be fought out on principle. Slavery is a violation of the eternal right. We have temporized with it from the necessities of our condition, but as sure as God reigns and school children read, THAT BLACK FOUL LIE CAN NEVER BE CONSECRATED INTO GOD’S HALLOWED TRUTH! . . .

“In seeking to attain these results—so indispensable if the liberty which is our pride and boast shall endure—we will be loyal to the Constitution and to the ‘flag of our Union’; and no matter what our grievance—even though Kansas shall come in as a slave State; and no matter what theirs—even if we shall restore the Compromise—we will say to the Southern Disunionists, ‘WE WON’T GO OUT OF THE UNION, AND YOU SHAN’T! ! !’”

Here the record ends abruptly in a series of exclamation points; the sentences are lost in a blaze of light, but the conquering spirit was there awakened, and in the astoundingly short period of seven years the hand of the orator fulfilled the prophecy of the heart and signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Two years after the birth throes at Bloomington, June 17, 1858, the Republican State Convention at Springfield was to name a candidate for the United States Senate to take the place of Illinois’s favored son, one whose fame was already national, the brilliant “Little Giant,” Stephen A. Douglas. The Chicago delegation carried into the hall a banner upon which was inscribed, “COOK COUNTY FOR LINCOLN!” In the midst of wild excitement a man from down the State asked permission to revise the banner, and placed over the

words, "COOK COUNTY," in larger letters, the word, "ILLINOIS," and the unanimity did not wait for formal ballot. That night the Pilot of Destiny took his place at the wheel and ventured to cast the horoscope of national politics, and, like the captain on the high seas that he was, he took his reckoning by the stars.

"Where are we and whither are we tending?" was his first question, and this his portentous answer:

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

Three weeks later, Senator Douglas returned from Washington, and in the City of Chicago began the fight for the retention of the toga. The worst fears of Lincoln's friends were realized. The fated "house-divided-against-itself" passage was seized upon as the war cry of the "Little Giant." This was "incendiary" doctrine; it was "sectionalism," "defiant to the Constitution," "dangerous to the State." It was "rebellion," "treason," and the lovers of freedom trembled.

But Lincoln was not scared. Next week, at the Springfield State Fair, Lincoln and Douglas were both heard. Lines were being formed, arguments being marshalled. Douglas was tactical; it was for him to dissipate the rising enthusiasm, to multiply perplexities, to scatter the attention, to impress the public with the ethical confusion, the economic menace, and the political dangers of the situation. He was sincerely alarmed. Lincoln saw his course much more clearly; his larger ship sank into the deeper waters where lies the eternal calm.

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore."

So, on the twenty-fourth day of July, 1858, thirty-seven days after the fateful Springfield address, Lincoln addressed the following note to Douglas:

"CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, July 24, 1858.

"HON. S. A. DOUGLAS.

"MY DEAR SIR: Will it be agreeable to you to make an arrangement for you and myself to divide time, and address the same audiences the present canvass? Mr. Judd, who will hand you this, is authorized to receive your answer; and, if agreeable to you, to enter into the terms of such arrangement.

"Your obedient servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

The same day the reply came, written at some length, evasive, halting, but consenting to speak once in each of the seven congressional districts. And so the great itinerary was arranged for—

Ottawa,	August 21
Freeport,	" 27
Jonesboro,	Sept. 15
Charleston,	" 18
Galesburg,	Oct. 7
Quincy,	" 13
Alton,	" 15

On the fiftieth anniversary year, the spots whereon these hustings were held were glow points in the history of Illinois. Here, unconsciously, the destiny of the nation hung upon the breath of these two men. Bronze tablets to commemorate the dates and places were placed, and the pen of the historian, the poet, and the philosopher were sharpened to interpret the same.

In 1858, the students of Knox College displayed on the front of the building, in rear of the open-air platform, in bold letters: "KNOX COLLEGE IS FOR LINCOLN!" Forty years after, in 1896, a bronze tablet was put into the face of the building, and the movement for the erection of a Lincoln Science Hall was set afoot, with the nation's applause.

It was arranged that the speakers were to introduce the debates alternately, Douglas securing the first and last opening, by his own stipulation. The first speaker was to occupy an hour; the next, an hour and a half; the first speaker to close with half an hour rejoinder. Biographers, writers of fiction and poetry, and orators, have tried to depict the pic-

turesqueness, the dramatic intensity, the popular outpourings of these gatherings, but they have all failed. Only those who were of it and in it can understand how they came—by wagons and by trains, afoot, on horseback, across State and County lines, overflowing hotels, and private houses—camping out on the prairies, sleeping under the stars, enduring uncomplainingly the scorching rays of the sun, cheering unwearied by the light of the moon, disputing, debating, talking, talking, and, what is better, thinking, thinking, and thinking again on new lines. For the most part such political gatherings do but little more than confirm convictions already held, deepen prejudices which the listeners carry with them, but here men were converted, not only by individuals, but by families, in blocks; audiences were given fresh angles of vision, touched with new purposes and enthusiasms, and the votes of Counties changed.

The spectacular phases, the externals of this debate, were fascinating and striking. Douglas was the cavalier riding in his special car, often drawn by special engine, accompanied by brass bands that played, "Lo, the conquering hero comes!" A cannon, carried on an open car, belched the news of his arrival; gaily caparisoned coaches met him, and mounted horsemen caricoled at the head of the column that wended its way to the stand; a barouche with four milk-white horses was his Freeport conveyance.

On the other hand was Lincoln, plain, awkward, carrying his own shawl and grip, at first at least travelling lonely, sometimes in the caboose of freight cars; and when, towards the end, his fellow-citizens would do him honor, convoyed by them to the speaker's stand in a "prairie schooner."

But the more exciting features were psychological. It was a duel of intellects, a battle of brains, in which, for strategic agility and platform manœuvring, Senator Douglas probably held the advantage all the way through. It is painful to see how much time was consumed on both sides in seeking tactical advantage, the one of the other. The wrestlers stood often at bay and used the precious time, each in trying to get the under hold. But it was no playtime for the speakers. Although delivered without manuscript and illumined with the

play and repartee of extempore speech, each speaker did his level best; there is evidence of careful preparation and studied utterances on both sides.

At this distance "Squatter sovereignty," "State sovereignty," "The Wilmot Proviso," "Lecompton Constitution," "Nebraska and Anti-Nebraska Bills," "Bleeding Kansas," "Border Ruffians," even the "Mason and Dixon Line," and the "Dred Scott decision," need interpretation; they mean but little to our children, but these words represent the storm-centres of the debate. Between the lines of these speeches it is not hard to discover the real debate in a nutshell, and here it is: A house divided against itself cannot stand; this nation cannot remain half slave and half free, and it will not be wholly slave.

This was the bright target against which the polished arrows of Stephen A. Douglas fell like hail. He accused Lincoln of awakening a sectional spirit, arousing race prejudices, provoking slave-holding anxieties, shocking conventional proprieties, defying constitutional safeguards; in short, making himself an impractical fanatic who would be an idealist, a reckless reformer.

On the other hand, in an unguarded moment, Stephen A. Douglas had said that he "did not care whether in the new Territory of Kansas slavery was voted up or voted down!" This became the centre of Lincoln's attack, the vulnerable target for his high archery. Here was a man seeking the popular suffrage, who was dull to the instincts of liberty, indifferent to the atrocities of slavery, careless of the rights of the human soul, defiant to the fundamental postulates of the Declaration of Independence, which to Lincoln meant all men. Douglas maintained it meant only all white men, with preference for native-born white Americans at that. "Did not care whether the virgin State of Kansas should be dedicated to perpetual freedom or to perpetual slavery!" exclaimed Lincoln. "Was this, a man who made his policy of State Sovereignty of more importance than the principles of human liberty, to be returned to the United States Senate and perchance two years hence to take his place as the stand-

ard-bearer of the Democratic Party, and to be made President of the great Republic?" he further asked.

The debate began at Ottawa, where liberty-loving sentiment was strong. Here Douglas propounded seven questions, hoping to commit Lincoln to the most radical position, so that, to use his own phrase, "When I trot him down to the southern part of the State, where the pro-slavery sentiment is strong, I can show him in his true light." But Lincoln's boyish skill as a wrestler held him in good stead. He postponed the answers until the next meeting, and his final appeal was so satisfying that at the close of the debate he was carried to the hotel on the shoulders of his admirers.

Six days later, at Freeport, Lincoln answered Douglas's seven questions and retorted by propounding four hard questions to "The Little Giant." The second question was such as to give Douglas an opportunity to answer in a way to allay the anxiety of the hesitating friends of liberty and to justify his halting politics to the cautious politicians. Lincoln's friends strongly disapproved of this question, for tactical reasons. A delegation of Chicago friends disturbed his midnight slumbers at Dixon the night before the debate with their protests, but Lincoln proved the more skilful tactician. He was courting short-range defeat in the interest of a long-range victory. When Douglas said, "The people of a Territory have the right to exclude slavery from its limits," he reassured his Northern friends, but in the same breath he incurred the distrust and enmity of every sincere believer in slavery. By that simple sentence Douglas forfeited forever the confidence of the Southern slaveholder.

The next bout, on the fifteenth day of September, was at Jonesboro in Union County. This is as near Egypt as you can ever get in Illinois, for it is always said to begin "in the next County south." The audience was necessarily largely people of Southern antecedents, and Douglas knew his audience; he made the most of their prejudices; feathered his arrows with Fred Douglass who, he said, came to hear him at Freeport, riding in a carriage beside a white woman, while her husband sat on the box with the driver. His favorite

epithet here was "Black Republican." Here he propounded the old brutal *reductio ad absurdum* as to the white man marrying a black woman.

Lincoln, too, knew how to use geographical prejudices. In his closing sentences at Jonesboro he said:

"Did the Judge talk of trotting me down to Egypt to scare me to death? Why, I know this people better than he does. I was raised just a little east of here. I am a part of this people. But the Judge was raised further North, and perhaps he has some horrid idea of what this people might be induced to do."

The next debate was held at Charleston. After this at Galesburg, Lincoln said:

"Whatever may be the result of this ephemeral contest between Judge Douglas and myself, I see the day rapidly approaching when his pill of sectionalism, which he has been thrusting down the throats of Republicans for years past, will be crowded down his own throat."

A week later, October 13, they were at Quincy, and, two days after, the great tournament came to an end at Alton. Douglas's voice had given out; his friends listened to him with pain and anxiety. Lincoln's voice was clear, his enthusiasm unabated, and his courage waxing stronger and stronger. They were standing on ground already consecrated to liberty. Here, twenty years before, Elijah Lovejoy's printing press was thrown into the river, the publishing house burned, and he himself gave his life to the cause—the first conspicuous soldier to fall in the battle for freedom and the Union. More clearly than anywhere else, perhaps, Lincoln outlined the inevitable conflict; he saw the impending crisis.

But before I ask you to listen to his closing appeal, I must give a few moments to the consideration of the Charleston debate, the most prominent of all the debates to this time and place, but to the historian perhaps the least significant because the most personal, for it was almost wholly given over to a discussion of Lyman Trumbull's part in the imbroglio—Douglas trying to clear himself from what he considered certain misstatements of Senator Trumbull; Lincoln attempting to vindicate the character of Judge Trumbull and to

substantiate the charges. The intricacies and subtleties of this debate may be judged when I tell you that in the Nicolay and Hay edition of the "Speeches and Addresses of Lincoln" there are over ten solid pages in fine type of supplementary reading, put in as necessary material in order to understand the debate at Charleston.

Lincoln opened the debate, his speech covering ten pages in the book just referred to. Notwithstanding the secondary matter just described, the speech is memorable and immortal, if for no other reason than that here at Charleston he silenced, once and for all, the coarse knock-out bravado of the "black wife" threat, which Douglas propounded at Jonesboro, and which at the end of fifty years is still the last resort, the stock in trade of him who would appeal to race prejudice and justify the injustice and inequalities resting thereon.

"I do not understand," said the greatest Kentuckian, "that because I do not want a negro woman for a slave I necessarily want her for a wife. . . . I am now in my fiftieth year and I certainly never have had a black woman for either a slave or a wife. So it seems to me quite possible for us to get along without making either slaves or wives of negroes."

Two flashes of Lincoln's wit brighten the first address. He reminded that audience that the social and political relations of the negro and the white man were matters of state and not of United States legislation, and inasmuch as Judge Douglas was in constant horror of some rapidly approaching danger in that direction, he suggested that the most efficient means to prevent this would be to keep the Judge at home and send him to the State Legislature, there to fight the dangerous measure.

Again alluding to Judge Douglas's disclaimer of certain action in the Kansas matter, Lincoln said, "It is said that a bear is sometimes hard enough pushed to drop a cub, and so I presume it was in this case."

Stephen A. Douglas's Address, delivered fifty years ago, covers sixteen compact pages in the authorized version of Lincoln's "Works," filled with dexterous sarcasm, and eloquent, sometimes fiery, appeals to race prejudice. He talks

of Lincoln's "rank abolitionism," his "negro equality doctrine," the "enormity of the principles of the Abolitionists," accuses Lincoln of an attempt to conceal "from this vast audience the real question which divides the two great parties"; he discovers a conspiracy on the part of the "Black Republicans" to carry the election by slander and not by fair means; says "Lincoln's only hope of riding into office is on Trumbull's back, bearing his calumnies"; accuses Lincoln of trying to occupy his time in personal matters to prevent his showing up the revolutionary principles which the Abolition Party has proclaimed to the world; talks of "Fred Douglass, the negro, hunting me down, now speaking in the Southern part of the State"; flaunts in the face of the audience a printed speech of the "black orator"; charges the "Black Republicans" with changing their names and complexions like a chameleon.

Lincoln's half-hour rejoinder covers six pages of the official report; he explains his position on negro citizenship in a way that would at the present time satisfy the most cautious ex-Confederate of the South; explains his position on the Mexican War while in Congress—always refusing to vote for any endorsement of the origin or justice of the War, but never refusing to vote supplies for the army. In this speech he compared Judge Douglas to the "cuttle fish, a small species of fish that has no mode of defending itself when pursued except by throwing out a black fluid, which makes the water so dark that the enemy cannot see it, and thus it escapes." The sagacious lawyer of the circuit was alert and alive. He would stand no "playing upon the meaning of words," or "quibbling around the edges of the evidence." Pointing to an individual, he said:

"I assert that you are here to-day, and you undertake to prove me a liar by showing that you were in Mattoon yesterday. I say that you took your hat off your head, and you prove me a liar by putting it on your head. This is the whole force of Douglas's argument."

But for all this playfulness and the consumption of time on the part of the speakers, and of enthusiasm on the part of

the audience on what at this distance seems trivial and unimportant, Lincoln did not let his audience lose sight of the main issue. He said:

"If Kansas should sink to-day, and leave a great vacant place in the earth's surface, this vexed question would still be among us. . . . I do not suppose that in the most peaceful way ultimate extinction [of slavery] would occur in less than a hundred years at last; but that it will occur in the best way for both races, in God's own good time, I have no doubt."

The tremendous mental activity, the brain storm that then raged, is curiously suggested by the things that did not get themselves said; by the material that was crowded out, the fragments that were left over, enough to fill more than the twelve baskets. The collectors of Lincoln's words have dumped in between the Charleston and Galesburg speeches fifteen pages of curious matter, under the strangely characteristic head of "Fragments," showing that even with Lincoln, and doubtless with Douglas, as with the rest of us, the best things often did not get themselves said. Let me pass on to a changed audience what Lincoln had probably planned to say, but had not time to give:

"'Give to him that is needy' is the Christian rule of charity; 'Take from him that is needy' is the rule of slavery.

"The . . . pro-slavery theology seems to be this: 'Slavery is not universally right, nor yet universally wrong; it is better for some people to be slaves; and, in such cases, it is the will of God that they be such.'

"The Rev. Dr. Ross has a slave named Sambo, and the question is, 'Is it the will of God that Sambo should remain a slave, or be set free?' While he considers it, he sits in the shade, with gloves on his hands, and subsists on the bread that Sambo is earning in the burning sun. If he decides that God wills Sambo to be free, he thereby has to walk out of the shade, throw off his gloves, and delve for his own bread.

"When Judge Douglas ascribes such [logic] to me he does so . . . by such fantastic arrangements of words as prove 'horse chestnuts to be chestnut horses.'

"I claim no extraordinary exemption from personal ambition. That I like preferment as well as the average of men may be admitted.

But I protest I have not entered upon this hard contest solely, or even chiefly, for a merely personal object. . . . I enter upon the contest to contribute my humble and temporary mite in opposition to that effort [to make slavery universal and perpetual in this nation].

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"The negro being doomed, and damned, and forgotten, to everlasting bondage, is the white man quite certain that the tyrant demon will not turn upon him too?"

What a pity this sentence did not get itself uttered on every one of the seven platforms in that great debate:

"To give the victory to the right, not bloody bullets, but peaceful ballots only are necessary. Thanks to our good old Constitution, and organization under it, these alone are necessary. It only needs that every right-thinking man shall go to the polls, and without fear or prejudice vote as he thinks."

Now, then, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, the summing up of this debate between the great politician and the great prophet, as the prophet saw it and stated in the closing speech at Alton:

"That is the real issue. This is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle. I was glad to express my gratitude at Quincy, and I re-express it here to Judge Douglas—that he looks to no end of the institution of slavery. That will help the people to see where the struggle really is. It will hereafter place with us all men who really do wish the wrong may have an end. And whenever we can get rid of the fog which obscures the real question, when we can get Judge Douglas and his friends to avow a policy looking to its perpetuation, we can get out from among them that class of men and bring them to the side of those who treat it as a wrong."

Thus closed the great debate, the best sustained, most conspicuous, most intellectual, and most ethical contest of intellect and personality on a popular platform known in history. As predicted, Lincoln lost the senatorship, though he had gained a popular majority of four thousand. Of course, he was disappointed. He said he "felt like the boy who had stubbed his toe—it hurt too much to laugh and he was too big to cry." But Lincoln bargained for his defeat; in part, at least, he knew what he was doing. "I would rather be beaten with that in the speech than to succeed with it expunged," was his word concerning the "house-divided-against-itself" passage. Of the mischievous questions at Freeport, against which his sagacious political friends counselled, he said: "I am for larger game than the senatorship." It is generally supposed that at that time his eye was on the presidential campaign of two years later. I suspect his thought was less personal; that he had in mind the clearing up of the issue, the forcing of the main battle, that being the ultimate triumph of freedom.

In the February following, the "Sad Humorist of the Sangamon" stood in the lime-light of the nations, as he delivered the Cooper Institute Address. Men of letters, the leaders in culture and statesmanship of New York city, listened with bated breath to the riverman of the West, the awkward lawyer of the prairies. The peroration of that masterpiece in American statesmanship indicated the logic by means of which he had won the hearts as well as the brains of the noblest in America, the lance by which he unhorsed his chivalric opponent in the great tournament, the road upon which he travelled to his triumph:

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The Chicago papers, then as now, displayed commendable enterprise as news-gatherers. The Lincoln speeches were stenographically reported in full in the columns of *The Chi-*

Chicago Tribune, and those of Stephen A. Douglas in *The Chicago Times*, but when, two years later, Lincoln was anxious to make campaign uses of them in the greater race, Chicago enterprise halted; the vision of the newspaper man was blurred. No publisher dared make the necessary investment, and so the obscure printing firm of Follett, Foster & Co., of Columbus, Ohio, dared and reaped a golden harvest. Edition after edition was called for; the press was busy night and day in supplying the demand, and happy is the heart of the collector who can to-day secure a copy of the plain, unpretentious "first edition," which sold for fifty cents, for as many dimes.

What a great interpreter is Time! How the half-century has cleared up things, brought out the outlines that were dim in the shadows! No one at this distance thinks Stephen A. Douglas a bad man. He was not in love with treason nor in his heart allied to slavery; he was simply a victim of his inheritance and his environment, unable to discriminate clearly between things transient and things permanent; between popularity and power; between success and truth; between what is right and what is expedient. He lived long enough, thank Heaven! to be tutored of circumstances into the better way. The lightning flashes through the battle storm enabled him to see things clear, which the bright sunlight of peace had hid from his view. He lived to hold his opponent's hat while he took the presidential oath of office, administered by Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, which the new President so loathed, and which, under the mysterious providence of God, he was to overrule and reverse, to the surprise and admiration of the civilized world. Stephen A. Douglas lived long enough to hurry to the President's side before the smoke of rebel guns had cleared from over Sumpter, and help kindle the fires of patriotism and loyalty in his own Illinois and throughout the entire North. He lived long enough to say, "There are but two parties now, patriots and traitors," and with his dying breath to whisper, "Teach my boys to obey the laws and to uphold the Constitution."

The years have dispelled the shadows out of which the

great Lincoln emerged. We now know that in him the law of heredity was not tricked. If, as the poet has sung, he was cast in a "new mold," it was the mold made out of materials fused in the seething caldron we call "history." We now know that in the veins of Abraham Lincoln flowed the blood of noble ancestry. His is a name that reaches back to the proud shire in England that bears it; a name that reaches into the noble crowd that overflowed the jail and filled the Guild Hall in Norwich because they would not accept a ritual prepared for them by bishops without their consent. Nancy Hanks, the most neglected woman in American history, was a gentle lady by descent. Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter, though early orphaned in the wild woods by a treacherous Indian's bullet, was man enough to rescue his fortune from the bottom of the Ohio River; to build with his own hands five or more homes; and with his axe and whip-saw convert the sycamore tree into lumber, and the lumber into the coffin that was to encase the perishable portion of the wife that bore to the world the noblest of Presidents, the greatest American.

The same day that the child was born in that log cabin without floor in the wild woods of a new country, the child of humble parents, without tradition and without culture, there was born another babe in a stately English home around which gathered the inherited traditions of respectability, culture and accumulated wealth. He was the child of favored ancestry, born to financial ease as the other was to poverty. He was born to the school, college and university privilege. According to his own estimate, he had too many of the opportunities that were denied to the child of the backwoodsman, but he, too, was stirred with the divine passion which he as little understood as did the lad of the clearings. He, too, was moved with the thirst for knowledge, felt the sublimity of nature, rejoiced in the solitudes of the forest and heard the cry of the depressed. It is a long social distance from the voyager on Her Majesty's ship the *Beagle*, equipped with all the appliances and comforts then known to science,

to the raft that floated down the Mississippi River with its load of such truck as pioneers had to barter—

“Tell Nancy to make me twelve instead of eight shirts. Tell Edward to send me up in my carpet-bag (he can slip the key in the bag tied to some strings) my slippers, a pair of lightish walking shoes, my Spanish books, my new microscope (about six inches long and three or four deep) which must have cotton stuffed inside; and my geological compass.”

So wrote the English boy to his sister. The voyager of the Mississippi was barefooted. A coonskin cap, buckskin breeches for cold, and a blue jeans jumper for hot days, constituted his wardrobe.

How wide the distance between these twin children of destiny, thrown out of the tardy womb of time in one day and offered as one gift, measureless and incomparable, of time to eternity. One of these became a great prophet of nature, the other a great prophet of human nature. One delved deep into the secrets of the life in plant and animal; the other sank his plummet into the profounder depths of the human heart. One, by slow and patient search sought out the secrets of life; and the other, by bold adventure, sought to measure and advance the social forces that make for human weal and human liberty. The one, when a boy at the University of Edinburgh, surmised that he would never need to earn, and so his interest in medicine as a calling ran low. He attributed his subsequent achievements to the fact that he never had to agonize for bread. Says John Fiske in this connection:

“A man of science should never be called upon to earn a living, for that is a wretched waste of energy in which the highest intellectual power is sure to suffer serious detriment and runs a risk of being frittered away into hopeless ruin.”

The other lad knew all the bitterness of poverty and the anxiety of wants.

These twins of destiny climbed the heights of fame together. Both won the crown that belongs to helpers of men,

servants of truth. Let no one ask which service was more acceptable to God or of most value to man, for the wide reach of human need calls for both services, and history will place upon the brow of each the radiant crown that belongs to those who have broken fetters, and humanity will glory in the freedom bought through the vicarious sufferings of both. One broke the shackles of ignorance and bigotry, which chain the mind; the other, the cruel fetters that bind the limbs and make marketable property of men and women. One heard the sobs of the slave calling in Brazil, and the other's heart waxed hot over the humiliations of the human auction-block in New Orleans. Each in his own way became an emancipator of men.

As yet the circle of human development is so broken that these twins of destiny must needs be born far apart though at the same moment of time. But when humanity becomes full orb'd, may we not believe that it will produce in a single personality the patience of the one with the eloquence of the other; give to one life the culture of the universities and the health of the backwoodsman, so that the man of science will not repine in his old age, as this one did, over the loss of his relish for poetry, the estrangement from his companions of youth, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley; and the man of social science, the statesman and the leader, will not always be impaled upon the cross of poverty, distrust, suspicion, and envy, and at the last wear the martyr's crown?

Said the great master of science:

"I never turn one inch out of my course to gain fame; I feel no remorse for having committed any great sin, but I have often regretted that I have not done more good direct to my fellow creatures."

Said the great Commoner:

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith . . . dare to do our duty."

On this one hundredth anniversary, let us seek the sensitive conscience, and the stalwart, that will lead us on to the heights that will make us worthy successors of these inspired

prophets of progress which God sent to the world in one marvellous creative impulse, through the gates of birth, on the twelfth day of February, 1809,—Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln.

But, young men and women, let us beware how we waste this day in mere retrospect, lest in our attempt to honor the great debaters, we trail their banners in the dust. We belie our flattering words if, after half a century, we still mouth the words of brotherhood in the presence of a dark or yellow skin; if, in spite of the five illuminating decades, we still wince in the presence of the inexorable logic of the Declaration of Independence which, like the relentless mills of God, grinds into powder the conceits of birth, station or other class distinctions.

Let us beware lest we split the sun-clear rays of Jefferson, Paine, and Lincoln in the cracked lens of social cowardice, commercial anxieties, and political half-heartedness as we still cry, "Not yet! Not yet!"

They who would be eligible to a place in the ranks of the "Lincoln Wide-Awakes" of to-day must believe that the virtues of the Declaration of Independence meant what they said and said what they meant; must believe that the brotherhood of man includes all races, colors, and conditions of men, and that a "government of the people, by the people, for the people" can be perpetuated only by heroic acceptance of this logic and a sublime consecration to this ideal. The pride of party, the greed of office, the dread of change, and a solicitation for prosperity, disqualify men to-day, as fifty years ago, from becoming torchbearers in the advancing columns of democracy.

Lincoln's appeal was to ballots, not to bullets. We may not now lament the bullets, for who will state the price of freedom to a single human soul, however black and illiterate, in terms of dollars or of mortality? But the bullets were incidental and lamentable; the ballots are perpetual and inevitable. The battle begun in 1855 is not yet ended. The logic of Lincoln calls for a liberated, heroic, extended, and purified ballot. As you would love and serve the country

he redeemed, you must preserve the sanctities of the ballot box, magnify the civic holiness and freedom of election day; you must restrain the vicious and invite the virtuous ballot in the hand of rich and poor, black and white, male and female. For the right of the governed to a voice in the government is dependent not upon sex, sect, or color, but upon intelligence, honor, and the willingness to serve the larger entity—the public and its weal.

THE DENVER COMMEMORATION

THE DENVER COMMEMORATION

THE Denver Centenary celebration was a notable one, starting in at the State House in the morning, the General Assembly suspending business and holding special exercises in joint session, to which the public was invited. Admission to the lower floor was reserved for the members of the Legislature and their friends, and a portion of the gallery was reserved for members of the Grand Army of the Republic and their wives; but the rest of the house was thrown open to the public. Fine addresses were delivered by the Hon. John F. Shafroth, Governor of Colorado, and by Senator-Elect Charles J. Hughes, Jr. The exercises were very impressive, being opened by an Invocation by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Reverend P. T. Ramsey, followed by the vested boys' choir of St. Mark's Church, in a processional. A chorus of children from the Denver public schools, under the direction of Professor Whiteman, sang patriotic airs, and the Washington Post Veteran Vocal Club had a place upon the programme. The Emancipation Proclamation was read by the Clerk of the Senate, M. J. Smith, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech was read by the Reading Clerk of the House, Frank Leary. The Benediction was pronounced by the Chaplain of the House.

This observance of the day was followed in the afternoon by an imposing military parade, in which marched, side by side, aged veterans of the Civil War, regular army troops, and men of the National Guard. The parade ended at the vast Denver Auditorium, into whose walls twelve thousand people had crowded to offer tribute to the memory of Lincoln. Here, taking part in the great chorus of national airs, were one thousand school girls in white; behind them ranged the gray-haired veterans of the Civil War; and, still beyond, the blue uniforms of the national standing army. Each company of the parade carried its flag into the hall, while hundreds of

small flags waved in the hands of spectators. At this vast mass meeting, Governor Shafroth was again one of the orators. Other noted speakers upon the programme were Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, Ex-President of the National Federation of Woman's Clubs; E. L. Stirman of Beauregard Post, Veterans C. S. A.; and Joseph Farrand Tuttle, Jr.

Many of the city schools held Lincoln Day exercises on the afternoon of Thursday, February 11, and on the morning of Friday, February 12. The town was lavishly decorated in its business section, the streets being draped with bunting and made bright with flags.

The Grand Army veterans held a special celebration on the evening of February 12, which was in charge of all the Posts of the city; numerous auxiliary societies being present. This meeting had the flavor of the old War time, with the bitterness abstracted. The old time patriotic airs were sung, full of the memory of the days of the Blue and the Gray.

The Denver Centenary celebration was one of the most enthusiastic in the country, and was participated in by the entire population. The events of the Centenary Day in Denver proved that the proclamation of Governor Shafroth and of Mayor Spear, regarding the day's fitting celebration, had found unreserved and enthusiastic response in the heart of every citizen.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PERFECT RULER OF MEN

JOSEPH FARRAND TUTTLE, JR.

IT is said that when the sun is at its zenith, the huge towering form of Mont Blanc is reflected in a little pool at its base. Even so is the great Abraham Lincoln in our hearts to-day. We love him not only as the great President, the great statesman, the great martyr, the great Emancipator of a race whose representatives here in this service to-day and all over the world, are bowing in loving worship at his shrine,

but we love him because he is the great Master of men—the Perfect Ruler of men—who in his humble birth and in his magic power to charm the hearts of men, has made all the dearer to us the story of Bethlehem's wayside inn two thousand years ago.

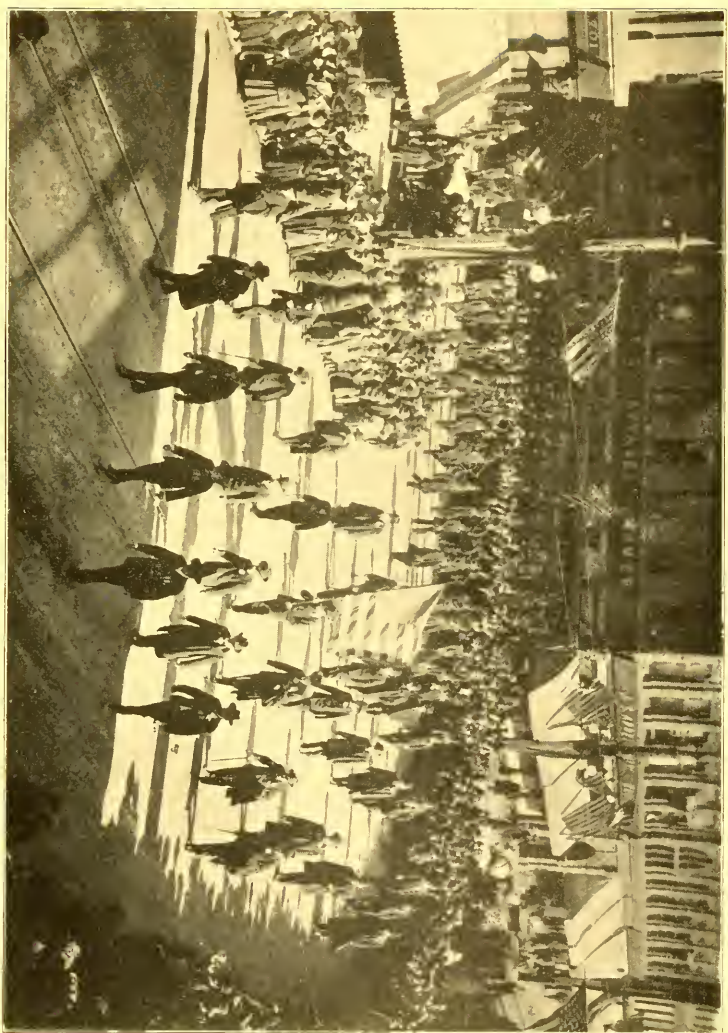
As those three swarthy lords from the Orient hills paid their loving homage to the Child in the manger that first Christmas morning, so there were "wise men" at Washington in 1860 who laid their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at the feet of Abraham Lincoln, the child of the West.

I suppose the most powerful body of men ever associated in American history, was President Lincoln's Cabinet in the first year of his administration. There was William H. Seward, the ablest diplomatist of his age; Edward Bates of Missouri, that wily political chief of the old Whig school; Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, courtly, able, dignified, polished. These three men had been Lincoln's active opponents at Chicago for the nomination in 1860, and with the instinct of a perfect ruler he gathered them in his Cabinet, that no dissensions might arise among them to imperil the country. Then there were those great lawyers of Indiana, Caleb B. Smith, and John P. Upsher; Montgomery Blair, the leader of the Maryland Bar; Gideon Welles of Connecticut; Edwin M. Stanton—a fiery eight-in-hand they were, some of them having never worked in harness before—that is having never held office before—with Abraham Lincoln on the box. They pulled up evenly on the bit at the start; but from the slack rein over their backs, each soon, to change the figure, imagined that around himself and his department, was whirling the grotesque Abraham Lincoln like an attending satellite. Secretary Seward was the first to have his mind disabused of this impression, as one day he received a touch with the whip on the flank. And he looked around and wondered if the man on the box meant it. He certainly did.

It happened in this way. One day Mr. Seward said to Lincoln, "Now, you have this great war on your hands, you attend to home matters, and I will look after our foreign

relations.” And I can imagine Abraham Lincoln laughing one of those loud western prairie laughs of his, such as John Hay tells us of, as he said, “What a capital idea, Seward; what a team we ’ll make! But say!”—as Mr. Seward was about leaving him, perhaps thinking in his heart what easy game he had made of Abraham Lincoln—“Don’t forget to show me everything you receive, and particularly everything you send away.” And that was all.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, you will remember when you enlisted in 1861 and went down to bloody battlefields that the Republic might live, our relations were very much strained with England. The whole North was greatly shocked when a Cunard steamer arrived in New York one morning in the first week of May, 1861, with the published proclamation of Queen Victoria’s recognition of the belligerency of the Confederate States. It was a severe blow to Lincoln and Seward, and it was then necessary for Mr. Seward to make good his suggestions and write his first important state paper, viz., a letter of instructions to Charles Francis Adams, our Minister at the Court of St. James. It was such a delicate task that he did not submit it in dictation to a clerk, but wrote it all out carefully with his own hand in thirteen closely written pages. Remembering Lincoln’s little caution, he went to the White House with it, to have Lincoln put his official “O. K.” upon it. Now the condition of that letter as Lincoln returned it always reminds me of what I used to hear the good people of Cambridge say of Rufus Choate’s signature—“a gridiron struck by lightning.” Section after section of Mr. Seward’s letter had been stricken out; many words—even whole sentences—were erased, and new ones substituted; in some places the white spaces between the lines were entirely absorbed with the interlineation of new sentences; beautiful flowers of rhetoric were ruthlessly torn up by the roots. And then, what do you think! This humble backwoodsman who had been cradled in a hollowed-out log—whose only schooling had been the winter evenings before the rude fireplace, where, in the absence of any candles or of old rags soaked in oil,



Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic in the Denver Centenary Parade

his mother had taught him and his father to read and write in the blaze of the spice-wood brush he had chopped up and thrown upon the fire, and where, stretched out upon the rough, gritty, dirt floor, he would cipher upon an old wooden shovel with a bit of charred wood picked from the fireplace, and say to himself "I'll study and get ready, and then maybe the chance will come"—what do you think of this humble backwoodsman criticising the English of the accomplished, the versatile, the scholarly William H. Seward and actually showing him that in some places he had not even expressed his own meaning!

William H. Seward had a very little body but a very big brain and a very big heart of love for his country, but it would seem as if the feathers were standing out at right angles all over his little body, when he wrote this sentence of a letter to Mr. Adams: "We intend to have a clear and simple record of every issue which may arise between us and Great Britain." Lincoln bracketed the paragraph and wrote in the margin, "Leave out." Mr. Seward wrote, "The President is surprised and grieved"; Lincoln changed it to "The President regrets." Mr. Seward referred to certain acts of Great Britain as "wrongful"; Lincoln changed it to "hurtful." Mr. Seward made reference to certain explanations made by the British government; Lincoln wrote, "Leave out, because it does not appear that such explanations were demanded"—just a jog to Mr. Seward's memory. Mr. Seward wrote learnedly of "the laws of nature"; Lincoln ran his pen through the expression "laws of nature," and wrote "our own laws"—good, honest United States laws were all Abraham Lincoln was looking for in those days. Mr. Seward wrote, "The laws of nations afford us an adequate and proper remedy, and we shall avail ourselves of it"—an implied threat, you see; Lincoln wrote opposite the last part of the sentence in the margin "Out." Mr. Seward elaborated a thought in seven particular words, and Lincoln ran his pen through one, two, three, four, five, six of those words and left only one word as having sufficient carrying power to designate Mr. Seward's meaning. Mr. Seward wrote "Europe atoned

by forty years of suffering for the crime Great Britain had committed''; and Lincoln changed the crime to "error."

Mr. Seward must have had a whole basketful of chips on his shoulder when he wrote this sentence, which if allowed to remain, would undoubtedly have precipitated a war with Great Britain:

"When this act of intervention is distinctively performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice before been forced to be, enemies of Great Britain."

It is interesting to see how Lincoln tried to save a little out of the wreck of this paragraph, to save Mr. Seward's feelings, but he finally gave it up, and obliterated the whole paragraph. And so all through this remarkable state paper, the great master of rhetorical art, with rare literary discrimination and fine appreciation of the shadings of words, extracted the sting of implied censure out of Mr. Seward's words.

Now, Charles Francis Adams, with that letter as originally written by Mr. Seward, would have been a bluffer and a bully, with his mouth full of threats, before the English court. But with it, as corrected by this log cabin genius of *belles-lettres*, he was a far different man. He read that letter as if it had been his Bible, till he became saturated through and through with the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. From it he learned to be tactful, patient, long-suffering, "hoping all things, enduring all things," having the power and gift of silence, the power of saying nothing when there was nothing to say, or rather, like the great Master at Washington, of saying nothing that had better be left unsaid—qualities he sorely needed for a great trial that was to come.

At that time, at Birkenhead on the Mersey, just opposite Liverpool, two powerful armored cruisers were being built by private British capital, destined, so Mr. Adams' secret agents informed him, to be delivered to the Confederacy at a certain secret island in the West Indies, and there to be turned loose to harry and scourge the commerce of the United States from the high seas, as the *Alabama* and *Shen-*

andoah did two years later. There was no more critical moment in the Civil War. Intervention or non-intervention on the one hand, and a war between the United States and Great Britain on the other, all depended on the wisdom of Charles Francis Adams, three thousand miles away from his home government and instructions, and with no Atlantic cable between the two countries at that time. It was for this moment that the Perfect Ruler at Washington had corrected that letter, whose wise, noble, and large spirit were so incarnated in the bearing of Mr. Adams, that finally the British ministers, wise men also with gifts in their hands, made this fair proposition to Mr. Adams: "If you will deposit one million pounds sterling with the British government as indemnity against possible suits that may be instituted against it by these private capitalists, we will not allow these ships to sail."

When Mr. Adams returned to his office that day, there was a knock at his office door, and upon opening it he looked into the face of a man whose name, at the man's request, he refused to divulge to the day of his death—a fellow Massachusetts citizen, a banker in London. And he said to Mr. Adams, "I know all about it. Here are one million pounds sterling in gold certificates deposited in various banks in London. Deposit them to the credit of the United States." A few days afterwards, Mr. Adams deposited those particular one million pounds sterling with the British government as the indemnity they had asked, and those two armored cruisers never sailed from the banks of the Mersey. The swords that had been unsheathed in America and England, were returned to their scabbards, because the pen of Abraham Lincoln was mightier than the sword.

As I think of Charles Francis Adams in those critical moments at the English court, I always think of what the King said to his wise counsellors after he had cast Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego into the fiery furnace, "Did not we cast three men into the fiery furnace, and behold I see four men walking there, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God?" Oh! it was Abraham Lincoln walk-

ing with Charles Francis Adams before the English court in those troublous days of 1861!

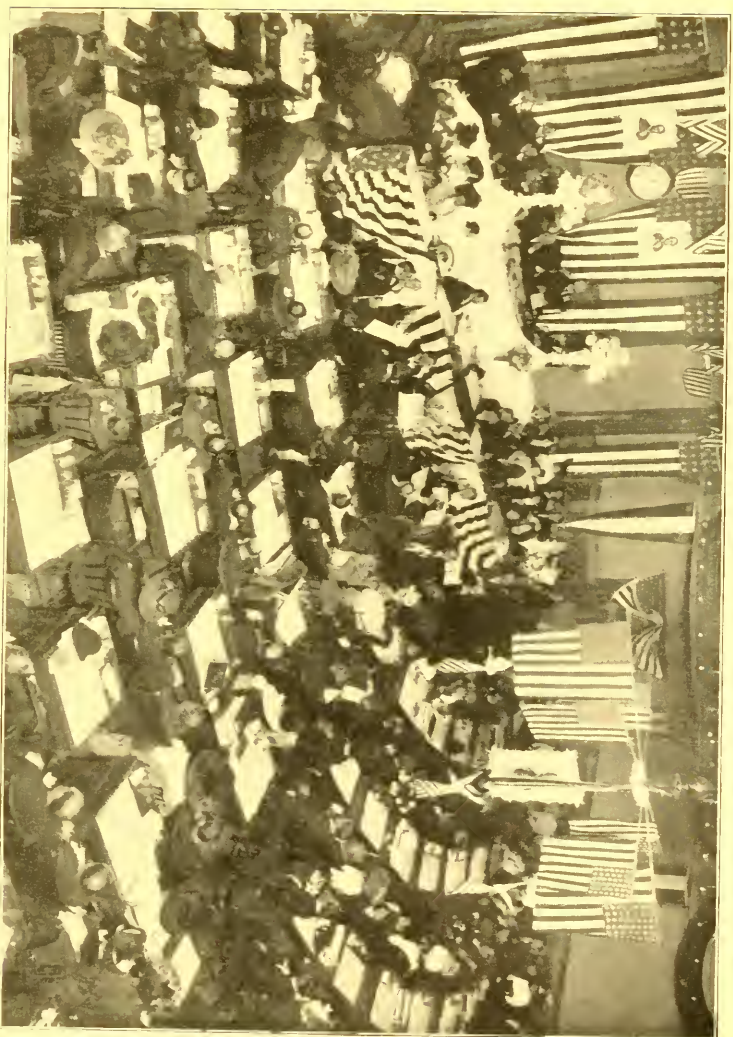
But how about that other wheel horse of that team, that fiery, mettlesome creature, Edwin M. Stanton? Would the man on the box dare to touch him with the whip—nay, would he dare even to allow the silken lash to rest upon his back ever so lightly? The beginning of the acquaintance and the subsequent friendship of these two men for each other, is to me the great romance of the Civil War period, and I believe that around it will be woven the great American historical novel. About 1857 Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, brought suit against a man by the name of Manney for alleged infringement of the McCormick Harvester Reaper patent rights. The latter engaged Lincoln to defend. The case was tried in the United States District court at Cincinnati, and without consulting Lincoln as senior counsel, the parties there employed as local counsel a man by the name of Edwin M. Stanton. It pained Lincoln not a little. Stanton's treatment of Lincoln was brutal from start to finish; and he frequently alluded to Lincoln as "my long-armed friend from Illinois." It was Lincoln's right as senior counsel to make the closing legal arguments in the case. Of course he knew that the great George H. Harding of Philadelphia would make the closing mechanical argument. Lincoln for months had been preparing that final argument in the case, as a door he would throw open to make himself more widely known in the United States. But he listened in vain for Stanton to suggest that he, Lincoln, make that argument; and finally, to relieve the embarrassment, was obliged to suggest that Stanton make that closing argument. To his great chagrin and mortification, Mr. Stanton eagerly accepted that suggestion. It was a very great disappointment to Lincoln. Don't you remember those beautiful words written of Abraham Lincoln, by Ralph Waldo Emerson? "His heart was as big as the world, but it could not hold the memory of a wrong." Lincoln went away from Cincinnati with no resentment in his heart.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, you will remember, wherever you were—on the march, in the camp, or on the bloody battlefield in November, 1861—that in that month occurred the *Trent* affair—that affair when Captain Wilkes with the United States man-of-war, the *San Jacinto*, threw a shot across the bows of the British mail steamer, the *Trent*, in the Carribean Sea, hove her to, and forcibly took from her decks the two Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, then on their way to represent the Confederacy at the Courts of Great Britain and France respectively. Lincoln, great lawyer that he was, deemed it a very illegal procedure, and would gladly have given them up could he have done so. He was opposed in his views by every member of his Cabinet, equally great lawyers though they all were. One morning Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, called upon Lincoln to make a casual remark as he was leaving the room: “Mr. Lincoln, Stanton is in town, and he says the United States has the clearest right to detain those men, Mason and Slidell, in Fort Warren, Boston harbor.” It greatly interested Lincoln, and he asked that Mr. Stanton call, and put that opinion in writing. Mr. Stanton called the next morning and did as Lincoln requested, and just as he was leaving the room, Lincoln laid his great, brawny hand upon his shoulder. It was the one supreme, psychological moment of the whole Civil War. And this was the situation: Stanton was of the opposite school of politics from Lincoln; he was not even a War Democrat at that time; he had been the Attorney-General of the United States under President James Buchanan; he had unmercifully criticised the first year of President Lincoln’s administration; he had gone so far in his bitter hostility to Lincoln as to disrespectfully refer to him as “the great northern ape”—and Lincoln knew it all. But, charmer that he was of the hearts of men, Lincoln said, “Stanton, it makes no difference to me what you think of me personally, but your country has need of your services in my Cabinet. Will you accept the portfolio of the War Department?” And Stanton broke

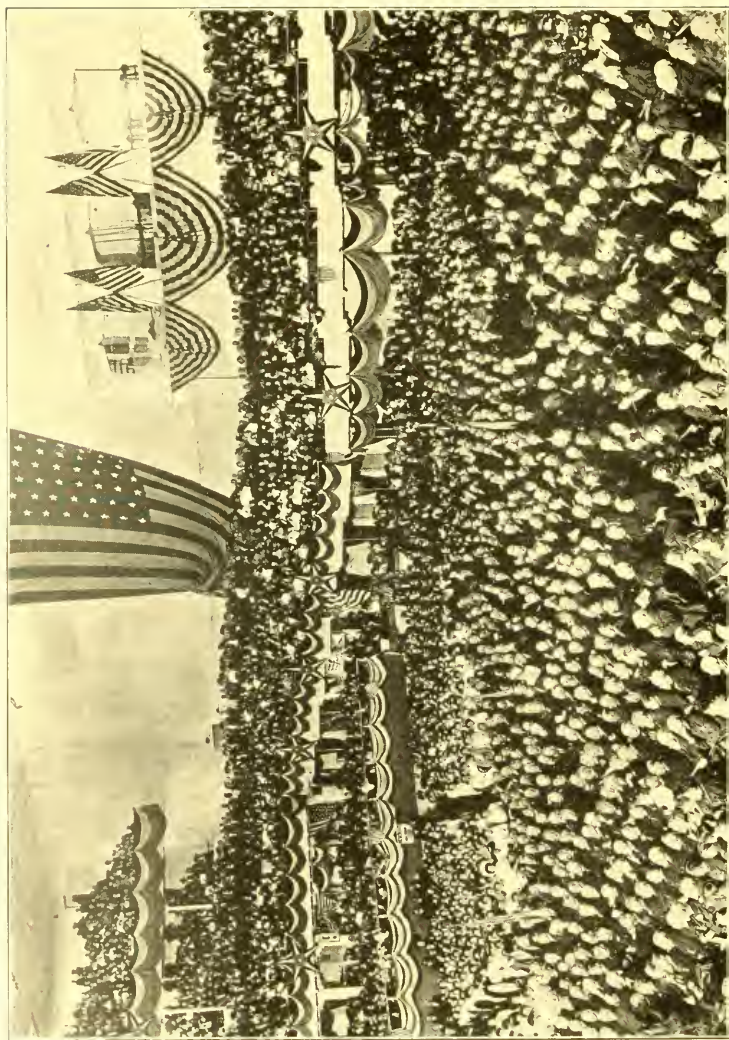
down, and asked for a day to consider the matter. He accepted, remained with Lincoln to the close of the War, and became the greatest War Secretary the world has ever known.

Their relations with each other were very peculiar. No two natures more antipodal, not only in their mental temperaments, but in their physical appearance, ever met. Stanton was a short, stocky, John Morrissey kind of a man, with his fighting face and broad shoulders; Lincoln was tall, gaunt, spare, angular. Stanton was grim, brusque, blunt, often savage in his intercourse with men; Lincoln was always mild and gentle. Stanton was silent, secretive, often withholding telegrams at important crises; Lincoln was forgiving, open, frank, and cordial. Stanton was solemn, austere, severe in his ideals; Lincoln was laughter-loving. Stanton absolutely saw no good in any man who had once proved recreant to his trust; Lincoln was always saying "give the man another chance."

It was upon the question of pardoning so many soldiers, that these two great men battled royally with each other, for supremacy. It had been a running fight for four years, but permit me to say that Mr. Stanton was doing all the running. A few days before the War closed, Mr. Stanton made his last great stand. Senator Henderson of Missouri was looking over papers on his desk, and there found papers relating to the pardon of a Confederate soldier by the name of Vaughn—a spy who had been taken within the Union lines with the goods on him. He was tried by three different courts-martial, found guilty each time, and was at St. Louis awaiting execution of his sentence. Mr. Henderson carried the matter to Lincoln, but was informed by him that it was in Mr. Stanton's department. Mr. Henderson saw Mr. Stanton, who informed him that the case had been tried three times, and that he would not open it, and broadly hinted that he would be much obliged to him if he would not meddle with affairs in his department. Mr. Henderson then went to Lincoln with all the papers. The kind-hearted President put on those old-fashioned, big-disked "specs," as he always called them, and commenced to wade through the



Scene in the Colorado Senate Chamber during the Lincoln Centenary Commemoration



Scene in the Denver Auditorium during the Lincoln Centenary Commemoration

voluminous testimony of those three trials, to find some legal loophole of escape. There was none, because the iron Secretary Stanton and his equally iron Judge-Advocate-General, Joseph Holt, had drawn up those papers. Lincoln at last jerked off his "spees," and said, "Now, Henderson, what 's the use of killing this man? There will come no good in it of discipline to the armies of the United States, as Stanton says, because in a few days there will be no armies of the United States. They all will have melted back into the walks of civic life. This man is a good deal better man for us above ground, than under ground. There has been too much spilling of blood; we must begin to save some of it now. You go back and tell Stanton that he must open this case." When Mr. Henderson reported this to Mr. Stanton, there was an explosion at the War Office. The air was blue and sulphurous from the fierce unevangelical terms Mr. Stanton was using, as he said, "You go back and tell Abraham Lincoln that I will not open that case, even for him as President." Mr. Henderson reported this at the White House. And then Lincoln, the man with the sad, haunting, melancholy, patient face—that face in which Mrs. Mary Shipton Andrews says there seemed to be the "suffering of all the sins of the world"—went to the corner of the room and took down the old gray shawl, and threw it over his shoulders. Oh, the poetry and romance of that old gray shawl of Abraham Lincoln! How often during those four years had he thrown it over his shoulders, and carefully closed the door of the White House after him at midnight, when all supposed him asleep, and walked down that lonely path to the War Office to get the latest news from you, members of the Grand Army of the Republic at the front, or to see if here was not some case where, by writing that magic word "pardon," he could bring gladness to some poor, suffering wife and children; he always said he slept better if he could do that. He hung up the old, gray shawl upon arriving at the War Office, on the top of a particularly high door, where he always hung it. When Mr. Stanton returned to the room, he caught sight of the old gray shawl, and knew what

was in store for him. Man of hot, Celtic, fighting blood that he was, he rushed impetuously into the room to have the first word or round with Lincoln, as he said—and Oh! this old wheel horse of the team is rearing and plunging violently now. “I will not open this case, even for you as President!” Lincoln looked upon Stanton most longingly and lovingly even as it is said the Christ looked at the disciple John and loved him. He knew that Stanton was only fighting now to save his pride; he knew that Edwin M. Stanton loved him more than he loved any other human being, and he merely said, so tenderly and soothingly, as he took down the old gray shawl, “Well, Stanton, I guess you’ll have to do it this time,” and the great battle was over forever.

A few days after, John Wilkes Booth fired the bullet that ploughed its way through the brain of Abraham Lincoln. They carried the unconscious President across the street, laid him upon the bed, and held loving vigil at the bedside all that night. During the night the most alarming rumors startled Washington—General Grant had been killed in New York! Vice-President Johnson had been murdered; Salmon P. Chase had been assassinated; William H. Seward was barely alive from the murderous dagger-wounds of an assassin—till it seemed as if the government of the United States was being literally stabbed to its death that night. With these reports flying around Washington, every one seems to have lost his head that night but Edwin M. Stanton, and grandly did he prove himself to be the man of the hour. As if he had received a wireless from Abraham Lincoln, fast disappearing in the mists of the deep valley, “The country, Stanton, the country,” Stanton, shortly after midnight, went into a little room adjoining the one where the President lay dying, called in his Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, with a corps of telegraphers, and dictated orders, as Mr. Dana says, “necessary to carry on the government.” Stanton sent telegrams to all the Generals in the field, South, West, and Southwest; then to all the great cities of the North; then to all the country where there were wires to carry them

—telegrams of hope, assurance, and confidence that though the beloved President was dying, the Republic would live! Edwin M. Stanton had laid his iron hand upon our country that night, and when the sun walked “forth with steps of fire” from the golden gates that morning of April fifteenth, 1865, the government at Washington was safe.

But all that night the beautiful life of Abraham Lincoln was gradually ebbing itself away, till, at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock that morning of April fifteenth, 1865, Surgeon-General Barnes, who had been sitting upon the bed all night with the dear hand of Abraham Lincoln in his, suddenly announced the last beat of the pulse. In the solemn, the awful hush of that moment, when all realized that the beautiful spirit of Abraham Lincoln had taken its return flight to God, Edwin M. Stanton—and his words shall be the city of Denver's tribute of affection to his memory to-day—Edwin M. Stanton walked to the bedside, and, affectionately stroking the face of his dead Chief with both his hands and wetting the silent, upturned face with his tears, said, between his sobs, “Here lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever known.”

THE WASHINGTON COMMEMORATION

THE WASHINGTON COMMEMORATION

AT Washington, the nation's capital, the day was fittingly observed, although the President, Vice-President, and many other of the prominent figures in the life of the Capital were upon the programmes of celebrations in other parts of the country.

In the House of Representatives, on Thursday, February 11, the Hon. Henry Sherman Boutell of Illinois delivered a memorial address, while on the Centenary Day itself, Mr. Boutell read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address from the Speaker's chair; Representative Frank M. Nye delivering an address on Lincoln.

The Senate passed a joint Resolution declaring the Centenary Day a special legal holiday in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories of Alaska, Arizona, New Mexico, and Hawaii, and authorizing the President to issue a Proclamation to this effect. At all of the schools of the city, commemorative exercises took place; and celebrations were held by the United States Historical Society, the Grand Army of the Republic, and other organizations. One of the most notable observances of the day was the morning celebration at Howard University, a University for colored students. Here Hon. James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, presided, representing the Government, as patron ex-officio of the Board. The speakers of the day were Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Gen. J. Warren Kiefer. Speaker Cannon was received with a tremendous hand-clapping and cheering, which persisted throughout his inspiring speech. The demonstration ended with what is known to the students as the "Howard clap"—a rhythmical hand-clapping which ends with a shout. Gen. Kiefer made the time interesting with personal recollections of the days of the Civil War. One of the features of the meeting was the presentation

of a painting by C. T. Webber—"The Underground Railway." This picture depicts the aiding of a fugitive slave, and contains the portraits of Levi and Catherine Coffin, who, during their life-time, assisted more than three thousand slaves to escape from bondage, and whom Harriet Beecher Stowe immortalized in her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," under the names of Simeon and Rachel Holladay—the Quaker couple who helped Eliza Harris to freedom. The presentation of the picture was made by William E. Curtis, the famous war correspondent. Another presentation was that of a bronze tablet containing the Gettysburg Address, which was presented to the University by the Lincoln Educational League, of which Levi P. Morton and William Dean Howells are prominent members.

At 3:30 in the afternoon, the mass-meeting of the day was held at the new Masonic Temple. This meeting was directly under the charge of Henry B. F. Macfarland, Commissioner of the District of Columbia. Coöperating with him were special committees from the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade. The result was a meeting vivid with interest, bringing together all classes and conditions of men in one united tribute to our old War President.

Upon the platform, supporting Commissioner Macfarland, sat the former Commissioners of the District, the various committees in charge, and the heads of the Civil War societies.

The speakers were men of national prominence, among them being the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern writer; former Senator John B. Henderson, who penned the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery; Joaquim Nabuco, Ambassador of Brazil; Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; the Rev. J. G. Butler, who was Chaplain in several hospitals in the city during the War; and the Rev. Dr. Abram Simon, Rabbi of the Washington Hebrew Congregation. The Invocation was offered by Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the Senate. Bishop D. J. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University, pronounced the Benediction.

The speech of Thomas Nelson Page was a tribute of the

South to the man who stood at the head of the North in the time of dissension. Mr. Page expressed his appreciation of the honor shown him in being asked "as the Southern man, to speak on this notable occasion, to celebrate, here in the Capital of the nation, where he achieved his great and abiding fame, the Centenary of the birth of the man who, more than any other man or group of men, saved the nation." The closing words of the address of Mr. Page, speaking of the South—"But the passing years are sweeping away the mist that obscured her vision, and she is coming more and more to see Lincoln as he was, as a great-hearted and large-minded man who, had he lived, might have been her defender in the hour of her greatest trial—whose last acts were acts of kindness, and whose last words were words of good will and peace toward the South as well as the North"—were enthusiastically applauded by the great gathering which included in its midst a number of Confederate veterans.

In the evening of the Centenary, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandery of the District of Columbia, gave a banquet, about four hundred men sitting down to the table; while the balcony was crowded with women who came to look on at the scene of festivity. The programme contained the names of men of national prominence.

On the same evening, the Central Labor Union met at Odd Fellows' Hall in honor of the day, and here addresses were made by well known statesmen, and many labor leaders, including Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and Miss Phoebe Couzins, the Womans' Suffrage leader.

LINCOLN AND THE CHARACTER OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

HON. JOAQUIM NABUCO

IT was not without much hesitation that I accepted the invitation to speak by the side of the distinguished men chosen to address you on this great occasion, but when I was told that I would represent here the sentiment of Latin America, I felt that was a call I could not fail to answer.

The presence at this place of any single foreign nation, in the person of its official representative, would be a sufficient acknowledgment that Lincoln belongs to all the world. But there are reasons why the other nations of this continent feel themselves more closely associated with him than the rest of the world, and why they owe him the greater gratitude after that of the United States.

We are bound, indeed, to form with you a political moral unit, and no man, after Washington, has done more than Lincoln to strengthen the magnet that attracts us to you. Washington created the American freedom; Lincoln purified it.

Personally, I owe to Lincoln, not only the choice, but the easy fulfillment of what I consider was my task in life, as it was the task of so many others—the emancipation of the slaves. Nobody, indeed, could say what would have been the struggle for abolition in Brazil, if, past the middle of the nineteenth century, a new and powerful nation had sprung up in America, having for its creed the maintenance and the expansion of slavery. Through what Lincoln did, owing to the great light he kindled for all the world with his Proclamation, we could win our cause without a drop of blood being shed. In fact, we won it in a national embrace—the slave-owners themselves, with the lavishness of their letters

of manumission, emulating the action of the laws of freedom, successively enacted.

Lincoln, like Washington, is one of the few great men in history about whom the moral sense of mankind is not divided. His record is, throughout, one of inspiration. His part at the White House was that of the national Fate. To-day, when one looks from this distance of time to the fields of that terrible Civil War, one sees in them, not only the shortest cut, but the only possible road, to a common national destiny. I construe to myself that War as one of those illusions of life, in which men seem to move of their own free will, projected by a Providence intent on saving their nation from the course she was pursuing. Nobody can say what would have been the duration of slavery, if the Southern States had not acted as they did. By seceding, they doomed it to death and saved themselves. In that way the Secession, although a wholly different episode, will have had in the history of the United States the same effect that the secession of the people to the Sacred Mount had in the history of Rome, in the early period of the Republic—that is, that of cementing the national unity and of assuring the destiny of the nation for centuries of ever-widening power.

Lincoln, with the special sense bestowed by the Author of that great Play, upon one entrusted with its leading part, saw distinctly that the South was not a nation, and that it would not think of being one, except during the hallucination of the crisis. If the South had been a nation, the North, with all its strength, would not have subdued it. Neither would the American people care to have a foreign nation attached to its side by conquest; nor would a coerced nation, after such a bloody war, reënter the Union in the spirit of staying forever, as did the South, once the passion spent that moved it to secede.

I believe such was the feeling of General Lee during the whole campaign; only he could not utter it, and the secret died with him. But only such a feeling could have kept his surrender free from all bitterness, as if he had only fought a duel of honor for the South. Nothing is so beautiful to me

in the celebration of this first centenary of Lincoln, as the tributes of men who represent the noblest spirit of the South.

I came here to say a word—I have said it. With the increased velocity of modern changes, we do not know what the world will be a hundred years hence. For, surely, the ideals of the generation of the year 2000 will not be the same as those of the generation of the year 1900. Nations will then be governed by currents of political thought which we can no more anticipate than could the seventeenth century anticipate the political currents of the eighteenth, which still in part sway us. But whether the spirit of authority—or that of freedom—increases, Lincoln's story will ever appear more luminous in the amalgamation of centuries, because he supremely incarnated both those spirits. And this veneration for Lincoln's memory, throughout the world, is bound more and more to centre in this city—which was the exclusive theatre of his glory, and which alone could reflect the anxieties and the elations of his heart during the whole performance of his great part in history—as holding the great preëminent title of being the place of his martyrdom.

I am proud of having spoken here at his first Centennial in the name of Latin America. We all owe to Lincoln the immense debt of having fixed forever the free character of American civilization.

THE PHILADELPHIA COMMEMORATION

THE PHILADELPHIA COMMEMORATION

PHILADELPHIA had no official celebration of the day, there being no general Committee organized, but the observances took place under private initiative, or under the auspices of the various organizations and societies of the city. It was estimated, however, that over half a million persons participated in the various memorial meetings and exercises.

All of the schools observed the day with appropriate programmes and special observances; there were elaborate exercises under the auspices of the Loyal Legion, Pennsylvania Commandery; a commemorative programme by the University Extension Society; and an observance by the Philadelphia Association of Naval Veterans.

The Historical Society had on exhibition the famous Lambert collection of Lincoln autographs and books, while at the rooms of The Union League was displayed a loan collection of rare prints and portraits, from the private collection of Major Lambert, who is known as possibly the greatest collector of Lincolniana in our country.

The banquet held in the evening at The Union League, was perhaps the most notable celebration of the day. This was presided over by Mr. James F. Hope, President of the Club; Major William H. Lambert, the speaker, lending wonderful significance to the day with his personal reminiscences of Lincoln. The Marine Band from Washington furnished a musical programme, both afternoon and evening.

The Grand Army Association of Philadelphia held a meeting at the Opera House, at which Henry Watterson made the address; and commemorative exercises under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic were held in the afternoon.

PRESERVER OF THE UNION—SAVIOUR OF THE REPUBLIC: REMINISCENCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

AMONG the many associations that are met to commemorate the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, there is none that can rejoice in the honor done his name with greater fitness than The Union League of Philadelphia.

The Union League owes its being to the earnest purpose to uphold his hands; of it he was an Honorary member, and in acknowledging his election as such, he wrote, "The generous approval of a portion of my fellow citizens, so intelligent and patriotic as those comprising your association, assures me that I have not wholly failed."

Among the founders of the League were men who had early advocated his nomination for the Presidency, strenuously worked for his election, and heartily approved his administration; and when they united to form this organization they enrolled men of like sympathy and purpose, and The Union League became the prototype of many clubs emulous of its example. The League did not confine itself to mere verbal expressions of approbation, valuable and important as such evidences of sympathy and loyalty were, but it engaged actively and successfully in recruiting for the army, and, participating vigorously in the campaign for his renomination and reelection, was powerfully effective in securing the triumph at the ballot which ensured final victory in the field. Having steadfastly and energetically supported the great President, The Union League of right joins the chorus of thanksgiving and praise for the life, the character, and the work of Abraham Lincoln.

United with the thousands who to-day commemorate the centenary of his birth, recalling all that we have heard and read concerning him, especially the many incidents of his

life that for months preparatory to this day have been narrated in our newspapers and magazines, remembering how he shaped our history and enriched our literature, it is hard to realize how little known he was to the country at large prior to the assembling of the convention that nominated him for the presidency.

He had served a single term in the national House of Representatives, he had been an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate in 1855, in the next year his name had been presented to the first National Convention of the Republican Party as a candidate for the vice-presidency; again placed in nomination by his party for the Senate, he engaged with Stephen A. Douglas in a political debate the most memorable in our history outside the halls of Congress, and as a result of this debate he secured a majority of the popular vote of the State for the Republican candidates for the Legislature, but as the majority of the legislators chosen were for Douglas, Lincoln was a second time defeated in his aspiration for the Senate. The fame of the debate led a club of young men in the city of New York to invite Lincoln to lecture, and in compliance he made a remarkable address at the Cooper Institute, in the presence of a large audience, comprising some of the foremost members of the Republican Party. Because of this address he was requested to deliver a series of speeches in the New England States. These speeches in New York and the East attracted the attention of men influential in the councils of the party, who, opposed to the more prominent candidates for the presidential nomination, were seeking a candidate who, in their judgment, would be more likely to be elected.

Consideration of Lincoln's availability, the importunity of the Republican candidates for Governor in Pennsylvania and Indiana—both "October States," and supposedly doubtful—local antagonism to Seward and to Chase, and the intense earnestness of Lincoln's friends in Illinois and adjacent States, coöperated to secure for him the nomination.

Seemingly, Lincoln had made so little impression upon the people at large, that conservatives who deprecated the radical

phrase of the "Irrepressible Conflict," and feared its effect upon voters, had apparently forgotten—if indeed they had known—that months before Seward had pronounced these objectionable words, Lincoln had declared, "A house divided against itself cannot stand; I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

Despite efforts that have been made to controvert the statement, the truth is that for the moment the supreme fact of the Chicago Convention of 1860 "was the defeat of Seward rather than the nomination of Lincoln. It was the triumph of a presumption of availability over preëminence in intellect, and unrivalled fame."

Elected to the presidency by a minority of the popular vote, his election followed by the threatened withdrawal of several States, the successful candidate might well be awed by the stupendous responsibility that awaited him. The months of suspense between his election and his inauguration were fraught with intense anxiety. In the hope of averting the threatened calamity many public meetings urged compromise and favored liberal concessions. Reaction appeared to be setting in, and many who had helped to elect him seemed to regret their success; but whoever else was shaken, Lincoln was not, and to his intimate friends gave assurance of his firm adherence to the principles that had triumphed in his election.

In letters to Senator Trumbull, Lincoln wrote:

"Let there be no compromise on the question of extending slavery—if there be, all our labor is lost, and ere long must be done again. . . . Stand firm. The tug has to come, and better now than any time hereafter."

"If any of our friends do prove false, and fix up a compromise on the territorial question, I am for fighting again, that is all." "If it prove true (report that the forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by the consent of President Buchanan), I will, if our friends at Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration. This will give the Union men a rallying cry, and preparations will proceed somewhat on this side as well as on the other." *

* These passages were read by Major Lambert from the original autograph letters.

Before anything else Lincoln represents the spirit of National Union against the spirit of Local Separatism, the right and duty of Nations to fight disintegration. Then Lincoln represents Human Freedom; hence the magic of his name for all who have had, or who still will have, to fight anywhere against Slavery. Thirdly, Lincoln represents Americanism, as he stood for the Monroe Doctrine at its critical moment, and but for him our Continent would now have two contrary political poles. These are the three greatest impersonations in Abraham Lincoln: Union, Freedom, America.

Joaquim Nabuco

Facsimile of Manuscript Tribute from Señor Joaquim Nabuco, Brazilian Ambassador to the United States

Lincoln

Say - if men ask for him - he has gone home,
Home to the hearts of all that love their kind;
And they that seek him there, henceforth, shall find
Their man of men, - in all men's hearts at home.
The Mother made him from her common loam,
And from her world-wide harvest filled his mind,
Poured by all paths, that from all quarters wind,
As in old days all highways founted to Rome.
She said: "I make a universal man,
Warmed with all laughter, tempered with all tears,
Whose word and deed shall have the force of fate.
I made not seven in all, since time began,
Of men like these. They last a thousand years.
They have the power to will, the will to wait"

Wendell Phillips Stafford.

Meanwhile he steadily refrained from public utterance until he set forth from the home to which he was never to return alive. His touching farewell to his Springfield neighbors, and the series of addresses in reply to greetings from the several communities through which he passed on his journey to the national capital, plainly showed that he appreciated the weight of the burden he was about to assume, and so far encouraged the party that had elected him, but gave little evidence of special fitness for the work. In the light of after events, the assertion which he made in Independence Hall—that, rather than surrender the principles which had been declared there he would be assassinated on the spot—is pre-eminent as an indication of the source and the courage of his political convictions; while the fact that at the time of its utterance he had been warned of a conspiracy to kill him, removes from these words any suspicion that they were spoken for rhetorical effect, and invests them with the solemnity of prophecy. The Inaugural Address of the new President was awaited with painful solicitude. Apprehension that, in the hope of averting disaster, he might yield somewhat of the principles upon which he had been elected; fear that, in retaliation for threats of disunion, he might determine upon desperate assaults on the rights of the revolted and threatening States; mistrust that he might prove unequal to the nation's supreme exigency, combined to intensify anxiety.

The address failed to satisfy extremists, either North or South, but the great body of loyal people were delighted with the manifest determination of the President to preserve, protect, and defend the government he had sworn to uphold. But his solemn assurances that he would in no wise endanger the property, peace, and security of any section of the country; that it was his purpose to administer the government as it had come to him, and to transmit it unimpaired by any act of his to his successor; and his appeal to the memories of the past, and to the common interests of the present, were alike powerless to recall the revolted States to their allegiance or to restrain the action of other States, bent on following their example.

Anticipating the inauguration of President Lincoln, the Southern Confederacy had been proclaimed, and its troops were arrayed against the authority of the United States, while the absence of efforts of repression seemed to indicate that the dissolution of the Union, so arrogantly declared by the States in rebellion, was to be accomplished.

For weeks succeeding his inauguration, the President awaited the progress of events—the policy of *laissez-faire* seemed to have been adopted. Some tentative efforts were made to relieve the beleaguered forts within the limits of the insurgent territory, but apparently the nation was drifting to death.

But the shot on Sumter wrought instant and wondrous change. However uncertain Abraham Lincoln may have been as to the method of maintaining the Union, his purpose to maintain it had been positively declared; and from the moment the flag was fired upon, the method was no longer in doubt. The call of April 15, 1861, was the answer to the challenge of Charleston Harbor. We know now that the number of men called forth was utterly inadequate to the work to be done, but the value of the call was less in the number of men it evoked than in the assertion that armed rebellion was to be confronted and the power of the nation was to be put forth for its own preservation, and the enforcement of the laws.

Previous to his entrance upon the presidency, Lincoln had had no part in the administration of great affairs; he was destitute of experience in statecraft and he had no precedent, either in our own history or in that of other lands, to guide him. He had called to his Cabinet the chief of the leaders of the Republican Party, men whose great experience in public affairs and whose admitted ability and acquirements justified their selection, and might well indeed have induced him to submit to their direction; but he realized that as President he could not, even if he would, transfer the obligation of his office. Whatever doubts may have existed in the minds of his advisers as to his purpose and fitness to accept the responsibilities of his office were soon dispelled, and it is evident that

the President dominated his administration from the beginning—when, in reply to the Secretary of State, who had advised a radical and startling change in the governmental policy, and had expressed his willingness to undertake its direction, Lincoln declared, “If this must be done, I must do it”—to the close—when he notified the Lieutenant-General, “You are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions.”

In this connection, and as confirmatory of the President’s control of affairs, the recently published letter of his private secretary, John Hay, is particularly interesting, as showing the impression made upon a qualified observer, and recorded at the time. Writing at Washington, under date August 7, 1863, to his fellow secretary, Nicolay, Hay said:

“The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union all at once. I never knew with what tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet until now. The most important things he decided and there is no cavil.”

The outbreak of hostilities presented to President Lincoln an opportunity not of his seeking, but of which he might well avail himself. However specious the plea of State rights, however disguised the chief motive which prompted the secession of the revolting States, he knew, as the people knew, that slavery was the real cause of the Rebellion. He had long foreseen that the country could not permanently endure partially slave, partially free; he knew that slavery had been the basis of the controversies and dangers of the past. If tradition may be believed, in his early manhood he had declared that if ever he should have a chance, he would hit slavery hard, and now the chance had come. In 1837, with one other member of the Illinois Legislature, he had placed himself on record declaring his belief “that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy,” and protesting against the passage of resolutions favoring it.

Slavery was attempting the destruction of the Republic, and, by its own appeal to arms, was offering an opportunity for a counter-blow which might forever destroy an institution whose malign influence had long controlled national affairs, and endangered the perpetuity of the nation. He was President and Commander-in-chief; in the party that had elected him were many thousands anxious for the proclamation of freedom to the slave and insistent upon its issue. He had been the nominee of a party, but he was now the President of the United States, and neither hope of partisan gain nor personal gratification could swerve him from what he conceived to be the obligation of his oath. His conception of his duty was forcibly expressed in his letter to Horace Greeley, probably the most important of the many notable letters written by the President. Replying to the Editor's article accusing him of failure to meet the rightful expectations of twenty millions of the loyal people, Lincoln wrote from Washington, under date of August 22, 1862:

"I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through *The New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear be-

cause I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

Twenty months later, in a letter to a citizen of Kentucky, in answer to his request for a statement of what had been said to the Governor of that State, the President wrote:

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. . . . And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery."

With clear view, and steadfast purpose, President Lincoln devoted his life to the preservation of the Union. To accomplish this end, in the spirit of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, he made himself servant unto all, that he might gain the more. Subordinating self, personal prejudices and partisan feelings were not allowed to obtrude between him and his conception of the country's need. Ability to serve the cause was the essential qualification for high office and honor, and, outweighing other consideration, atoned for past or present personal objection.

Early in 1862 he appointed as chief of the War Department a man of boundless zeal and energy, who had treated Lincoln with marked discourtesy, had denounced his conduct of the War, and had freely expressed his dislike for him and doubt of his fitness—an appointment as sagacious and fortu-

nate as it was magnanimous; and he retained in his Cabinet the Secretary of the Treasury, whose own aspirations for the presidential nomination were well known to Lincoln, who wrote, "Whether you shall remain at the head of the Treasury Department is a question which I will not allow myself to consider from any standpoint other than my judgment of the public service, and, in that view, I do not perceive occasion for a change."

The War of 1861-1865 was no mere factional contest. It was a people's war, begun by a people jealous of its institutions, fearful of the wane of the power it had long wielded, distrustful of the new administration's assurances of non-intervention with the rights of States, and conscious that the limitation of slavery to the territory that it now occupied must eventually effect its extinction. The War was accepted by a people innocent of purpose to interfere with the "domestic institution" within State lines, and far from united in opinion about slavery, and though substantially opposed to its extension over the country's free domain, not agreed as to the best method of legislative treatment; but one absolutely in love with the Union and in determination to maintain it. "One would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came."

Only the enlistment of the people on each of the contending sides could have sustained so long a war of such magnitude, and offered such heroic devotion as distinguished it. The President realized that his ability to make effective his oath to preserve the government was dependent upon the firm and continued support of the loyal people; that he could lead them no faster and no further than they would follow, and that it was absolutely necessary to retain their confidence. His faith in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, his conviction that the people were the rightful source of all governmental power, had suffered no change by his elevation to the presidency. In an especial sense a man of the people, the restraint which kept him closely in touch with them was



Walter Goodwin of

5th March 1909

Wm. T. Laff

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

We never have had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln. We never have had a man in public life who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did. We never have had a man in our history who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, understanding of people, common sense, high sense of duty, power of inexorable logic and confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result, as this great product of the soil of our country.

One cannot read of him without loving him. One cannot think of his struggles, of his life and its tragic end, without weeping. One cannot study his efforts, his conscience, his heroism, and his patriotism, and the burdens of bitter attack and calumny under which he suffered, and think of the place he now occupies in the history of this country, without a moral inspiration of the most stirring and intense character.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. A. Garfield". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, sweeping initial "J".

Facsimile of Tribute from President Taft

not unwillingly borne, but readily accepted as the condition under which he best could act with and for them.

The acquisition of vast power, increasing with the prolongation of the War, made no change in the simplicity of his character. Unhampered by conventionalities, indifferent to forms, he received his old-time friends with the freedom of their earlier intercourse, and was accessible to all who sought him. No visitor was too humble for his consideration, and if, in too many instances, the causes which received his attention were too trivial to engage the thought of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation in its time of stress, the very fact of his willingness to see and hear all, endeared him to the people, who saw in him one of themselves—unspoiled by power, unharmed by success.

As no President before him had done, he confided in the people; and, in a series of remarkable letters and speeches, explained or justified his more important acts by arguments of simplest form, but marvellous strength. His frankness and directness of expression, his obvious sincerity and absolute patriotism, even, perhaps, as much as the force of his reasoning, compelled respect for his acts and enlarged the number and increased the faith of his strenuous supporters.

The sympathetic audience which he gave to every tale of woe, his manifest reluctance to inflict the extreme penalty which violation of military law entailed, seemed at times to detract from the dignity of his high office, and prompted commanding officers to complain that the proper maintenance of discipline was rendered impossible by Lincoln's sensibility; but these characteristics strengthened his hold upon the people at home and in the army. In his profound sympathy, in his splendid courage, in his transparent honesty, in his patriotic devotion, in his simplicity of thought and manner—nay, in the very haggardness of feature, ungainliness of form, and homeliness of attire, he was the expression of a plain people's hopes, and the embodiment of their cause.

Here was neither Cæsar nor Napoleon, but a popular leader, such as befitted a Republic destined to preserve its popular

form, though its ruler wielded imperial power; a leader whose highest ambition was to save the country and to transmit the government unimpaired to his successor.

Generals, intoxicated with power and anticipations of success, might assert the country's need of a dictator, and, apparently, be not unwilling to assume the role, but the President, without shadow of jealousy of any of his subordinates, shrewdly declared, "Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I ask of you is military success; I will risk the dictatorship."

The splendid manifestation of popular feeling which followed the assault upon Sumter might easily have caused the President to rely confidently upon popular support in his every effort to suppress the Rebellion; the generous response to his early calls for troops might readily have assured him that the number of volunteers would exceed all needs, and have led him to expect the speedy end of the War; but he was not deluded by the hope that the War would be of short duration; he saw the necessity of preparation for a long struggle, and felt the importance of conserving all interests, and of securing the support of all who, however they may have differed in other respects, agreed in devotion to the Union. Hence he made concessions to the opinions of those who, while opposed to disunion, did not sympathize with his own views concerning slavery and its extension. "How a free people" would "conduct a long war" was a problem to be demonstrated, and President Lincoln was unwilling to alienate any who were faithful to the government, even though they deprecated the occasion which had placed it in jeopardy. His sagacity and his observation had shown him how wavering were the currents of popular opinion, how readily popular enthusiasm could be quenched by disappointment and defeat, and how imperative it was for him to hold together all elements requisite to the successful prosecution of the War.

Disappointed friends might inveigh against his caution and demand dismissal of leaders and change of policy; lukewarm supporters might withdraw their confidence, supersensitive observers might denounce heroic war measures as

invasions of personal or State rights; but, despite harassment and annoyance and antagonism, unshaken in purpose, indomitable in courage, the President moved steadily on. The defection of old friends and party associates might grieve him, the unjust accusations of nominal Unionists might rankle, but he could not be deflected from the line of his duty.

He knew that other than purely military considerations might rightfully determine campaigns; that success in the field, though conducive to success at home and to ultimate triumph, was not the only essential; and that to maintain the armies at the front it was imperative to sustain the sentiment of the people at home. From the broader outlook of the Capital, from his knowledge of the people directly, and through their chosen representatives, he appreciated, as the generals in the field could not, the indispensability of popular support as well as of military success.

The President early gave evidence that he was willing to assume the gravest responsibilities by acts which he believed would conduce to the great end that he had in view. "I feel that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it." Acting upon this theory, while he had abstained from striking at slavery as an evil in itself and in its results, yet when, by deliberate and painful consideration, he became convinced that the preservation of the Union demanded freedom for the slave, he determined upon emancipation so far as he could effect it consistently with his constitutional obligation and his military prerogative. We honor his memory because of the courage and the foresight which led him to this great and beneficent act, but we in no wise detract from his fame as the liberator of the slave when calling attention to the fact that uniformly he justified the act by its military necessity, and never because of its righteousness as the abolition of a great wrong.

It is interesting to note the steps by which the President reached his determination to proclaim emancipation. He moved most cautiously and would not allow any of his sub-

ordinates to force his hand, or permit them a latitude he would not permit himself; hence, when with impetuous and ill-judged zeal General Frémont, who, in 1856, was the first Republican nominee for the presidency, issued a Proclamation of Freedom, Mr. Lincoln courteously but positively revoked it—an act which brought upon him the condemnation of many of his warmest friends, to one of whom, Senator Browning, he wrote a confidential letter, dated Washington, September 22, 1861, from which I quote:

“General Frémont’s proclamation as to confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves is purely political and not within the range of military law or necessity. If a commanding general finds a necessity to seize the farm of a private owner for a pasture, an encampment, or a fortification, he has the right to do so, and to so hold it as long as the necessity lasts; and this is within military law, because within military necessity. But to say the farm shall no longer belong to the owner, or his heirs forever, and this as well when the farm is not needed for military purposes as when it is, is purely political, without the savor of military law about it. And the same is true of slaves. If the general needs them, he can seize them and use them; but when the need is past, it is not for him to fix their permanent future condition. That must be settled according to laws made by law-makers, and not by military proclamations. The proclamation in the point in question is simply ‘dictatorship.’ It assumes that the general may do anything he pleases—confiscate the lands and free the slaves of loyal people, as well as of disloyal ones. And going the whole figure, I have no doubt, would be more popular with some thoughtless people than that which has been done! But I cannot assume this reckless position, nor allow others to assume it on my responsibility. . . . I do not say Congress might not with propriety pass a law on the point, just such as General Frémont proclaimed. I do not say I might not, as a member of Congress, vote for it. What I object to is, that I, as President, shall expressly or impliedly seize and exercise the permanent legislative functions of the Government.” *

Again, when, later, General Hunter—unmindful of Frémont’s experience, and confronted by peculiarly aggravating conditions in his Department of the South—issued a Proclamation of Emancipation, the President countermanded the

* These passages were read by Major Lambert from the original autograph letter.

General's act, but in the order of revocation there was a distinct advance in the views expressed on the subject of emancipation as a military measure. Now, instead of doubting his own right as President, he declared:

"Whether it be competent for me, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether, at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field."

The revocation of these attempts at emancipation evoked many indignant protests against the President's action, but they were ineffective to change it; but four months later, having decided that the time had come when the nation's life demanded the emancipation of the slaves of rebel owners, on the twenty-second of September, 1862, he announced his purpose to declare freedom to the slaves held by the people in rebellion, and on the first of January, 1863, by virtue of his power as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, as a fit and necessary war measure for the suppression of rebellion, he proclaimed emancipation to slaves within designated territory, invoking "upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, . . . the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Although the President had decided that emancipation was only justified as a war measure, he declared emphatically that he would not retract or modify the Proclamation or return to slavery any person who had been freed by its terms or by any of the Acts of Congress, and in his last Annual Message he repeated that declaration and said, "If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to reënslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it."

Emancipation, which, in its inception, was necessarily limited and largely tentative, became by force of his action and by reason of his advocacy universal and permanent; for it

was through his inspiration and because of his persistence that by legal procedure the war measure became a constitutional enactment, and to the end of time Abraham Lincoln will be known as the Liberator of the Slave.

The possession of imperial power, the accomplishment of complete victory—saving the Union and securing its by-product, Emancipation—the plaudits of exulting thousands, did not change the man, or tempt him to forego his allegiance to the Constitution, or to waver in his devotion to “the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.” No aspiration for perpetuity of power separated him from the plain people upon whom he relied, from whose ranks he had come, to whom he expected to return; for it is glory that he had not only completed a great work, and guaranteed its beneficent and far-reaching consequences, “but,” to quote the language of Carl Schurz, “that during the stormiest and most perilous crisis in our history, he so conducted the Government and so wielded his almost dictatorial power as to leave essentially intact our free institutions in all things that concern the rights and liberties of the citizen.”

From the highest reach that Lincoln had attained before his accession to the Presidency, to the zenith of his career, the space seems incalculable. The study of his earlier life shows, indeed, that he possessed clearness of thought, remarkable gift of expression, native sagacity, honesty of purpose, and courage of conviction; that he was devoted to the rights of man, and that he loved his country; but that he possessed elements of greatness in such degree as the War revealed could not have been surmised from aught he had said or done. And that he should manifest so soon and so signally his ability to rule a great nation in the most dangerous period of its existence; that he should overtower his associates and prove that, more than they, he was fitted to save the government; that he could wield a power far greater than that of any of his predecessors and surpassing that exercised by any contemporary ruler, king or emperor, could not have been foreseen by any lacking divine inspiration. Not by graded steps, but by giant stride, Lincoln reached the height of power, achievement, and fame.

True, the progress of the War revealed growth in character, in thought, and in force, and he stood much higher at its close than at its beginning; but at its opening it early became apparent that Providence had so shaped the country's destiny that the man who had been chosen mainly because of his availability as a candidate was far and away the one man for the office and the work.

In the metropolis of the State wherein most of Lincoln's life was lived, on the shore of the great lake over which he had so often looked, at the entrance to the beautiful park that bears his name, stands his figure in bronze, in the attitude of speaking, as he so often stood in life. His face is rugged and kindly; no toga drapes his gaunt form or hides his everyday garb; no scroll in his hand and no conventional column by his side detract from his homely simplicity; no allegoric devices mar the harmonious realism. Upon the flanks of the granite exedra that stretches around the pedestal, metal globes bear the words of his immortal utterances. This triumph of Saint-Gaudens's art marvellously portrays the ideal, that is no less the real, ABRAHAM LINCOLN—PRESERVER OF THE UNION—SAVIOR OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY
COMMEMORATION

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY COMMEMORATION

THE regular exercises of Cornell University were suspended for the purpose of the Lincoln celebration, at which the Hon. Frank S. Black, former Governor of the State of New York, gave the commemorative address.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: MASTER OF TIME

HON. FRANK S. BLACK

THERE are subjects upon which nothing new can be said, but which still arouse the fervor awakened at their first enunciation. If the song was true when it started on its journey, it will be sung as long as human hearts vibrate and tongues retain the gift of speech. It will be lisped by those who are tottering on toward the end, and echoed by those whose hearts are filled with the promise and the glow of youth. If the product was genuine when it passed from the Creator's hand, it will neither be dimmed by age nor cheapened by familiarity; for honor is not decreased by contact, and truth is never out of tune. If none of the old stories are ever to be re-told, many a noble inspiration must be lost, and many a tender chord must remain untouched.

This is the age, I know, when the search is at its height for the new and marvellous, and in this eagerness the primeval forests are swept away, the bowels of the earth are punctured, and even on the remotest sea the observant eye detects the flutter of a sail. The watchword is energy, the goal is success, but in the fever of modern enterprise a moment's rest can do no harm. We must not only acquire, we must retain. We must not only learn, we must remember. The newest is not

always the best. The date or lustre of the coin does not determine its metal. The substance may be plain and unobtrusive, and still be gold. Whoever chooses without a proper test may die both a pauper and a fool. The paintings of recent times have evoked the praise of critics, and yet thousands still pay their homage to an older genius. Modern literature is ablaze with beauty and with power, and yet millions are still going to one old and thumb-worn text for their final consolation.

Remembering the force of these examples, it will be profitable sometimes to step one side for the serious contemplation of rugged, lasting qualities in whatever age or garb they have appeared. The hero of an hour will pass as quickly as he came. The flashlight will dazzle and blind, but when the eyes are rubbed the impression has passed away; but the landscape that comes slowly into view with the rising sun, growing more resplendent and distinct with his ascending power, and fading gently from the vision at the approach of night, will remain in the mind forever, to illuminate, to strengthen, and to cheer. And men are like impressions. There are more examples of the flashlight kind than there are fireflies on a summer's night, but there is no nobler representative of the enduring and immortal than he in whose name this event is celebrated. Whoever imparts a new view of his character must tell it to the newborn, to whom all things are new, for to the intelligent and mature his name and virtues have been long familiar. His was the power that commanded admiration, and the humanity that invited love; mild but inflexible, just but merciful, great but simple, he possessed a head that commanded men and a heart that attracted babes. His conscience was strong enough to bear continual use. It was not alone for public occasions nor great emergencies. It was never a capital, but always a chart. It was never his servant, to be dismissed at will, but his companion to be always at his side. It was with him, but never behind him, for he knew that a pursuing conscience is an accuser, and not a guide, and brings remorse instead of comfort.

His greatness did not depend upon his title, for greatness was his when the title was bestowed. He leaned upon no

fiction of nobility, and kissed no hand to obtain his rank, but the stamp of nobility and power which he wore was conferred upon him in that log hut in Kentucky, that day in 1809, when he and Nancy Hanks were first seen together, and it was conferred by a power which, unlike earthly potentates, never confers a title without a character that will adorn it. When we understand the tremendous advantages of a humble birth, when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to maturer years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings as watched the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the colossal and supreme figure of modern history.

Groves are better than temples, fields are better than gorgeous carpetings, rail fences are better than lines of kneeling slaves, and the winds are better than music if you are raising heroes and founding governments.

Those who understand these things and have felt the heart of nature beat will not wonder that this man could stand the shock and fury of war, and yet maintain that calm serenity which enabled him to hear above the roar of the storm that enveloped him, the low, smothered cry that demanded the freedom of a race.

If you look for attributes that dazzle and bewilder, you must seek them elsewhere than in the character of Abraham Lincoln. It was not by show or glitter or by sound that the great moments of history were marked, and the great deeds of mankind were wrought. The color counts for nothing; it is the fibre alone that lasts. The precept will be forgotten unless the deed is remembered. The wildest strains of martial music will pass away on the wind, while the grim and deadly courage of the soldier, moving and acting without a word, will mark the spot where pilgrims of every race will linger and worship forever.

No character in the world more clearly saw the worth of substance and the mockery of show, and no career ever set in such everlasting light the doctrine that although vanity and pretence may flourish for a day, there can be no lasting triumph not founded on the truth.

The life of Lincoln moved upon that high, consistent plane which the surroundings of his youth inspired. Poverty is a hard but oftentimes a loving nurse. If fortune denies the luxuries of wealth, she makes generous compensation in that greater love which they alone can ever know who have faced privations together. The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair. It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. And character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is filled with struggle, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and only darkness stays the conflict. Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, the love that is great enough, and over all the fear of God, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character.

This lad, uncouth and poor, without aid or accidental circumstance, rising as steadily as the sun, marked a path across the sky so luminous and clear that there is not one to mate it to be discovered in the heavens; and throughout its whole majestic length there is no spot or blemish in it.

The love of justice and fair play, and that respect for order and the law which must underlie every nation that would long endure, were deeply embedded in his nature. These, I know, are qualities destitute of show and whose names are never set to music, but unless there is in the people's heart a deep sense of their everlasting value, that people will neither command respect in times of their prosperity nor sympathy in the hour of their decay. These are the qualities that stand the test when hurricanes sweep by. These are the joints of oak that ride the storm and when the clouds have melted and the waves are still, move on serenely in their course. Times will come when nothing but the best can save us. Without warning and without cause, out of a clear and smiling sky may descend the bolt that will scatter the weaker qualities to the winds. We have seen that bolt descend. There is danger at such a time. The hurricane will pass like the rushing of the sea. Then is

the time to determine whether governments can stand amid such perilous surroundings. The American character has been often proved superior to any test. No danger can be so great and no calamity so sudden as to throw it off its guard. This great strength in times of trial, and this self-restraint in times of wild excitement, have been attained by years of training, precept, and experience. Justice has so often emerged triumphant from obstacles which seemed to chain her limbs and make the righteous path impossible, that there is now rooted in the American heart the faith, that, no matter how dark the night, there will somehow break through at the appointed hour a light which shall reveal to eager eyes the upright forms of Justice and the law, still moving hand in hand, still supreme over chaos and despair, the image and the substance of the world's sublime reliance.

I shall not try to present Lincoln as an orator, a lawyer, a statesman or a politician. His name and his performances in the lines which he pursued have been cut into the rock of American history with the deepest chisel yet made use of on this continent. But it is not by the grandeur of his powers that he has most appealed to me, but rather by those softer, homelier traits that bring him down to a closer and more affectionate view. The mountain that crowds its summit to the clouds is never so magnificent to the observer on the plain below as when, by some clear and kindly light, its smaller outlines are revealed. And Lincoln was never more imposing than when the milder attributes of his nature were exposed. He was genuine; he was affectionate; and after all is said, and the end is reached, what is there without these two? You may measure the heights and sound the depths; you may gain the great rewards of power and renown; you may quiver under the electric current of applause—the time will come when these will fall from you like the rags that cover your body. The robes of power and the husks of pretence will alike be stripped away, and you must stand at the end as you stood at the beginning, revealed. Under such a test, Abraham Lincoln might stand erect, for no man loved the humbler, nobler traits more earnestly than he. Whatever he pretended to be, he was;

genuine and sincere, he did not need embellishment. There is nothing in the world which needs so little decoration, or which can so well afford to spurn it altogether, as the absolutely genuine. Imitations are likely to be exposed unless carefully ornamented. Too much embellishment generally covers a blemish in the construction. It therefore happens that the first rate invariably rejects adornment and the second rate invariably puts it on. The difference between the two can be discovered at short range, and safety from exposure lies only in imperfect examination. If the vision is clear and the inspection careful, there is no chance for the sham ever to be taken for the genuine; and that is why it happens that among all the forms of activity in this very active age, no struggle is more sharp than that of the first rate to be found out and of the second not to be. It is easier to conceal what a thing is, than to prove it to be what it is not. One requires only concealment, the other demonstration. Sooner or later the truth will appear. Some time the decorations will fall off, and then the blemish will appear greater because of the surprise at finding it. None have less to fear from such a test than Abraham Lincoln, and his strength in that regard arose, it seems to me, from the preservation through all his life of that fondness for his early home, of the tender recollections of his family and their struggles, which kept his sympathy always warm and young. He was never so great but that the ties of his youth still bound him. He was never so far away but that he could still hear the note of the evening bird in the groves of his nativity.

They say the tides of the ocean ebb and flow by a force which, though remote, always retains its power. And so with this man, whether he rose or fell; whether he stood in that giant-like repose that distinguished him among his fellow men, or exercised those unequalled powers, which, to my mind, made him the foremost figure of the world, yet he always felt the tender and invisible chord that chained him to his native rock. In whatever field he stood, he felt the benign and sobering influences of his early recollections. They were the rock to which he clung in storms, the anchor which kept his head to

the wind, the balm which sustained him in defeat, and ennobled him in the hour of triumph.

I shall not say he had his faults, for is there any hope that man will pass through this vale of tears without them? Is there any danger that his fellow men will fail to detect and proclaim them? He was not small in anything. He was carved in deep lines, like all heroic figures, for dangerous altitudes and great purposes. And as we move away from him, and years and events pass between us, his form will still be visible and distinct, for such characters built upon courage and faith, and that affection which is the seed of both, are not the playthings, but the masters of time.

How long the names of men will last, no human foresight can discover, but I believe that even against the havoc and confusion in which so many names go down, the fame of Lincoln will stand as immovable and as long as the pyramids against the rustle of the Egyptian winds.

THE PITTSBURG COMMEMORATION

THE PITTSBURG COMMEMORATION

SCHOOL celebrations marked the day at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, as elsewhere in the United States, a hundred and twenty-five thousand school children taking part in this memorial tribute to Lincoln. In the evening there were special celebrations held in the Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind, and the Pittsburg Home for Deaf Mutes.

A convocation celebration by the various departments of the University of Pittsburg was held in Carnegie Music Hall in the afternoon, while the women of Pittsburg's church organizations gathered together in the afternoon to commemorate the day. Here Lincoln souvenirs were given to everyone in attendance.

The Pittsburg Association of Credit Men held a banquet in the evening, but the important event of the day was the celebration by the Chamber of Commerce, which took the form of a banquet. The newly elected Vice-President-to-be, Hon. James S. Sherman, was the guest of honor, and the orator of the occasion. The audience was in a rollicking frame of mind, and subjected the Vice-President-elect to much affectionate raillery, singing "Sunny Jim," up and down the hall, and hailing the procession of the guests of honor with the softly whistled score of "Here Comes the Bride." The audience was an enthusiastic one, and Mr. Sherman's speech, "Lincoln: The Greatest American," was received with feeling and applause.

The banquet room was decorated with the Stars and Stripes, and the black and gold colors of the city. The banquet was preceded by a reception at seven o'clock, where more than a thousand people came to shake hands with the guests of the day. Besides Vice-President-to-be Sherman, Congressman James Eli Watson, of Indiana, and the Hon. James Searlet were on the programme. The Chairman in charge of the ar-

rangements for the reception and banquet was the Hon. John B. Barbour, Jr., while President Lee S. Smith, of the Chamber of Commerce, presided at the banquet, Judge J. J. Miller acting as toastmaster.

LINCOLN: THE GREATEST AMERICAN

HON. JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN

WHAT a personality was Lincoln's—What a task he performed—What results he achieved! The life, the work, the end, are exhaustingly fascinating in their pathos. His heredity and environment offered no hope for his career. It has been said he was not brought up; he came up. Through hardest struggle, through dismal lack, through stark necessity, he came; but up, up, he came, and stands distinctively, the American nobleman.

No need to repeat his biography. History tells that he rose unaided from nothing to the executive head of this great nation, and his life has been the favorite illustration of authors and orators to emphasize the possibilities of American citizenship.

It has been said that Napoleon, Washington, and Lincoln were children of destiny. True, mayhap, of Napoleon, but not of Washington and Lincoln. Napoleon did little which, in remembrance, endears him to his people. He was a warrior, not a philosopher. Washington was, to a degree, both. He assumed command of the armies, sustained and encouraged by a united people smarting under the yoke of a monarchy, thirsting for independence and individual liberty. Washington was aware of his strength in his own country, and the possibilities and probable results of a strong resistance. He had studied military methods; he knew frontier warfare. He had the advantage of birth, of education, of early association with cultivated people. More, he was schooled by contact with the brightest and best men of the age, and by severe and trying campaigns. He had learned the lesson of experi-

ence, had seen the grand future possible for this country with her affairs properly directed. After seven years of a successful warfare, he came to the presidency, equipped by study and experience, with wisdom and enlightenment, and it is small wonder that he stands "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When Lincoln was discovered and nominated—not as the unquestioned choice of all the people, but rather of the minority of a party, a minority made into a majority, apparently, by means of political tactics—the situation was far different. The nation was rent asunder, opinion was divided, and a grave constitutional question was involved. In the South the dark cloud of secession had already appeared, while in the North there were mutterings of sympathy. Men were being persecuted for their beliefs; the right of freedom of thought and expression was questioned, and a whirlpool of discord and dissension was gathering. It threatened to engulf the nation in its mighty rush.

At such a moment Lincoln was brought forward. How different from Napoleon, whose victories on the field of battle, whose brilliant achievements wherever the force of arms was tried, had made him for the nonce the idol of his impetuous people! How unlike the introduction of Washington, when a united, harmonious people, desperate from long suffering, were ready to sacrifice, to do and die, that their descendants might enjoy the privileges of freedom unfettered by a government not in sympathy with their aims, their purposes, or their needs!

Lincoln had none of the advantages or encouragements of many of his predecessors. He was untried, almost unknown. The crisis was approaching; he must meet it or fall. That is the situation pictured by the after-lights; and surely by intuition or inspiration he so viewed it. Not the liberty of the defenders of the Stars and Stripes which floated victoriously over Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Bennington, and Oriskany, was at stake, but the liberty of a race foreign to the country—a race brought here for bondage or reared in slavery. Was it worth fighting for? Many in the North said "No!"

Was it a question which could be constitutionally acted upon? The entire South said "No!" and then Abraham Lincoln, with dignity, with firmness, and with a spirit which could have been inspired only of God, grasped the helm of the Ship of State and pointed its course directly into the teeth of the storm. His Proclamation of Emancipation unforged the fetters of the slaves, united the North, sent a thrill of joy and patriotism in reverberation over the land—until the hundreds of thousands of boys in blue swore by their flag and by their country that slavery should cease, and that their nation should be reunited though it were cemented by blood.

A child of destiny? No! An American boy, a man of America. Born, bred, and reared in an atmosphere of liberty, of justice, and of truth, made possible only by Washington and his compatriots; broadened, ripened, and educated under the sun of freedom; endowed with physical capabilities brought to their greatest perfection by years of toil and industry and self-denial; possessing mental strength developed by the same rigorous discipline—he was fitted to lead, and the situation brought him forward.

His appearance was at the most critical time in the nation's history. He met his responsibilities superbly. Gentle, mild, and forbearing, his private and official careers are filled with pictures of prose and poetry which throw about him a charm most delicate and delightful. His homely, quaint humor brightens with age, and will never be disassociated from his name, or copied by another.

That Lincoln was perhaps the greatest American will not be denied, but his individuality was greater than his personality. It was not merely because he was President during the Civil War; not because he solved its stupendous problems with a mildness and gentleness and without the least display of physical power or authority; not because he marshalled armies in the panoply of war or sent navies to battle against almost impregnable strongholds. It was not because of any of these things that his memory is more and more revered, and his name more and more cherished, as we of this nation annually meet to pay homage to him, to impress upon our

children that America produced, developed, and honored such a man. It was because he had within him more than statesmanship, more than fervid patriotism, more than a calm, dispassionate element of judgment. It was not because he sought preferment; not that he considered the effect upon personality, or what the future might say of him. He saw no shadow on future popularity, so anxiously looked for and so carefully avoided by the politician. He is not to be measured by the craft or the selfish sagacity of a statesman. It was because he had within him that stern, unyielding sense of duty. He saw his path before him clearly outlined, and he followed it regardless of obstacles—patient, untiring, possessed of no thought of what the morrow might have in store for him personally—confident in his rugged honesty and homely but true philosophy, that though perhaps misunderstood and wrongly criticised, sooner or later his mission would be accomplished and his country once more stand forth reunited and rejuvenated, the greatest nation of all time, glorifying in her strength, her broadness, her humanity, and her achievements.

Gentle beyond compare, patient beyond belief, his country and his duty were his creed, and for them he labored unceasingly and suffered patiently. "It is not a question of Lincoln, of Democrat or Republican, but a question of our country," he once said when reproached for a contemplated action. It was that sentiment, "our country," which guided him. For that country he gave himself without reserve, his rare talents, his immeasurable love, his remarkable sagacity—his life. All were freely laid upon the altar of home and country.

Careful and close inspection of his life reveals no single act which would bring him forth as a hero, or a man to be revered in after years. No one of his acts beckons posterity to cherish his memory or to applaud his name. Still, there he stands, gentle, yet firm; calm, yet unyielding; facing the storm of revolution; meeting defeat on bloody battlefields; earning victories at the expense of thousands of lives and millions of treasure; steadfastly facing the storm, unmoved by protest, denunciation, or praise, unwaveringly and persistently

pushing forward to that result which should bring peace with honor, and cement this nation in ties of brotherhood so strong, so enduring, that it would seem beyond the bounds of possibility that they should again be severed.

Great presidents have come and gone; great generals have achieved victories that have moved the world to poems of praise and thanksgiving; great statesmen have by diplomacy gathered for us fruits of politics, and laurels of world-respect, which have given us momentary pride and moved us well nigh to national egotism; but above and beyond all in the procession of the great men of our past history, stands Lincoln. Lincoln—not seeking greatness, yet the greatest of all! Lincoln—tried by fire, tempted by calls of what seemed humanity! Lincoln—the gentle, yet holding true the course of the Ship of State amid the most fearful carnage internecine strife had ever inflicted, his heart glowing with sympathy and sorrow, and his gaze longing for the sight of the olive branch of peace, hid by the tempestuous clouds of war! Lincoln—bearing the crucifix of rebellion, never for a moment hesitating or halting, and finally, when the end was reached and the labor of reconstruction begun, giving up his life for the cause which brought him forth! Well might have been his last words, “It is not a question of Lincoln, but of our country.”

It is because of all of this that we of this country speak of Lincoln to-night. It will be because of this, as the years go by, and as the transcendent qualities and benign nature of the man are studied and appreciated by future generations, that his memory will be recalled more eloquently and more vividly by an appreciative country.

As time passes, as we draw further away from the days on earth of the truest and best men, their figures stand out against the background of the history of ages, brightened and illuminated—yes, magnified, magnified to human eyes. In Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington is a life-size statue of Washington. The thousands who halt before it, almost in reverence, each year, are impressed with the thought—“Was he no larger than that?” His deeds and his memory

have so wrought themselves upon our imagination, that we look to see, in the representation of his form, a giant in stature. With Lincoln fresher in our minds, with those among us who knew him in his life, his statue seems but that of a pigmy in comparison with the results he achieved.

Future generations will pause before the image of the martyr patriot to wonder if the figures were not reduced by the sculptor to accommodate some niche among the glorious men in our national history.

The traveller fortunate enough to traverse America's western coast, north of the Golden Gate, sees upon the one side the blue, never-resting bosom of the Pacific, disappearing only under the steady music of its rolling waves breaking on the shore; on the other side the rugged peaks of the Sierra Nevadas. And in the northward journey are seen, now and again, standing out against the sky, like nature's everlasting sentinels, those magnificent snow-capped peaks, Shasta, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Hood, The Sisters, and last—grandest and greatest of all—Mount Rainier, eternally snow-capped, towering fifteen thousand feet into the sky. I remember to have stood at Tacoma and gazed with awe upon that pearly wonder—fifty miles away and yet so grand and great that its base seemed at my very feet. I remember to have seen it when the valley between it and me was filled with the storm cloud, and yet above the cloud this matchless peak towered a mile into the sky. I remember that when I left Tacoma it was at night, and that after riding all night upon the cars the first object that met my gaze in the morning was this same beautiful mountain peak, seeming grander, higher, more impressive than ever.

So it seems to me it is with Lincoln. Grand and strong and immutable in his greatness as he appeared in life, towering as he did above the storm cloud of war that surrounded him; yet viewed as we view him to-day through more than four decades of history, he seems even greater, more nearly divinely sent than before.

This is the test of true greatness. Lincoln sustains that

test. No flaws can be discovered in his character, inspect it as you will. His is a fame which will shine with undying lustre; his a name that will never be forgotten.

The sacredness of the Constitution, the unity of the States, the true freedom of all the people—for which he labored and prayed, for which his life went out just as the dawn of promise was breaking—are ours, still ours; ours to preserve and defend as he pointed the way; and we will preserve and defend them. Please God we may never again lose a chosen leader by the hand of one whose disordered brain directs it to fire the fatal shot. Please God that he whom the people choose to direct the nation's destinies during the coming years may, in the strength and vigor of perfect health, discharge those duties to the end. And as Lincoln inspired confidence and faith—so, calm, placid, serene—may he awaken a firm conviction that our future is secure. His hand upon the wheel, his eye upon the chart, may we be inspired to say:

“Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great;
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, each sail, each rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
With what a forge and what a heat
Were made the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not the sudden sound and shock,
’Tis of the wave and not the rock,
’Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o’er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!”

THE JANESVILLE COMMEMORATION

THE JANESVILLE COMMEMORATION

HON. GEORGE R. PECK, of Chicago, former President of the American Bar Association, has rendered many beautiful tributes to Lincoln; on the occasion of the Centenary he spoke at his old home at Janesville, Wisconsin.

THE APOSTLE OF OPPORTUNITY

HON. GEORGE R. PECK

IT is very fitting and appropriate that this association of lawyers should render homage to one of their calling, who, after winning high professional distinction, took to himself a glory and a fame that cannot die. You do well to remember that Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer. If you will recall his last great years—the years by which the world knows him—you will feel a certain pride in belonging to that profession which he chose in youth and whose principles and traditions were his guide and monitors to the end. In all that majestic on-marching career we may see—nay, we cannot fail to see—that he followed with almost religious devotion the approving voice and sanction of the law. Mark the solemn language which was the real keynote of the First Inaugural: “I hold,” he said, “that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual.” In that sentence it was the lawyer who spoke, giving to the statesmen who surrounded him, the fundamental idea upon which it was his purpose to stand. It was a brave pronouncement. Certainly it was also political wisdom and political truth, but above these the clear vision of Abraham Lincoln saw the organic law of a nation consecrated and enthroned. I bid you,

gentlemen of the bar, take mindful heed of that great ideal which lifted Abraham Lincoln to such lofty heights.

This much I have thought to say of him, because he belonged to our guild. He knew, as we do, the rigor of a lawsuit; he had felt the joy of victory and the smart of defeat; and, I do not doubt, the memory of the days when he travelled the circuit, and of forensic contests in which he had taken part, nerved and strengthened him in the weary years when nerve and strength were sorely needed. But Abraham Lincoln was not a mere lawyer, and history has given him a fame so universal that the world hardly remembers he belonged to our profession. But, if we cannot claim him simply because we are lawyers, we may yet rejoice that, as citizens of the Republic, we participate with all that bear the American name in his unfading renown.

In very truth he belongs alike to all who have shared the precious heritage which he left to his countrymen. He belongs to them as the lighthouse does to the mariner who steers his bark by its steadfast ray. He belongs to all who cherish the ideas, the hope, and the faith that were in him. Whatever sad and heroic memories cluster around his great career, something of their glory, some breath of their fragrance, rests upon every man who strives to make the United States of America such a nation as Abraham Lincoln strove to make it.

When we think of the name that is in every heart and upon every lip, how like a dream seems the century that is past! In a rude Kentucky cabin a hundred years ago this very day, the curtain was rising upon a drama which was destined to be of epic grandeur. Recalling the hour and the event, we almost seem to hear the rhythmic beat of the years as they speed to their eternal goal.

It is sometimes said, and said with truth, that the American character, considered as a type, has not yet been formed and moulded into shape. Undoubtedly it is still plastic and mutable; but we must remember that the processes of time are slow. The entire period since the western continent dawned upon Europe is but a brief span in comparison with the centuries which have been fusing Norman and Saxon and Dane

Lincoln's Way

Lincoln was great because he was simple, - because he was far-sighted, - because he was inflexible, - because he understood men, because he sacrificed himself, - because he loved much. Through good report and through evil report he walked in his way, with a quaint smile on his lips, an infinite sadness in his eyes, a strong purpose in his heart. He jested at follies in order that he might not always weep over the heavy weight of his country's woes. His humor was like those grotesque carvings with which the Gothic sculptors relieved the sombre immensity of a cathedral, - not an evidence of frivolity, but a momentary escape from an overwhelming sense of the seriousness of life. Consecrated to a double task, - the preservation of the Union, and the liberation of the slaves, - he stretched out his arms to hold these two duties together; and the bond that united them in victory was sealed with the blood of his heart.

Henry vanDyke



Medal Presented to the Widow of Abraham Lincoln by a Committee Representing Forty Thousand French Citizens; now in the Possession of Hon. Robert T. Lincoln

(The funds for this medal were raised by contributions limited to two *sous* each, enabling the poor people as well as the rich to take part)

into the English race; and yet we have something to show when great names are counted, something to remember when great deeds are told. Abraham Lincoln outshines the Plantagenets, and ennobles common blood forevermore.

The laws of descent are mysterious, if not altogether fathomless. Science, indeed, tells us that men are, in their essential qualities, the result and product of all their ancestors. But how and why it is—who can tell? The lineage of Abraham Lincoln was so humble, his environment and that of his family so narrow and so steeped in poverty, it seems like a miracle that he should ever have burst such bonds. Nicolay and Hay, in their great work, after describing his wretched birthplace, say: “And there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into the world, Abraham Lincoln was born on the twelfth day of February, 1809.” In this event there was nothing to attract attention—absolutely no prophecy of the future latently slumbering in the new born child. Least of all was there any hint of the solemn pageantry with which a great nation this day commemorates that lowly birth. Birthdays are rests and pauses in the symphony of time, and in observing the great and notable ones we set history to music.

Abraham Lincoln's parents were Virginians, but the ancestral strain flowed from Old England through New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania before it reached Virginia. The first of his race to settle in America was Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norwich, England, in 1638, and cast his lot with the God-fearing settlers who had located in the forest solitudes of Hingham, Massachusetts. Later, his son Mordecai pushed on to New Jersey, and thence to Pennsylvania. John, who was Mordecai's son, returned from Pennsylvania to New Jersey, but soon sought another home in Rockingham County, Virginia, and through him the blood of the Hingham Puritan flowed uninterruptedly to Abraham Lincoln. They were a family of frequent migrations, ever hungering for the wilderness and the frontier. If you follow their footsteps, you will be led from Massachusetts to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, and, after the birth of Abra-

ham Lincoln, to Indiana and Illinois. Out of these wanderings, perhaps by reason of them, or, it may be, in spite of them, was evolved the highest type of man this nation has known. And that is the mystery of it all, from every point of view. Human wisdom fails utterly when it grapples such a question. If any answer shall ever come, it must be in that far-off ultimate region where the mind can get nearer than now to the fugitive wherefore, and the ever elusive why. What gave so humble a plant such a noble fruitage is a problem we can not yet solve. But this we know, that it is our boon and privilege to behold, admire, and love.

Carlyle, within certain limitations, was not far from right in adoring heroes, and he was more than right in seeing that heroes do not of necessity wear plumes and sabres. It is the meek and not the mighty who are promised the inheritance of the earth. Francis of Assisi, out on the mountain side, calling the birds to come and perch upon his shoulders, and beckoning the poor peasantry to follow him in the pathway to the higher life, is a nobler figure than the great Medici, bent with the weight of his tinsel and his broidery. In the same way it may be truly said that Luther was a greater conqueror than Von Moltke, and Victor Hugo in exile a more potent force than the Third Napoleon in the Tuileries. Ideal characters cannot be made to order. They must stand for something more than accident, for something better than titles and dignities.

You do well to celebrate this day, and you will be wise if, here and now, you pledge a new and increasing fealty to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and his noble life. The times in which we live are filled with high appeals and solemn warnings, and yet we are in danger of forgetting plain old truths. The age is restless. Everywhere there is discontent, partly right and partly wrong; but they greatly err who imagine that the white crest upon the wave is a true measure of the depths below. The dogmatist and the doctrinaire, whose lips have hardly been moistened by the dew of wisdom, think that they, above all others, have a

message to which the age must listen. And thus it happens that things are often made to seem more, and sometimes far less, than they really are. It is well, perhaps, that it should be so. Let us not complain, for it is a wise and wholesome liberty which declares that every creed and doctrine shall be heard, and every voice shall have its say. But when the crickets pipe and chirrup, it is pleasant to think that somewhere there is peace; and when summer heats are upon us, it is sweet to rest in the shadow of an illustrious name. "He was not of an age, but for all time," was the noble tribute of Ben Jonson to Shakespeare, and it is as widely true of him who was the gentlest, bravest, wisest leader that ever wore the name of American citizen.

Abraham Lincoln was great—not fully knowing, but, I think, always believing in his own greatness. In him common sense took on flesh and blood. Rooted in humble soil, his life grew and strengthened and unconsciously flowered into fame. If you compare him with other statesmen—with Pitt, or Fox, or Palmerston—you will see that he had learned the secret never revealed to them, the sublime art of leading while seeming to follow. He is sometimes called the founder of the Republican Party. He was not that, but he was more. When, in 1858, he made that memorable canvass of Illinois, his party was a great instrument, discordant and untuned. He touched its chords and straightway a nation leaped into life to follow its enchanting strains. Some, perhaps, are here to-day who knew him; all have felt in their veins the thrill of his inspiring words. In those early days no one fathomed him. To his neighbors he was a plain, homely man, but behind that rugged face and the ill-fitting clothes there dwelt the soul of a ruler. No herald announced his coming, no trumpet sounded when a new Agamemnon—not king of men, but leader of men—rose from the prairies. "Is not a man better than a town?" asks Emerson. Verily, Abraham Lincoln, proclaiming the unwelcome truth that had just begun to dawn, was more than a city with all its domes and turrets flashing against the sky. We often talk of men who have a mission. Think of him in all that great debate,

sounding into unwilling ears the prophetic figure of the "house divided against itself." Again and again it rang out, like an alarum bell, calling upon men to bestir themselves if they would avert the gathering wrath.

And the storm came—but the house stood. It stood because Abraham Lincoln lived to set it right and to make all who dwelt therein free, by the grace of God and his own immortal pen.

It is something more than a sentiment which makes us love the memory of Abraham Lincoln, though sentiment alone is a sufficient reason. The years have lifted him into the region of legend and tradition. But there are still among us men whose memories go back to the days when he carried the nation's burdens. They remember how the world opened its eyes to marvel at his never-failing judgment, his tender sympathy, and the unconquerable spirit which disaster could not shake nor victory too much elate. He kept his even poise in good and in evil times. No President before or since ever selected such a Cabinet. He chose his rivals to be his advisers and easily towered above them all. And yet this man, so sagacious and sensible, had, as the greatest always have, a temperament highly wrought, poetical, mystical, almost superstitious. The unseen world haunted him like a vision. To him was given that "inward eye" of which Wordsworth sang, the deep perception of things which are precious because they are invisible. It seems strange to us that Abraham Lincoln believed in the dreams that came to him before great victories and defeats; but it is because we cannot fully comprehend a nature in which, if there had not been some vent, soul and body would have sunk together under the terrible strain that was upon him. In the midst of it all a merciful solace came to him in that sense of humor with which he was so largely endowed. Only fools are always serious. Abraham Lincoln's humor gives him a place in the first order of minds. Laughter and tears are next of kin. The same pen that wrote "Hamlet" gave to the world the rollicking fun of Falstaff, and thereby showed that his genius was "as broad and general as the casing air."

If Abraham Lincoln had been a pedant; if he had been simply an able lawyer; nay, if he had been only a statesman, instead of a Man, you would never have heard of his stealing silently out of the White House at night, out under the midnight sky, alone, to think of the old days by the Sangamon and to brood over the unknown future and the veil which hung between him and his destiny.

The mythical and the romantic have already gathered their stories and wreathed them about his name. The age of chivalry has passed, and this unromantic century does not readily accept the traditional and the unreal; and yet King Arthur and the Cid are no more heroes in the fabulous tales of their knightly deeds than is Abraham Lincoln in the quaint and curious anecdotes of his life. He is the only great man in history whom we can make seem like ourselves, the plain, everyday people. Who knew as he did how to say the right word? Who, like him, could touch the popular heart when it was ready to break, and make it beat again with his own high resolves? We took our courage from him, and the shattered armies filled up when he sounded the summons to come.

The great crisis of his life, as all the world knows, was the proclamation of freedom. It has been glorified in history, poetry and art. And yet, resplendent as it was, he gave to it none of the dramatic coloring which usually accompanies such events. It was, perhaps, an inspiration, but it was not such as suddenly came to Napoleon, when he called upon the Pyramids and past ages to be witnesses of his genius. If you will stop to consider, you will see how the very greatness of it forbade any of the tawdry gilding of a theatrical performance. Others might be thinking of such things, but he had "that within which passeth show." Simplicity is the truest sublimity. And thus it happened that the greatest act in American history—perhaps in all history—went forth only as an appeal to "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

And then his prophecy came true. The house ceased to be divided. The armies of the Union, pressing forward with

new hope, carried victory and freedom together and made them one. History has given Abraham Lincoln a unique place. He had power greater than any King or Emperor, and he used it as modestly as a village pastor might wield his influence over a rural congregation. It has sometimes been said that he did not have in the highest sense what is known as executive ability. I am glad that he did not. Very small men have had that. But he had what is better. He was granite for the right, but yielding as water when common sorrows touched his own sad heart.

"The better angels of our nature," of which he spoke in that first sublime appeal to his countrymen, were living realities to him; and many a time, when some soldier boy had made a slip from the rules of military duty and discipline, those "better angels" pleaded for him, and pleaded not in vain. How true it is that "spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." Abraham Lincoln's nature was not that which is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed to dwell in the backwoodsman and the rustic. God sets his seal on the brow which is worthy to receive it. You cannot tell what subtle law it was that made a Warwickshire village flash Shakespeare upon the world's great canvas, nor why Burns came from an Ayrshire cottage to be the universal singer of humanity. Equally, it is beyond our ken to guess why Abraham Lincoln, plain and homespun, was called from an Illinois prairie to the first place in the world.

He was above all things a man; strong, resolute, modest, too great to be proud, too deeply introspective not to see his own limitations and his own possibilities. No ruler by divine right ever had more true dignity; no laborer driving his team afield, more true humility. As Abraham Lincoln, he never forgot that he was President; as President, he never forgot that he was Abraham Lincoln. He was more than conqueror. The armies triumphed at last; but greater than Atlanta or Richmond or Appomattox was the conquest he made of the world's opinions and the world's heart. Four years had lifted him into the secure region where neither malice nor envy nor uncharitableness can ever come again. And what years

they were! Years of broken hopes, of pride crushed under chariot wheels, years of disappointment and years of agony. Armies had gone down in ruin, and generals had ridden to defeat; but still the nation waited, patiently trusting the leader who never spoke a doubting word. We lived on hope—"the medicine of the unhappy." But the currents came right at last. Victories began to crowd upon each other, giving assurance that fortune had repented and would make atonement for the past.

Those of us who are old remember how the Fourth of July gained a new lustre at Gettysburg, and was given a deeper meaning when Vicksburg opened its gates and the river flowed unvexed to the sea. And then the months went on, crowded with thrilling scenes, as if a new Homer were chanting another story for the ages. Every day some shackle was broken; every hour some slave stood up and thanked God that he was free. In that last triumphal year there was a Wilderness to be crossed, but there was a Grant to cross it. There was a sea kissing the beach by Savannah, but there was a Sherman eager to plant the flag on its shore. And so the end came in glory and with a joy that never would find words. And with the end came death and immortality—

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever returning Spring."

Nature has griefs that claim kinship with humanity. The story is told that farmers in central Illinois insisted, with quaint but touching gravity, that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. When he ceased to breathe, Edwin M. Stanton turned to the group of mourners standing by his bedside and said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

It is true; and the times in which we live, the events which we have witnessed, or that have come to us from those who saw and heard and felt, make us hostages to his memory, and pledge us to that universal truth whose voice pleads for every good cause.

It is an inspiring thing to follow one whose leadership

is always toward what is best in American citizenship. Viewing that greatest figure in all our history, we cannot fail to see that he was absolutely free from cant and affectation, doing bravely and openly the things he conceived to be his duty. He lived in plain view of his neighbors and friends, sharing their joys and sorrows, doing his duty after the fashion of a brave and honest man. Until the time when the nation called him to his great office, he might have been counted—and, I suppose, was counted, in some sense—a politician, but I have never heard that he was ashamed of the fact, or had cause to be ashamed. Undoubtedly he recognized, and it is one proof of his greatness, that in every constitutional government, parties, notwithstanding their blemishes and imperfections, are the forces upon which statesmen and patriots and the people themselves must rely. If you would make steam work, you must harness it into the mechanism of an engine. If you would make principles effective, you must organize them into moral batteries which will break down the forces that stand in their path.

The large, well-rounded nature of Abraham Lincoln always reached out for high essentials, but never wasted time on small abstractions. Slavery in all its forms was hideous to him, and he opposed its extension with all the strength of his rugged nature, but, recognizing its constitutional sanctions, he never thought of disturbing it in the States where it was protected by law until, to save the Union and to crush the Rebellion, he sentenced it to death.

Abraham Lincoln was the apostle of opportunity. Doing always the duty that lay nearest, he worked with the tools that were at hand. He knew—and we must learn—that majorities and minorities may be right or wrong; but whatever is best will some day come if only patience stands on guard.

How paltry seem the little contentions of little men! More than any other of our statesmen, Abraham Lincoln stands for that largeness of view, that serene balance of mind, which is the true evidence of genius. And that is our highest lesson to-day and the lesson for the centuries to come. Above

all else, Abraham Lincoln leads us away from things which are petty and ignoble to the heights—always to the heights.

Comrades of the Grand Army, more than any others in this great assemblage, you are the sure and concrete proof of American patriotism. You have worn the blue, you have carried the flag, and you have stood in rank when the air was filled with scream of shot and shell. But to-day the peace for which you fought rests upon you as a blessing and a benediction.

Let me salute you in soldier fashion and give you heart and hand in memory of the old days and the old cause. It must needs be that time and frost and the years that never stop have stiffened our joints and given us the stoop of age, but shall the currents of our hearts be slackened? Comrades, we are old; but there are infinite memories which invoke us to be true to the cause which was the love of our youth. When fife and drum were sounding it was easy to keep step to every call, and now, when our lives have almost reached the end, and our walk is slow and heavy, let us proudly remember that it was Abraham Lincoln who summoned us to defend a government “of the people, by the people, for the people.”

AN EX-SLAVE'S TRIBUTE TO THE EMANCIPATOR *

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

WHEN I look back it seems to me that almost the first name I learned, aside from those of the people who lived on or near the Virginia plantation where I was born, was that of Abraham Lincoln, who, forty-six years ago last month, signed the Proclamation which set my people free.

The circumstances under which I first heard the name of the great emancipator were these: When the war broke out I was a small boy on a plantation in Franklin County, in the southwestern corner of Virginia. We were living in a remote part of the country and, although the war was going on all around us, we saw little of it, except when we saw them brought back again—as we did sometimes—dead.

My mother was the cook on our plantation and as I grew up and was able to make myself useful, my work was to attend my master's table at meal time. In the dining-room there was an arrangement by which a number of fans that hung to the rafters over the table could be moved slowly back and forth by pulling a string. It was my business to work these fans at meal time, and that, as I remember, was the first work I ever did. As a result, however, I was present at all the meals and heard all the conversation that went on there. Incidentally I heard a great deal about the causes and the progress of the War, and though I understood very little of what I heard, there was one name that stuck fast in my memory and that was the name of Abraham Lincoln. The reason that I remembered this name more than the others, was because it was the one name that I encountered at the "big house," which I heard repeated in different tones and with different significance in the cabins of the slaves.

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Many a night before the dawn of day I have been awakened to find the figure of my dear mother bending over me as I lay huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, praying that "Marse Lincoln" might succeed and that some day I might be free. Under these circumstances the name of Lincoln made a great impression upon me, and I never forgot the circumstances under which I first heard it.

Among the masses of the negro people on the plantations during the War, all their dreams and hopes of freedom were in some way or other coupled with the name of Lincoln. When the slaves sang those rude plantation hymns, in which thoughts of heaven and salvation were mingled with thoughts of freedom, I suspect they frequently confused the vision of the Saviour with that of the Emancipator, and so salvation and freedom came to mean sometimes pretty much the same thing.

There is an old plantation hymn that runs somewhat as follows:

"We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
It won't be long,
It won't be long,
'Fore de Lord will call us home."

When that song was first sung, the "freedom" of which it speaks was the freedom that comes after death, and the "home" to which it referred was Heaven. After the War broke out, however, the slaves began to sing these freedom songs with greater vehemence, and they gained a new and more definite meaning. To such an extent was this the case that in Georgetown, South Carolina, it is said that negroes were put in jail for singing the song which I have quoted.

When Lincoln, in April, 1865, entered Richmond immediately after it had been evacuated by the Confederate armies, the colored people, to whom it seemed almost as if the "last

day'' had come, greeted the strange, kindly figure of the President as if he had been their Saviour instead of merely their liberator.

There is a story of one old Aunt who had a sick child in her arms when the President passed through the city. The child was alarmed at the surrounding riot, and was crying to come home, but the good woman kept trying to get the child to gaze at the President, which she was afraid to do, and she would try to turn the child's head in that direction, and would turn around herself in order to accomplish the same object.

"See yeah, honey," she would say, "look at de Saviour, an' you will git well. Touch de hem of his garment, honey, an' yur pain will be done gone."

As the years have gone by, we have all learned, white folks and colored people, North and South, how much the country as a whole owes to the man who liberated the slaves. There is no one now, North or South, who believes that slavery was a good thing, even for those who seemed to profit most by it; but hard and cruel as the system frequently was in the case of the black man, the white man suffered quite as much from the evils that it produced. In order to hold the negro in slavery, it was necessary to keep him in ignorance. The result was that the South condemned itself, not merely to employ none but the poorest and most expensive labor, but what was worse, to use all its higher intellectual, moral, and religious energies in defending before the world its right to hold another race, not merely in a condition of ignorance, but of moral and spiritual degradation.

There is no task that an individual or a people can undertake which is so ungrateful, and so certain, in the long run, to fail, as that of holding down another individual or another race that is trying to rise. It is not possible, you know, for an individual to hold another individual down in the gutter without staying down there with him. So it is not possible for one race to devote a large share of its time and attention to keeping another race down, without losing some time and

some energy that might otherwise have been used in raising itself higher in the scale of civilization.

Under the influence of slavery the South was fast getting out of touch and sympathy with all the generous, upbuilding, and civilizing influences of the world.

Abraham Lincoln, in giving freedom to the black man, who was a slave, gave it at the same time to the white man, who was free. He not merely loosened the enslaved forces of nature in the Southern States, but he emancipated the whole United States from that sectional and fratricidal hatred which led the white man in the South to look upon his brother in the North as an enemy to his section and himself, and led the white man in the North to look upon his brother in the South as an enemy not merely to the nation, but also to mankind. I have had some experience of physical slavery, and I have known, too, what it is to hate men of another race, and I can say positively that there is no form of slavery which is so degrading as that which leads one man to hate another because of his race, his condition, or the color of his skin.

All these things did not seem so clear to us before the War as they do now, and yet there have always been people in the South who clearly saw the evils of slavery and opposed them. If the times had permitted these men in the South to look calmly upon the course of events, they would have found themselves in close sympathy with Abraham Lincoln. Now that the excitement of the anti-slavery agitation has died away, not merely these men, but many others in the South are beginning to see that during the whole course of the Civil War the South had no more sincere friend than the Abolitionist President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. He, at least, never forgot, during all the long and bloody struggle, that a time was coming when the men who fought for the South, and the men who fought for the Union must settle down side by side as fellow-citizens of the one indivisible Republic.

Some one who was present when Lincoln heard the news

of Lee's surrender said that Jeff Davis ought to be hung. The President in his reply quoted from his Inaugural Address, "Let us judge not that we be not judged." Another said that the sight of Libby prison forbade mercy. "Let us judge not," he repeated, "that we be not judged." This was said at the close of the War when the whole North was aflame with the news of victory. A year before, however, he had said in his jocular way, "We should avoid planting and cultivating too many thorns in the bosom of society." All through the War he saw, what Southern statesmen either shut their eyes to or failed to see, that even had the South won in the War, the old struggle between freedom and slavery would have gone on just the same, under other banners and other battle cries.

"Physically speaking," he said, in his first Inaugural Address, "we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you."

Whether as separate nations, or as separate States of the same nation, the struggle between freedom and slavery was bound to continue. Had it been possible to put an end to the conflict over slavery between the people of the Northern and people of the Southern States, it would soon have broken out again within the Southern States themselves. It should never be forgotten that there was always a minority in the South which openly or in silence opposed slavery. After 1830, when the abolition agitation sprang up in the North and it came to be considered a sort of treason in the South to lend any sort of favor to abolition sentiments, the opinions

against slavery were no longer openly expressed in the South, but the opposition to slavery did not cease. Thousands of people who submitted to the censorship that was at that time imposed upon the open expression of opinion, silently evaded the laws, and upon some plea or other emancipated their slaves or sent them into free States, where their freedom was assured. This is shown by the fact of the constantly increasing number of "free negroes," both in the Northern and Southern States, and this, too, in spite of the efforts that were made to colonize this class of citizens abroad.

No one knew these facts better than Lincoln. He mentions them in his debates with Douglas. In this connection it should not be forgotten that Lincoln was a Southerner by birth. If he did not share the prejudices of the Southern people, he at least understood and sympathized with them. In his debate with Douglas he spoke as a Southerner rather than a Northern Abolitionist.

The extreme Abolitionists of the Eastern States were frequently violently opposed to him. Because of his attitude on the fugitive slave law, Wendell Phillips wrote an article entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Slave Hound of Illinois."

The Northwest Territory, of which Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan were formed, was largely settled by Southerners who were opposed to slavery. These men remained Southerners in sentiment and tradition. They did not cease to love the South because they had gone into voluntary exile from it. In a certain sense it is true, therefore, that the abolition movement of the Middle West, which Lincoln represented, was the moral sentiment of the South turned against its own peculiar institutions. It was not the opposition of strangers nor of aliens in tradition and sentiment that the South met in Lincoln and in the anti-slavery people of Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois, from whom he sprang. It was, to a large degree, the opposition of Southerners to that institution of the South that not only endangered the Union of the States, but was slowly and insidiously destroying the South.

I think it is important to point out this connection of

Lincoln with the South, and with Southern anti-slavery sentiment, because there are men in the South to-day who are working, silently and earnestly, still in the spirit of that elder generation of anti-slavery men, in order to complete the work that Lincoln began. In a certain way I may say that these men are the direct inheritors of that moral sentiment of the South, which, as I have sought to suggest, was represented by Abraham Lincoln and the Southern anti-slavery men of the Middle West.

As the years have passed, all sections of the country have learned to look with altered views upon the men and the issues of the Civil War. Many things that seemed of overshadowing importance forty or fifty years ago, now look small and insignificant.

Many persons who were in the foreground then, have now moved into the background. Looking at these persons and events from a distance, as usually happens, they look smaller and less significant. There is only one figure that seems to grow constantly bigger and more impressive as the years go by. It is with a really great man as it is with a lofty tower standing in the midst of a crowded city. As long as you are near it, there are a multitude of smaller and more animated scenes and objects that distract your attention, and you get only the most distorted idea of the lofty structure near you. But as you move farther and farther away, other objects sink into insignificance, and it looms large and serene above them. For the first time you see the mighty edifice in its true proportions.

As it is with the tower in the city, so it has been with Abraham Lincoln. Year by year he looms larger above the horizon of our national life—a great, serene, beneficent figure—which seems to stretch its arms out to us, saying to us of that War as he did at Gettysburg:

“It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that

we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Although each portion of the American people still look at Abraham Lincoln from a different angle and with widely different sentiments and feelings, it is still true, I believe, that the whole country has learned to honor and revere his memory. To the South he appears, as I have said, no longer as an enemy, but a wise and sincere friend. To the people who have inherited the traditions of the North he is the preserver of the Union, the second founder of the nation, but to the negro people he will remain for all time the liberator of their race. In the eyes of the excited and ecstatic freedmen at the close of the War Lincoln appeared not merely as a great man, but as a personal friend; not merely an emancipator, but a saviour. I confess that the more I learn of Lincoln's life, the more I am disposed to look at him much as my mother and those early freedmen did, not merely as a great man, not merely as a statesman, but as one to whom I can certainly turn for help and inspiration—as a great moral leader, in whose patience, tolerance, and broad human sympathy there is salvation for my race, and for all those who are down, but struggling to rise.

LINCOLN AND HIS RELATIONS WITH CONGRESS *

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM

CONGRESS, in the days of Lincoln, was a conservative, hard-working body, jealous of its prerogatives, just as it has always been; but there was far more intense excitement, bitter feeling, and general interest in Congress than there is to-day. President Lincoln was freely criticised; he had bitter opponents in Congress, as he had outside; but there were others who, with the great majority of the people, placed implicit faith in him and felt certain that he would carry the country through the awful crises and eventually save the Union. This was especially true among those who knew him best. With the War dragging its bloody trail the entire length of his administration, the national credit poor, taxes mounting upward, problems innumerable only to be solved by Congress, it can be readily seen that it was exceedingly important that the President should know intimately and judge correctly the men whose support he must seek in nearly every project he was called upon to undertake. Lincoln did know his men. There was never a President of the United States who could so well and so correctly judge men as Abraham Lincoln, and he was seldom, if ever, mistaken in his judgment.

I called upon him at the White House a few months before he was assassinated and a short time after my election as a member of the House of Representatives. I had been visiting in Washington, and spent considerable time around Congress, talking with members and senators, and it seemed to me that scarcely any of the strong men were in favor of the President. I was greatly impressed and concerned on account of the number of adverse criticisms I had heard. Before leaving Washington I called upon the President, and

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I asked him, "Mr. Lincoln, do you allow anybody to talk to you about yourself?" He said, "Certainly; sit down." I told him that I wanted to talk with him a little about what I had seen and heard around Congress since coming here, and said that it seemed to me that most of the strong men were against him. He replied, with a smile, "It is not quite so bad as that," and with that he took up a copy of the "Congressional Directory," with the remark that there were many congressmen on his side, and turning to the list of senators and representatives he went over it for my benefit. I saw that nearly every name was marked, and as he went down the list he commented on each, as, for instance: "This man is for me"; "The best friend I have"; "He's not for me now, but I can win him over," and so on. I found that he knew almost positively how every man stood, and the great majority of them were for him.

It was an interesting catalogue of personal characteristics, and I knew then that Abraham Lincoln's habit of studying men had not lapsed when he went to Washington; and I saw, too, that he had a perfect knowledge of Congress and its personnel.

I well recall a comment I heard him make concerning James G. Blaine, who was then in the House. Blaine had made a speech that day that had attracted attention. Lincoln said of him, "Blaine is one of the rising young men of our country," an assertion which succeeding years proved to be true.

I well recall the morning when the message came from Washington that the President had been killed, and it so happened that I was called upon to announce the terrible news to the great crowd assembled in the old State House Square in Springfield.

Five years previous he had departed from Springfield for Washington, never to return. I clasped hands with him at parting, and there passed between us a conversation which strengthened my determination to go to Congress. I was the newly elected Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, and Lincoln had just attained his title "Mr. President," which I took delight in using.

“Good-by, Mr. President,” said I, “I will be down in Washington with you one of these days.” “Come on, Mr. Speaker,” he replied, “I hope you will appear there soon.”

After a few years I kept my promise, and immediately following my election to the House I took a trip to Washington to look over the field of my coming labors, as the successor to Congressman John T. Stewart. I boldly entered the room of Secretary Nicolay at the White House, as I had been accustomed to do during my visits to Washington, and found, much to my surprise, that I had broken in on a conference between the President and Secretary Seward. President Lincoln, seeing me, as I was about to withdraw, said, “Come in, Cul-lom,” and, turning to his Cabinet officer, “Seward, you remember my old friend Stewart, who was here last term? Well, he was beaten for reelection, and this is the young man who beat him.”

There were many great and interesting men in both the House and Senate in those terrible days during the Civil War, and many of them continued leading figures during the days of reconstruction immediately following. With many of those I was personally, and later became more or less intimately, acquainted. There was Fessenden of Maine, who succeeded as Secretary of the Treasury the dignified Salmon P. Chase, whom many people, including myself, thought indispensable, and succeeded him in the office so well that the country never felt the change. There was John Sherman in the Senate, even then one of the leaders, later to become one of our greatest Secretaries of the Treasury; Thaddeus Stevens in the House, who wielded an influence second to none; Charles Sumner, one of the great men of his day, who filled a peculiarly important place in the history of his time, then serving as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Trumbull of Illinois was one of the leaders of the upper House and was recognized as one of the great lawyers of the nation. Hendricks of Indiana, Wilson of Massachusetts, Howe of Wisconsin, Henderson of Missouri, Chandler of Michigan, were then in their prime. John A. Logan was, during the early part of Lincoln's administration, a member

of the House; resigning in 1861, he became the foremost volunteer officer of the Civil War.

I regarded Thaddeus Stevens as the dominating figure in the House during the War and the days of reconstruction, but there were others who became famous in American political life later. There was Voorhees of Indiana, William B. Allison of Iowa, James G. Blaine of Maine, Conkling of New York, next to whom I occupied a seat and was practically at his elbow during his fierce struggle in debate with Blaine some years later. Owen Lovejoy represented one of the Illinois districts previous to my term in the House. I was at the White House when the news of his death was brought to Lincoln, and I recall the kindly manner in which he spoke of him. Lovejoy had been something of a radical in the House, and, although his radicalism had in a way aided Lincoln, there were times when it grew too strong for the good of the cause in hand. Speaking of Lovejoy on this occasion, Lincoln said, "He was one of the best men in Congress. If he became too radical I always knew that I could send for him and talk it over and he would go back to the floor and do about as I wanted."

Shortly before Lincoln was nominated as a candidate for a second term, Salmon P. Chase, a member of the Cabinet, had quietly undertaken to secure the nomination for himself. I was in Washington when the secret letter written by Senator Pomeroy, urging politicians to support the Chase candidacy, came out, and I was among those who urged that Chase be turned out of the Cabinet, and I so expressed myself to the President. He replied: "Let him alone; he can do no more harm where he is than on the outside."

That was his way of looking at things. He was of too kindly a disposition, too great a man to punish any one for being against him, but at the same time he was more far-seeing than others. He knew that to remove Chase would only make a martyr of him; to send him back to Ohio would only place him in a position to make trouble for the administration, and so he simply let him alone, which was by far the wisest thing to do, until Mr. Chase resigned once too

often, and then, one day, much to the chagrin of his Secretary of the Treasury, he accepted his resignation.

No more striking illustration of Mr. Lincoln's magnanimity can be given than his appointment of Mr. Chase to be Chief Justice of the United States a few months after he had accepted his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury. It so happened that I was in Mr. Nicolay's office when Mr. Chase came to the White House to thank the President for his appointment as Chief Justice. The door was ajar, and I heard the few words that passed between them. They were both extremely dignified. Mr. Chase thanked him in a few words, and the President simply responded that he hoped that Mr. Chase would do his duty, and so the interview closed.

The Message to Congress the year I was elected was, as I recall it, a marvel of succinctness and frankness as to actual conditions prevailing in the land. A sunny and optimistic view of every situation was taken, however, and if the people wished to take a gloomy view of even disastrous war episodes, it was their own doing. At the time the Message was written General Sherman was attempting his famous march of three hundred miles directly through the insurgents' region. There were plenty of forebodings at Washington as to the eventual outcome. Lincoln dismissed the subject in his Message with these few words, after stating the undertaking, "The result not yet being known, conjecture in regard to it is not here indulged."

In other words, Lincoln intimated to Congress that the country would cross no bridges until they were reached. However, there was contained in that Message to Congress, when the War was nearly over, a note of determination which left no doubt in the minds of those who read it that Lincoln still believed the sentiments he had expressed in his great speech wherein he said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand"—a speech which I heard him deliver, by the way, and I must confess that it was an utterance which was a bulwark to me in those trying days when determination only gave way to doubt and fear.

Those were dark days, but how soon was to come vindica-

tion of Lincoln's diagnosis that the issue could only be tried by war and decided by victory. In the early days of Spring came the campaigns around Richmond, and Lee was driven to the final stand, where he accepted bitter and unconditional surrender.

To Lincoln was given but a glimpse of the Promised Land. He lived to see the power of rebellion broken, but was sent to his eternal reward before he saw the authority of the Union established in all the rebellious States. He was permitted to go up into the mountain, Nebo, and to catch a glimpse of the Promised Land of a restored nation, but his weary feet were not permitted to cross the border that separated it from the Wilderness of Civil War. With his gentle but firm manner, he had led Congress to do his bidding. The rising curtain of succeeding years has only served to show the soul of wisdom which that legislative body had before it during those dark days as a guiding angel.

THE COMMEMORATION ABROAD

THE COMMEMORATION ABROAD

THE truly national character of the commemoration of Lincoln's Centenary is shown not alone by the celebration of the day in every city and hamlet, church and school, home and library; by rich and poor, educated and unlettered; by the most distinguished officials of the Nation, State, or city, and by the humblest private citizens; but perhaps more than all else by the way in which the day was observed by absent Americans on foreign shores.

The Lincoln Centenary was widely celebrated abroad by the American colonies, under the direction of the American consuls, and at the American embassies. These celebrations evidence the abiding interest of Americans the world over in the life of "the first American." Wherever groups of Americans were found, the day was given over to patriotic exercises, in commemoration of the man who stands, as never before, for all that America means to the hearts of her sons and daughters.

The universal interest which this great American awakened was also shown by the recognition of the Centenary of his birth by the citizens of these foreign nations, and by the tributes to him by the sons of Japan and England, Germany and France, Italy and Brazil.

England, the country perhaps closest to us of all, by ties of blood and common ideals, paid homage to the day through the person of its King, Edward VII., addressing to Ambassador Bryce at Washington the following message for transmission to our Secretary of State and the people of the United States:

"His Majesty's government has learned with interest of the preparations which are being made by the President and people of the United States to commemorate, on February 12, the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

"I have to request Your Excellency to convey to the Secretary of State, the cordial sympathy of His Majesty's government, with the spirit

which inspires the United States on this celebration, and their desire to share in paying a tribute of honor and appreciation to the strength and simplicity of President Lincoln's character."

The Mayor of London, England, cabled to President Roosevelt the following message:

"The Lincoln city flag waves over the Guild Hall to-day in sympathetic commemoration of the event."

At Rochdale, Lancaster, England, a great meeting was held, presided over by the Mayor, while Hon. John L. Griffith, American Consul at Liverpool, delivered the Centenary address. Other speakers recalled that Rochdale's great townsman, John Bright, had loyally supported the cause of Lincoln.

A cable message was also received from Manchester, England, where the crowds, gathered to take part in the commemoration of the day, over-taxed the capacity of the hall provided, and necessitated an over-flow meeting.

Brazil honored Lincoln and Lincoln's country through the participation of Ambassador Nabuco in the celebration at Washington, D. C., while in its own towns and cities, national flags were hoisted on all the federal, state, and municipal buildings; the Brazilian warships were dressed, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the Lincoln Centenary day, both warships and fortresses fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

At Paris, France, the American Club observed the birthdays of both Washington and Lincoln, with joint impressive ceremonies, while on the Centenary day itself the Lyceum Club gave a banquet at which were present Ambassador and Mrs. White and two hundred Americans resident in Paris. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, acted as the speaker of this occasion, as well as of the commemoration at the American Club.

At Berlin, Germany, there were two commemorative meetings; one at the University of Berlin, under the direction of Professor Felix Adler, and the other an essentially American meeting at the home of the Ambassador.

In Rome, Italy, a special banquet was held, attended by one hundred and ten Americans, including Ambassador Lloyd

Griscom, Signor Nathan, Mayor of Rome, and several other Italian dignitaries, Ambassador Griscom making the principal address of the evening.

In the Hawaiian Islands a civic and military parade marked the day, with exercises at the Opera House in the evening; while at Manila, and all through the Philippine Islands, patriotic exercises were held in schools during the day, with a general celebration at Manila, presided over by Governor-General James Smith, at which the principal address was delivered by Mr. Justice Johnson of Manila.

It is regretted that an account of these various foreign and territorial celebrations, fuller than we have here been able to offer, cannot be given, with the full text of the speeches delivered that day in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and in the islands of the sea, but the limits of this volume permit the inclusion of only a very few.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND *

THE public meeting held in Manchester to celebrate the Centenary, led to a remarkable demonstration of interest in Abraham Lincoln's life and work. When the meeting was planned, the offer by the Lord Mayor of the use of his parlor (a room with accommodation for about four hundred people) was accepted readily, for it was anticipated that it would be adequate for the occasion. Instead of four hundred nearly five times as many people made their way to the Town Hall in the afternoon, and an overflow meeting in the large hall had hastily to be arranged. Even then there were no spare places, for while the surplus audience quite filled the large hall, the smaller room was packed to the doors and scores of people had to stand. To prevent disappointment, the speakers addressed each gathering in turn. Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester, was the Chairman in the Lord Mayor's parlor, and the Deputy Mayor (Mr. Councillor Harrop) presided in the large hall.

* Extract from a Manchester newspaper.

Bishop Welldon recalled the dates of Lincoln's birth and death, and spoke of the deep impression made on the citizens of Manchester by the circumstances of the President's end.

BISHOP WELLDON'S SPEECH*

A public meeting was held in the Old Town Hall in King Street, and a resolution was passed expressing "horror and detestation of the deplorable crime which has resulted in the violent death of the chief magistrate of the American Republic." Forty-four years later we are met here to express our faith that Abraham Lincoln "though dead yet speaketh." His name is imperishably associated with one of those supreme moral triumphs which ennoble and exalt the life of nations, which are not achieved without bloodshed and without agony, but having once been won endure forevermore. The slave trade has become so entirely a matter of history that few who are present to-day can imagine what it was. But if anybody cares to read a chapter of a book which has quite lately appeared—Lehmann's "Memories of Half a Century," and the chapter entitled "Richmond Slave Market"—he will realize and will never forget the unspeakable shame of the slave trade.

It is sometimes said that President Lincoln was cut off before his work was done. To my mind his work was done on that day, April 3, 1865, when the flag of the Union was hoisted at Richmond over the house in which the Confederate Assembly had been wont to meet, that day when, as he rode silently through the streets to his house, "the colored people in multitudes flocked around him, they rent the air with their shouts, they danced, they sang, they prayed for blessings on his head, they wept, kneeling at his feet."

The roll of the Presidents of the United States of America is one of which any country may be proud. Among those Presidents, Lincoln, if he is not the greatest, is at least the most familiarly known. The magnitude of the meetings gathered to-day in his honor is a witness to the undying lustre of his name; but in him there were certain elements

* Given in part only.

which appealed, and do still appeal, to the popular mind. He rose, as other Presidents have risen, from a humble state of life. There was in him a simple, homely eloquence. Everybody knows his dictum about swapping horses. But I always like better that saying of his which he was wont to put in the form of a dream, when he saw somebody watching him who said, "That is a common-looking fellow," and he replied, "Yes, God prefers common-looking people; that is why He has made so many of them."

Lincoln was characterized by a certain background of melancholy, which gave a charm and character to his youth. It is to his eternal credit that he saw the truth respecting the Union in the United States, that he saw on what conditions that Union could endure, and that he resolved, whatever the cost might be, to preserve it. I recall to your mind those words of his, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." Thank God, it has become all the home of free men.

No words can exaggerate the weight of responsibility which rested upon Lincoln before and during the Civil War. It is impossible to admire too strongly his integrity, his sympathy, his love of peace, which never failed him in the hours of battle and of victory. I do not think anyone here will forget that in all that he did he was actuated by a strong, if somewhat undefined, religious feeling. He believed—and may I not say rightly believed?—that in his great crusade for liberty the Almighty stood at his right hand. He remains as one of the heroic figures of all history, for he laid down his life that the slaves might be free.

Vice-Chancellor Hopkinson, of Manchester University, related some of the incidents which occurred in Lancashire at the time of the Civil War, and recalled memories of the workers in the cotton trade who supported the cause of liberty.

“Was there anything in the history of the last century,” he asked, “more noble than the way in which the working people of Lancashire insisted that no part should be taken in that struggle, although they were hearing from time to time how the ships of the North were blockading the only ports from which supplies of cotton could come?”

There were (he pointed out) many lessons to be learned from the War. If a nation is to be strong it must be inspired by a strong feeling of unity. In time of stress there must be that kind of courage which, in spite of reverses at first, will go on till victory is won. And, lastly, if engaged in any struggle, whether in politics or in war, men gained enormously in power if a great cause for the benefit of humanity was before them.

Abraham Lincoln's personal life emphasized one or two dangers with which England and America were faced to-day. There was a want of simplicity in the lives of the better-to-do classes of both nations. There was a perpetual desire to talk, a perpetual desire for publicity and advertisement. The simplicity of Lincoln's life, and his silence, even more than his speeches, were eloquent on these points.

Lord Stanley of Alderley described himself as one of the few people present who had been face to face with Lincoln. “It is forty-five years since I met him in Washington, yet the memory of his face is still fresh to me. It is easy but unnecessary to dwell on the fine points in Abraham Lincoln's character, but looking back on that period I feel that the merits and qualities of the President were in some degree the merits and qualities of the people in the crisis through which they went. Lincoln would have done nothing if he had not had the people of the United States behind him. His career shows what a free people can do when they are stirred by a great moral cause.” Of the lessons to be drawn from Lincoln's career, Lord Stanley said there was one which might be emphasized. Many, nowadays, were in danger of forgetting the earnest conviction which animated their forefathers, that human rights and equal justice

are the paramount duties of the State. Everybody condemned slavery, but was there not to-day a tendency to acquiesce in and even to approve servile conditions?

Mr. Francis Ashworth, president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce; Mr. George Milner, the Rev. Dr. Goodrich, and Miss Margaret Ashton spoke of the noble work done by Lincoln. Miss Ashton said that just as the women of Lancashire fought on the side of liberty during the Civil War, so they were fighting for their own liberty to-day.

At the conclusion of the speeches it was decided to telegraph to America the following message:

"Manchester citizens honor Lincoln, and send heartiest expressions of good-will."

Mr. J. Duxbury then recited Lincoln's great Gettysburg Speech, and later he gave Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain."

When Major Church Howe, the United States Consul in Manchester, rose to acknowledge the speeches made, he was received with long and hearty applause. Such a manifestation of friendship, he said, made him feel he was at home among his own people. President Roosevelt had likened Lincoln to Bunyan's Greatheart in the "Pilgrim's Progress." That day in every city, in every town, and in every hamlet in America all business had ceased in order that one great mass meeting of the people might honor the name of the great emancipator. That day, too, President Roosevelt, the British Ambassador, and the Ambassadors of nearly every country in the world were assembled down in the State of Kentucky, and, around the little cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, were assisting at the laying of the cornerstone of the memorial hall, built by the people of the United States.

"I am not here," Major Church Howe continued, "to deliver a eulogy on the life of Mr. Lincoln. That was for you to do, and grandly you have done it. I am here to thank

you for this great interest, for the cordial manner in which you bring back to memory Abraham Lincoln, the great, the commoner, the man of the people, the man who believed in the government 'of the people, for the people, by the people.'

"I have been asked to relate some of my experiences as a soldier of the Civil War, and I do so with a great deal of pride. I am proud that I was a soldier under the great Commander-in-chief Abraham Lincoln. You must remember that our army was made up of the boys of the country. In my own regiment, the first regiment that responded to the call, there were not twenty per cent. over twenty-two years old. The soldiers of the army were the youth of the country. And they responded as the English boy would respond to-day if he was called upon. The American boy was patriotic, like the English boy. I belonged, as a boy of seventeen years, to the Massachusetts militia, which is similar to your Territorial Force. The War was commenced by the South, not by the North, and Mr. Lincoln, as Commander-in-chief, acted on the defensive. The South, which had enjoyed the fruits of slavery for generations, believing that it was right, that the slave was a chattel and property that could be bought and sold, that wife could be separated from husband and children from father and mother, went into the War in the belief that it could conquer. When Lincoln stood in the way, they declared their intention to establish a union of their own. It was then that Mr. Lincoln saw he was in danger. You can realize now how little he thought the War would amount to, when his first call was for only seventy-five thousand troops. Among those troops was the regiment of which I was a member—the old 6th Massachusetts. At six o'clock in the afternoon we received notice to go to the armory. We took off our clothing, put on our uniforms, and at nine o'clock were on our way to Washington.

"Upon passing through Maryland, a slave-owning State, on the nineteenth of April, about two o'clock in the afternoon, an assault was made on that regiment and the first blood was shed. We proceeded, and in an hour's time we were



The Town Hall of Manchester, England



The American Embassy in Berlin, Germany

at Washington. Lincoln met us. I recollect that as we lined up he came down the line and shook hands with every boy, and thanked us for coming. And then he marched with us to the Senate Chamber, where we stood guard for weeks. After that he was continually coming to us, talking with every one.

"Oh, he was a commoner, he was a democrat, he was a man who felt that you were as good as he was. And we all loved him. He was a gaunt, tall man, better than six foot, homely and ungainly. But when you came to listen to his talk, you realized what was in the man."

Major Church Howe went on to describe Lincoln's kindness of heart, how he reprieved a man condemned to be shot for falling asleep when on sentry duty, and how he won his way into the hearts of the parents as into the hearts of the soldiers.

In closing, the speaker emphasized the sincerity of the good-will which existed between the British and American people. "There are those," he said, "who pretend that we are not as cordial as we should be, and that the cordiality which exists is commercial only. I stand here to say that that is not true. The two countries of the world that stand more closely to each other than any others are Great Britain and the United States. We are one people."

The meeting passed unanimously a vote of thanks to Major Church Howe, and to the Lord Mayor for the use of the Town Hall. This was proposed by Mr. William Tattersall and seconded by the Rev. C. Peach.

When the meeting was over Major Church Howe expressed his surprise and delight at the remarkable success of the celebration. He said that during his twelve years' experience of England he had never had such a glorious afternoon or seen such a clear demonstration of good-will towards his country. "It has been wonderful," he added, "quite spontaneous and altogether hearty. I think that Manchester must have eclipsed every other place in the country to-day."

At the overflow meeting the speakers were the same as those who had addressed the chief gathering, with the addition of the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell.

BERLIN, GERMANY *

THERE were two commemorative meetings in Berlin, one at the University of Berlin under the direction of Professor Felix Adler, and the other an essentially American gathering at the home of the American Ambassador.

The large auditorium of the University in which Professor Felix Adler, the "Roosevelt" Exchange-professor, gave his commemorative address on Abraham Lincoln, was filled, to practically the last standing-place on Friday, with an audience containing many distinguished people from the German official as well as the academic world. The American Ambassador and Mrs. David Jayne Hill were present, as well as perhaps a score of representative Americans. The body of the hall was filled with Professor Adler's regular class of German students, whose numbers have increased continually during his term of activity here.

The Professor showed himself a master of German, and spoke not only clearly and fluently, but with graphic force of expression. His sketch of Lincoln's life and life-work, which probed deeply into the psychology of the great American liberator, was listened to with profound interest throughout, to judge by the atmosphere of deep attention which pervaded the hall.

Professor Adler pointed out how difficult it is to bring home to a gathering of cultured Europeans all that Americans understand by the name of Abraham Lincoln—that "raw-boned American," "*echt amerikanischer Typ*," rising from the ranks, "*aus der tiefsten Tiefe*," from "*Lohnknecht*" to President, and finally the founder of the American Union. Germans know Lincoln best in the character of emancipator, as the liberator of the negro, but they see the humanitarian motives by which he was guided, rather than the political

* Extract from *The Daily Record* printed in Berlin.

ideals which caused him to demand abolition, not only for the sake of freedom in the abstract, but for the sake of political unity. Professor Adler put the humanitarian side of the subject somewhat in the background and turned a strong search-light upon Lincoln's lofty political aims.

One of the striking features of the address was the really beautiful portrait which the Exchange-professor drew of Lincoln as ruler—truly the servant of the people, subservient to their will; but at the same time their educator, developing in them according to his needs the intellect and the reasoning power, so that while he served he ruled and led.

Professor Adler finally unveiled the bronze bust of Lincoln which he is presenting to the Berlin University as a memento of his activity here. The bust, which is faithfully reproduced from the striking original by Leonard Volk in the National Museum at Washington, will be placed in the Roosevelt room

A few words of cordial and eulogistic thanks were then spoken by the Rector on behalf of the University, both for Professor Adler's address and for his liberal gift which he was assured was at least quite unnecessary in order to keep his memory green in Berlin. The Rector also referred to the great honor and gratification which the University authorities hope next year to experience with Mr. Roosevelt in their midst as lecturer.

Among those present were Baron von dem Busche, of the Foreign Office; leading officials of the "Kultusministerium"; Professor Wilhelm Förster, astronomer, and head of the "Ethical Culture" society in Germany; Professor and Mrs. Alois Brandl, and a host of other representatives of the University faculties; Frau Rosa Poppe, of the Kgl. Schauspielhaus; Geh. Rat. Ludwig Goldberger, etc.

Some Americans present were: Mrs. Felix Adler and Mrs. William Morris Davis, Rev. Dr. Dickie, Consul-General Thackara, Mr. Wm. C. Dreher, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Watson, Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Babcock, Dr. Alice Luce, Mrs. F. L.

Keppler, Mrs. J. H. Honan, Miss Carrie F. Smith, Miss Idelle Morrison, Mr. Günther Thomas.

An interesting personality present was Philip Loewenthal, of New York, a veteran of the Civil War who went out with Lincoln's corps of volunteers in 1861.

A second, more general, celebration of the Lincoln Centenary took place in the afternoon at the home of the American Ambassador and Mrs. Hill. A general invitation had been extended to all Americans who desired to honor the memory of Lincoln, with the result that about five hundred Americans filled the reception-rooms at Bismarck Strasse 4. Patriotic feeling ran high, and there was an immense amount of enthusiasm during the rendering of the programme, which included the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Dixie," and the rendering of several selections of a thoroughly American order by individual musicians.

The speakers of the occasion were Ambassador David Jayne Hill, Consul-General Thackara, and Professor Felix Adler.

Professor Davis, who has up till now been known on "Colony" occasions only as a humorous speaker, came out in a new vein, reading a set of verses on Lincoln of which he himself was the composer, and which called forth sincere appreciation. Professor Felix Adler's address was on the same lofty scale as at the midday celebration at the University, and was again greatly enjoyed. It remained for the Ambassador to deliver the address which was the feature of the afternoon. Dr. Hill, who spoke last, had originally intended merely to thank the previous speakers and the musicians of the afternoon, adding just a few words in honor of Lincoln. But the general enthusiasm of the occasion and the exceptionally large American gathering, added, no doubt, to the unanimously expressed desire that he should speak at length, prevailed upon the Ambassador to continue. The result was a masterpiece of simple eloquence, such as Lincoln himself might have delivered, and which cannot be reproduced in cold print with any justice. Dr. Hill re-

ferred to the original erroneous idea of Lincoln, which represented him as a despot and a tyrant, as a hard, self-willed man, and showed how biographical research had proved the utter fallacy of this view. He compared Lincoln to "a great rock in a surging sea," as he stood calm and determined amidst the passions of North and South, and referred to Lincoln's political philosophy. Abraham Lincoln represented the political rights of all people, from the lowest stratum upwards; but how, asked Dr. Hill, did Lincoln come to represent this particular form of political philosophy? Simply because he himself, in his own unique life and personality, represented all the people. He himself had lived the life of every class in turn, from the lowest to the highest; "like a river which gathers unto itself a thousand rivulets and rivers as it flows on full-breasted to the sea," Lincoln gathered unto himself all the wisdom, the wit, the pathos, the humor, and the everyday philosophy of the common people. His personality was the incarnation of all these elements; and when Lincoln's soul reached Heaven its claim for admittance was based on no Order, on no title or patent of nobility, but on the simple fact that the man was the elected representative of the majesty of the common people.

In addition to the large gathering of Americans, the following notabilities were observed among the audience: Herr von Holleben, former Ambassador at Washington; Excellenz von Versen; Frau von Hegermann-Lindencrone, wife of the Danish Minister, who had just returned from witnessing the departure of the King and Queen of England at the Lehrter Bahnhof; and Professors Paszkowski and von Martius, of Berlin University.

LINCOLN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

February 12, 1909.

WILLIAM MORRIS DAVIS

Harvard Exchange-Professor at the University of Berlin.

We name a day and thus commemorate
The hero of our nation's bitter strife;
The martyr who for freedom gave his life.
We feel the day made holy by his fate.

The wheels of time then turn their ceaseless round,
And slowly wear our memory away:
The holy day becomes a holiday;
Its motive changes with its change of sound.

Let not our purpose thus be set aside:
An hour, 'twixt work and pleasure, let us pause,
And consecrate ourselves to serve the cause
For which our hero strove, our martyr died.

He lived to reunite our severed land;
To liberate a million slaves he died,
And that the great experiment be longer tried
Where each one ruled, in ruling has a hand.

What tho' the pessimists, amid their fears,
The great experiment to failure doom.
Let us recall his trust in time of gloom,
And steadfast persevere a thousand years.

Tho' sure that vict'ries new will yet be won,
Like those our fathers gained laboriously,
'T is not for us to boast vaingloriously
As if our battles were already done.

Our elders might have sung with better grace
The verse that vaunts us ever free and brave,
Had not our land so long oppressed the slave,
Stolen from over sea, to our disgrace.

Yet in our pride, how little right have we
To blame our elders for an ancient wrong
That gave the weak in bondage to the strong.
Are we ourselves so wholly brave and free?

Yes, with primeval courage, brave and strong,
When banded 'gainst a foe; yes, free from kings—
But not so brave in smaller things
That we should celebrate *ourselves* in song.

Not that it counts for naught that we have grown
To be the leaders of a continent,
And not that we could be for long content
'Mid any other folk except our own.

But that we must not lightly over-rate
Our qualities: if on our faults I lay
A certain emphasis, 't is not to-day
Ourselves, but Lincoln whom we celebrate.

For he was brave, a true American—
Unselfish, kindly, patient, firm, discerning,
His honest, homely wisdom outweighed learning;
He stood for service to his fellow man.

How think of him and not condemn the use
Of public office turned to private ends,
Of petty fraud, for which each one pretends
To find in others' frauds his own excuse?

How can we think of him and not repent
The shaded line we draw 'twixt wrong and right;
Of him, and not resolve, with all our might,
To carry on the great experiment?

If most of us have no great tasks to do,
Let us, like him, be faithful in things small.
Our nation's drama makes us actors all;
If only splitting rails, we 'll split them true.

If troubles thicken, let us still deserve
To solve them all as Lincoln would to-day;
If dangers threaten, let us not betray
The cause that Lincoln, living yet, would serve.

Here in a distant foreign land we pause,
'Twixt work and pleasure, to commemorate
His noble life. How better than to consecrate
Ourselves to play our part in Lincoln's cause?

THE MAN FOR THE HOUR

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY THACKARA

THE literature inspired by Lincoln's record is vast in quantity and rich in quality, and to do justice to talent, requires talent. It is not for me to speak of his distinction as a lawyer, his achievements as a statesman or of his historic guidance of a nation in the most trying time of its existence.

From a stump speaker and corner grocery debater, he lived to take his place in the front rank of immortal orators, whose lucidity of speech surprised and enthralled his hearers. He rarely failed to seize an opportunity to illustrate a situation by substituting a story for an argument, and left his listeners to make their own deductions.

We are all familiar with his humor, his melancholy, his strange mingling of energy and indolence, his unconventional

character, his frugality, his tenderness and his courage. Could Lincoln have foreseen the place he now holds in the hearts of the nation, which greatly owes its preservation to his wise guidance, his great heart would have been spared many a pang which his political enemies inflicted upon him. Could he have been granted a vision of those countrymen he loved better than himself, in America and throughout the world, meeting together in his memory—proud to have such a ruler, a father who saved his children from a family breach—his fine nature, in which the keynotes were malice towards none and charity for all, would have been saved many a hurt. For Lincoln, of whom we think as beyond fitting praise, as he is beyond reproach, had sad moments of self-doubting and self-depreciation. Many incidents of his life show this side of his character, but it was the other side that predominated when occasion demanded and made him the man for the hour in our greatest need.

An anecdote which was told in my presence by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia College, and which doubtless many of you have heard, will illustrate his firmness when sure of his own position. Lincoln had for a long time advocated the abolition of slavery. After careful study and deep thought, he prepared a rough draft of his Emancipation Proclamation and submitted it to his Cabinet Officers for their opinion as to its feasibility, its propriety, and its wording. One and all expressed their disapprobation of the scheme, stating that the time was not opportune, and that it was extremely bad politics, etc. Lincoln was impressed by the unanimity of the adverse sentiment of his advisers, but after giving the subject deep and prayerful reconsideration, some two weeks later he again presented the Proclamation to his Cabinet with some slight changes in the context, and stated that he desired to have their final vote to settle the matter. When the question was put, Lincoln voted "Aye." The rest of the Cabinet to a man cast their votes in the negative. Lincoln stood up and with a firm and impressive voice said: "Gentlemen, the ayes have it," and the famous Proclamation was issued.

To the real orators who are going to follow me, I leave the handling of this inspiring subject—Lincoln—which is kindling a flame of patriotic enthusiasm that spans the world, for I venture to say that not only in the United States, but in Europe and in the Far-East, there will be found groups of Americans gathered to-day for the same purpose that has brought us together. All know the pall of sorrow which spread over our country when he met his tragic death. Could he be with us and see the splendid progress our country has made since the fatal day in April, 1865, he would surely realize that his martyrdom was not in vain.

PARIS, FRANCE

Doctor Henry van Dyke furnishes this account of the meeting of the American Club at Paris: "The banquet of the American Club of Paris, was held in the Hotel d'Orléans on February 22, 1909. It was a joint celebration of the memory of Washington and Lincoln. Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge, a veteran of the Civil War, presided. Among those present were: Hon. Henry White, Ambassador to France; Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, ex-Ambassador to Spain; Colonel Frank L. Mason, Consul-general; and representatives of the French Republic, and the city of Paris. The meeting was one of the largest in the history of the club." The principal address follows:

FROM WASHINGTON TO LINCOLN

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

FROM Washington to Lincoln! From the stately pillared mansion at Mt. Vernon to the Illinois log cabin, from silver shoe-buckles to square-toed boots, from the Virginia landed proprietor to the rough and ready Western lawyer—what a change! There are some who regret it, and lament the good old times when all the Fathers of the Revolution (perhaps) wore silk stockings and knee breeches. This regret reminds me of the two Irishmen who went to hear Mr. Bryan on his return from Europe: "Ah!" said one, "Bill Bryan is not the man he used to be." "No," said the other, "and he never was either." There are some who rejoice in the supposed change, and hail in Lincoln the advent of a new democracy. This rejoicing and self-congratulation remind me of the old New England farmer, who returned a volume of Plato which Emerson had lent to him, with the remark, "I kinder like that old Greek feller; he's got some o' my idee's."

But as a matter of fact, both the regret and the rejoicing are wasted.

The change from Washington to Lincoln is one of form, not of substance; one of dress, and not of spirit. It is, in fact, only an outward modification, which does not touch at all the continuity of moral and political ideas, or the unbroken strain of patriotism which made both of those men representative of America.

Washington was not the last American, nor was Lincoln "the first American," though Lowell said so. Franklin was an American, and Alexander Hamilton was an American, Philip Schuyler was an American, John Jay was an American. Everyone of those men who had spirit enough to take his heritage from English, or French, or Scotch, or Dutch stock, and lay it at the shrine of freedom and equal rights, was an American.

Washington and Lincoln were rooted in the same soil of fundamental justice. They expanded their manhood in the same air of liberty. They were like a stately silver pine and a rugged black oak, growing together on the same hillside, and spreading abroad their strength in the free winds of heaven.

I am struck, not by the difference in their dress, but by the resemblance in their hearts. They lived by and for the same aims. They hitched their wagon to the same star. It was Washington who saw most clearly the vital necessity of Union, and who did most to make it firm and durable. It was Lincoln who met the dangers which Washington had predicted would assail that Union, and who saved it from them, and made it indissoluble. It was Washington who first gave to America the lesson of toleration and forgiveness, by his treatment of the men who calumniated and conspired against him during the Revolution—forgiving all, as he said, for the sake of the common cause. It was Lincoln who wrote the words of peace and reconciliation upon the firmament, when the lurid clouds of Civil War had rolled by, so that Jefferson Davis said of him, "Since the fall of the Confederacy, the South has suffered no loss so great as the

death of Abraham Lincoln." It was Washington who saw the inconsistency, the shame, and the peril of slavery. It was Lincoln who ended it.

Washington was a soldier who fought for the supremacy of just and peaceful laws. Lincoln was a lawyer who invoked the sword to defend a supreme equity. Both men were too great for personal jealousy, too noble for personal revenge, too simple for personal affectation, whether of roughness or of smoothness, too sincere for personal concealment. They had no secrets from their country. They served her with a whole, clean, and glad heart; and they asked no greater reward than her service.

Washington used long words. Lincoln used short words. But they both used words for the same purpose; they both had that kind of eloquence which is simply the result of manly virtue, sober thought, and straight utterance. Through the speeches of both there ran three main ideas:—first, a recognition of the nation's dependence upon Almighty God; second, a strong emphasis upon the necessity of union at the sacrifice of factional differences and interests; third, a steady insistence on moral ideas as the foundation of national greatness.

They were not sceptics, they were believers; they were not clever cynics, they were sober enthusiasts. They were not plaster of Paris saints. Washington had, beneath his quiet exterior, a power of indignation against evil which made him use, at times, language which was not fit to print. Lincoln had a sense of humor which made him, occasionally, tell stories whose latitude exceeded their longitude. But at heart they were both profoundly serious men. "When I die," said Abraham Lincoln, "I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." "If I know my own heart," wrote Washington from Valley Forge, "I could offer myself as a living sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." I leave it to you if this is not the same keynote struck by these two men.

I am tired of the talk which makes of Lincoln a rude, ungainly, demagogic jester. I am tired of the superficial criticism which makes of Washington a proud, self-satisfied British Squire. (George III. did not think so.) One of these men was great enough to refuse a crown, the other great enough to accept a cross, for his country's sake. Let us learn to recognize in both of these men, embodiments of the spirit of America, of the type of manhood which has made America; and let us, if we love our country, get away from the notion that she is a happy accident! If we do not get away from that notion she will be an unhappy disaster.

What are the ideals which belong to true Americanism? Here are some of them:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.

To believe that any form of power which tramples on those rights is unjust.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law, and that the end of freedom is fair play for everyone.

To believe that the selfish interests of persons and factions must be subordinated to the welfare of the Commonwealth.

To believe, not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens and opportunities, so that every man shall have a fair chance.

To believe that no class is sacred enough to rule the Republic, and no mass great enough to ruin it.

To believe, not that all men are good—for they are not—but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that the great Democracy should offer to all nations an example of virtue, sobriety, and square dealing.

To believe that Church and State are absolutely independent, and that both need real religion.

These are vital elements in the faith of Americans; and to-night, as guests and grateful friends of the French Republic, we profess our creed, we celebrate our heroic chiefs—Washington, who lived to create the Union; Lincoln, who died to save it. We celebrate a republicanism which belongs

neither to the classes nor to the masses, a republicanism which has room for the unselfish aristocrat as well as for the noble democrat, a republicanism which speaks of self-reliance, fair play, common order, self-development, and a country which belongs to all—from Washington to Lincoln, to Cleveland, to Roosevelt, to Taft.

ROME, ITALY

THE AMERICAN UNION AND ITALY *

HON. LLOYD C. GRISCOM

AS we are all enjoying, for the moment, the hospitality of the Kingdom of Italy, it seems to me that we should not let this occasion pass without some expression of our heartfelt sympathy with a people so recently stricken with the most disastrous calamity which has ever been recorded in the history of nations. I am sure I justly interpret the unanimous sentiment of this assembly when I express to the government, and to the people of Italy, our condolence in this hour of suffering and misery, and our admiration for the courageous manner in which the whole nation has nobly risen to meet the blow.

Italy may well be proud of her brave soldiers and sailors, who are still carrying on the humane work of relief; but above all she is to be congratulated upon having at this moment two sovereigns, who, at the first word of the disaster, proceeded to the scene of horror, and there, by their untiring efforts, brought succor and comfort to the suffering people, and gave an inspiring and illuminating example to the Italian nation, and, indeed, to the whole world. It is not in Italy alone that the humane deeds of King Victor Emmanuel III. and Queen Helena are justly admired and will be permanently remembered.

It requires a leap of memory over well nigh fifty years to recall that once, when we in America had our period of trial and suffering, we received from Italy a sympathy and encouragement which was sorely needed. It takes us to the time

* An address delivered, February 12, at a Lincoln Banquet at Rome, Italy.

when Abraham Lincoln was President, and when, for four bitter years civil war devastated the fairest section of the American continent. In Europe generally, the Southern Confederacy received the greatest sympathy, based largely on commercial interests, but in Italy the cause of human liberty and of national unity for which Lincoln stood the champion, was the cause which appealed to the people and received its unwavering support.

The fact is written large in the archives of the Embassy which I have the honor to occupy. One of my most illustrious predecessors, Mr. George P. Marsh, while Minister at Turin, wrote to our Government on June 27, 1861, four days after presenting his letters of credence, that the tenor of Baron Ricasoli's remarks left no room for doubt that his personal sympathies, as well as those of his Government, were entirely on the side of President Lincoln and the constituted authorities of the Union. A year later, he wrote that there was no country in Europe where the cause of the American Union met with so warm and hearty a sympathy as in Italy, and that the Italian population was unanimous in its wishes for the triumph of the Federal cause.

Again, a year later, in 1863, he wrote that the conduct of the Italian Government was the more entitled to a generous appreciation by the United States, because the cutting off of the supply of cotton by Northern naval operations was a severe injury to Italian industry. In the course of the four years of the Civil War, Marsh never had occasion to send to our Government a word of complaint of the attitude or conduct of Italy. As early as June, 1861, Baron Ricasoli gave special police orders to prevent the sale of vessels or munitions of war to the South, and the hospitality of Italian ports was denied to Southern privateers. It seems appropriate to recall that, when other foreign nations were seriously contributing to the duration and bitterness of Lincoln's task, Italy never deviated from the path of friendship.

At the risk of trespassing on your patience, I would like, at this moment, also to recall a curious and interesting historical incident which betrays the then existing under-current

of feeling between Italy and the United States. An American historian, Mr. Nelson Gay—who should be here tonight, but who is engaged in a much nobler occupation of carrying relief to the mountain towns of Calabria—unearthed from the archives of our Embassy in Rome the long-concealed history of the offer, by President Lincoln to General Garibaldi, of the command of one of the Northern armies. Garibaldi refused the offer, largely because the American Government had not yet decided upon the liberation of the slaves, which was the only cause which would have induced the Italian patriot to engage in the American struggle. The incident had no consequences, but it serves to show in what esteem Lincoln held Garibaldi, and what a powerful sway the name and reputation of the great Italian patriot had in America at that time.

It is in such moments of stress and tribulation that real ties and real friendships between nations are made. Happily, the diplomatic intercourse between Italy and the United States is one long record of amity and good will. We are ever ready to recognize our indebtedness for the literary and artistic inspiration received from the land which gave birth to Dante, to Petrarch, to Raphael, to Leonardo da Vinci, and to Michael Angelo. If further link were needed, we have only to recall that it is from an Italian that we have taken the name which is so dear to us—"America."

Your Chairman has given to me a task which is ever most welcome to an American representative. The toast of "The President of the United States" is one which thrills every thread of our patriotic fibre, and we may be pardoned if we seize upon the moment, even here in this most hospitable foreign land, to indulge in an expression of the respect in which we hold the highest officer of our Government, and of the confidence we have in him and our institution.

It is by such gatherings as this that we keep fresh within us the memory of our greatest heroes, and contribute our share to maintain the standards and ideals of our forefathers.

THE MAN LINCOLN

WILBUR D. NESBIT

NOT as the great who grow more great
Until they are from us apart—
He walks with us in man's estate;
We know he was a brother heart.
The marching years may render dim
The humanness of other men,
To-day we are akin to him
As they who knew him best were then.

Wars have been won by mail-clad hands,
Realms have been ruled by sword-hedged kings,
But he above these others stands
As one who loved the common things;
The common faith of man was his,
The common faith in man he had—
For this to-day his brave face is
A face half joyous and half sad.

A man of earth! Of earthy stuff,
As honest as the fruitful soil,
Gnarled as the friendly trees, and rough
As hillsides that had known his toil;
Of earthy stuff—let it be told,
For earth-born men rise and reveal
A courage fair as beaten gold
And the enduring strength of steel.

So now he dominates our thought,
This humble great man holds us thus
Because of all he dreamed and wrought,
Because he is akin to us.
He held his patient trust in truth
While God was working out His plan,
And they that were his foes, forsooth,
Came to pay tribute to the Man.

Not as the great who grow more great
Until they have a mystic fame—
No stroke of pastime nor of fate
Gave Lincoln his undying name.
A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,
One of the breed who work and wait—
His was a soul above all scorn,
His was a heart above all hate.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editor of this volume wishes briefly to mention again the obligation that the city of Chicago is under for the splendid work of the Lincoln Centennial Memorial Committee of One Hundred, appointed by Hon. Fred A. Busse, Mayor of Chicago, and to give a list of that committee, with the officers and its sub-committees. The scope and magnitude of the Chicago celebration, the participation therein of all classes of citizens, the lack of friction in the carrying out of the plans of the Committee, the general success and wide publicity achieved, were largely due to the able leadership of Hon. William J. Calhoun, the distinguished President of the Committee of One Hundred.

He also wishes to take this opportunity of thanking by name some of the men who helped make the week in Chicago a success, and regrets that this acknowledgment will have to be confined to those connected with the official celebrations, as to attempt to name the hundreds of speakers and organizations, or the thousands of earnest and effective committeemen, who helped to make the general celebration memorable in the history of the city would take a volume in itself.

THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED was appointed by the Mayor of Chicago, under the following resolution introduced in the Chicago City Council by Alderman Albert J. Fisher on March 16, 1908, and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The memory and public acts of President Abraham Lincoln of Illinois have become the priceless heritage of the people, irrespective of, and above all party lines and affiliations; and

WHEREAS, Movements are in progress throughout this State to fittingly recognize and commemorate the centennial year of his nativity, 1909; and

WHEREAS, It is only proper that this metropolis in which Lincoln received his nomination for the high office of President, should bear its full part in such proposed memorial; therefore

RESOLVED, That His Honor, the Mayor, do appoint a Lincoln Memorial Commission, whose duty it shall be to coöperate with other like committees throughout the State to the end that this city government shall be properly represented in such memorial proceedings, and shall contribute to their promotion its proper share of assistance and encouragement.

This Committee, originally a committee of one hundred, by the additions to its various constituent committees was considerably augmented in numbers. It was organized as follows:

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	<i>Hon. William J. Calhoun</i>
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT	<i>Ald. Albert J. Fisher</i>
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT	<i>Charles R. Crane</i>
THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT	<i>George W. Perkins</i>
SECRETARY	<i>Nathan William MacChesney</i>
TREASURER	<i>Leroy A. Goddard</i>

CHAIRMEN OF SUB-COMMITTEES

EXECUTIVE	<i>William J. Calhoun</i>
SPEAKERS, HALLS AND SCHOOLS	<i>Edgar A. Bancroft</i>
MILITARY PARTICIPATION	<i>Col. Joseph Rosenbaum</i>
PUBLICITY, T. Edward Wilder, Joseph Basch, Shailer Mathews	
MUSIC, ART, AND DECORATIONS	<i>Alexander H. Revell</i>
CHURCH AND INSTITUTIONAL	
OBSERVANCE	<i>Judge C. C. Kohlsaet</i>
RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT	<i>William J. Calhoun</i>

FINANCE	<i>Arthur Meeker</i>
PERMANENT MEMORIAL . .	<i>Nathan William MacChesney</i>
CONFERENCE AND UNIFICATION OF CELEBRATION	<i>Frank Hamlin</i>

COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED

Anderson, Bishop C. P.	Foreman, Col. Milton J.
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Anderson, John	Chenowith, Maj. W. H.
Barber, Maj. Frank W.	Cassidy, Maj. Harry C.
Brown, Frederick A.	Chamberlain, Capt. Henry B.
Basch, Joseph	Carey, Rev. A. J.
Brand, Horace L.	Cooley, Harlan W.
Browning, Granville W.	Crossley, Frederick B.
Burry, George	Dietrich, Col. Henry A.

Dixon, George W.	Matz, Rudolph
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Musgrave, Harrison	Woolman, Lt. Maurice
Morse, Charles F.	Zane, John M.

In addition to the general Committee there were a large number of citizens who served on various sub-committees, especially in connection with the splendid work of the Finance Committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Arthur Meeker. Among those who served on these sub-committees were:

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Karpen, Adolph	Young, H. W.
Leahy, Harold F.	

Aside from the members of the committees throughout the city, who contributed to the success of the celebration, the editor desires to thank on behalf of the Committee those who assisted it at the various official celebrations. Among these were:

AT THE AUDITORIUM MEETING

Frederick A. Brown, Esq., Committeeman-in-charge; Carl D. Kinsey, General Musical Director; William Ap Madoc, Director of the Chorus; the three hundred Chicago High School pupils who formed the splendid Chorus; Wilhelm Middel-schulte, the Organist; Rev. Maurice J. Dorney, who asked the Invocation; Rev. Joseph A. Vance, D. D., who offered the closing Prayer.

AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, ILL. N. G., ARMORY

Rev. Charles Baird Mitchell, D. D., who asked the Invocation and pronounced the Benediction; Col. Daniel Moriarty, Commanding the Seventh Infantry, which gave the use of its Armory, both for the afternoon meeting and the meeting in the evening for the colored citizens; Lieut. George B. Reed; Mr. John Ryan of the Seventh Infantry; The Seventh Infantry Band, Paul Smith, Director; The Irish Choral Society under the leadership of Professor Taylor Drill.

AT THE SECOND REGIMENT, ILL. N. G., ARMORY

Harlan W. Cooley, Esq., Committeeman-in-charge; Col. John J. Garrity, Commanding the Second Infantry, which ten-

dered the use of its Armory to the Committee and which assisted it in every way; Rev. Austin K. De Blois, who pronounced the Invocation; The Second Infantry Band, Paul Goepfert, Director; Madame Anita Patti Brown, the colored singer; The Virginia Quartette; Rev. Thomas V. Shannon, who pronounced the Benediction.

AT THE BATTERY B, ILL. N. G., ARMORY

Eames MacVeagh, Esq., Committeeman-in-charge; Col. Milton J. Foreman of the First Cavalry, who acted as Chairman *pro tem.*; Maj. Joseph C. Wilson of the First Cavalry; Lt. Maurice Woolman of Battery B; Rev. Father Basil A. Didier; Miss Genevieve De Forrest, Soloist; Mr. Charles E. Hay, Soloist; First Cavalry, Ill. N. G. Band, A. Fisher, Director; The Colored Jubilee Singers; Rev. Fred V. Hawley, who pronounced the Benediction.

AT THE MEETING OF THE EIGHTH INFANTRY (COLORED), AND
THE COLORED CITIZENS' COMMITTEE, AT THE SEVENTH
REGIMENT, ILL. N. G., ARMORY

Hon. George W. Dixon, Committeeman-in-charge; Col. John R. Marshall, Commanding the Eighth Infantry; Pedro T. Tinsley, Director of the Choral Study Club; The Choral Study Club; Rt. Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, DD., S.T.D., who gave the opening Prayer; J. Gray Lucus, Esq.; E. P. McCabe, Esq.; W. H. Clark, Esq.; The Eighth Regiment Band, William E. Berry, Chief musician; Rev. Moses H. Jackson, who pronounced the Benediction.

AT THE DEXTER PARK PAVILION

E. L. Roberts, P. J. O'Keefe, Geo. W. Perkins, Committee-in-charge; Arthur Meeker, Chairman; John A. Spoor of the International Live Stock Exposition Company, for the use of the Amphitheater; Rt. Rev. Paul C. Rhode, who gave a short address and the Invocation; five hundred members of the Chorus from the singing societies and church choirs of the city; Clarence Dickinson, Director of the Chorus; The Apollo

Quartette; Madame Ragna Linné, Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson, Edward C. Towne, William Wade Hinshaw, Katherine Howard, Soloists; First Regiment Band, J. F. Hostrawser, Director; Miss Imogen S. Pierce, to whose initiative and untiring efforts the success of the meeting was largely due; Rev. W. H. Head, D.D., who pronounced the Benediction.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE OUTDOOR CELEBRATION

Captain W. G. Purdy, commanding the Illinois Naval Reserve, and the officers and men of that organization, which gave an impressive street parade on the Centenary Day, ending with the firing of the national salute of twenty-one guns, before the statue of Lincoln, at the south end of Lincoln Park.

The Committee and the community are under obligation, also, to Professor Shailer Mathews for his enthusiasm and broad vision in connection with the possibilities of the celebration. To his efforts is due the splendid educational character of the commemoration.

The editor also wishes to take this occasion to thank Mr. William Marshall Ellis, who assisted him as Secretary of the general Committee and whose constant attention to the many demands upon the office of the general Committee, and ready and willing effort to coöperate with everyone for the success of the movement, was a large factor in directing, unifying and making successful the hundreds of celebrations in the City of Chicago.

The Committee also expresses appreciation to the McCormick Estates and to Mr. John A. Chapman for the use of offices for the general Committee, without compensation; to the Northwestern University Law School, its Dean, John H. Wigmore, and its Secretary, Frederick B. Crossley, for the use of Northwestern University Law School rooms for scores of meetings of the Committee; to the Chicago Telephone Company for the telephone service furnished without charge; to the Chicago newspapers, both daily and weekly, English and foreign, which without exception gave their hearty coöpera-

tion to the work of the Committee; and to the many others who but for lack of space should be mentioned in this connection.

Undoubtedly, in the pressure of the preparation of this volume for the press, and in the handling of enormous masses of correspondence and data, there have occurred various omissions of well-earned acknowledgment, and even errors of narration. For all such, the editor asks indulgence, expressing here his regret therefor, and his appreciation of the unselfish and untiring services of all who were connected in any way with America's unprecedented celebration of the Lincoln Centenary.

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